

Fragmenta Aurea.

A Collection of all

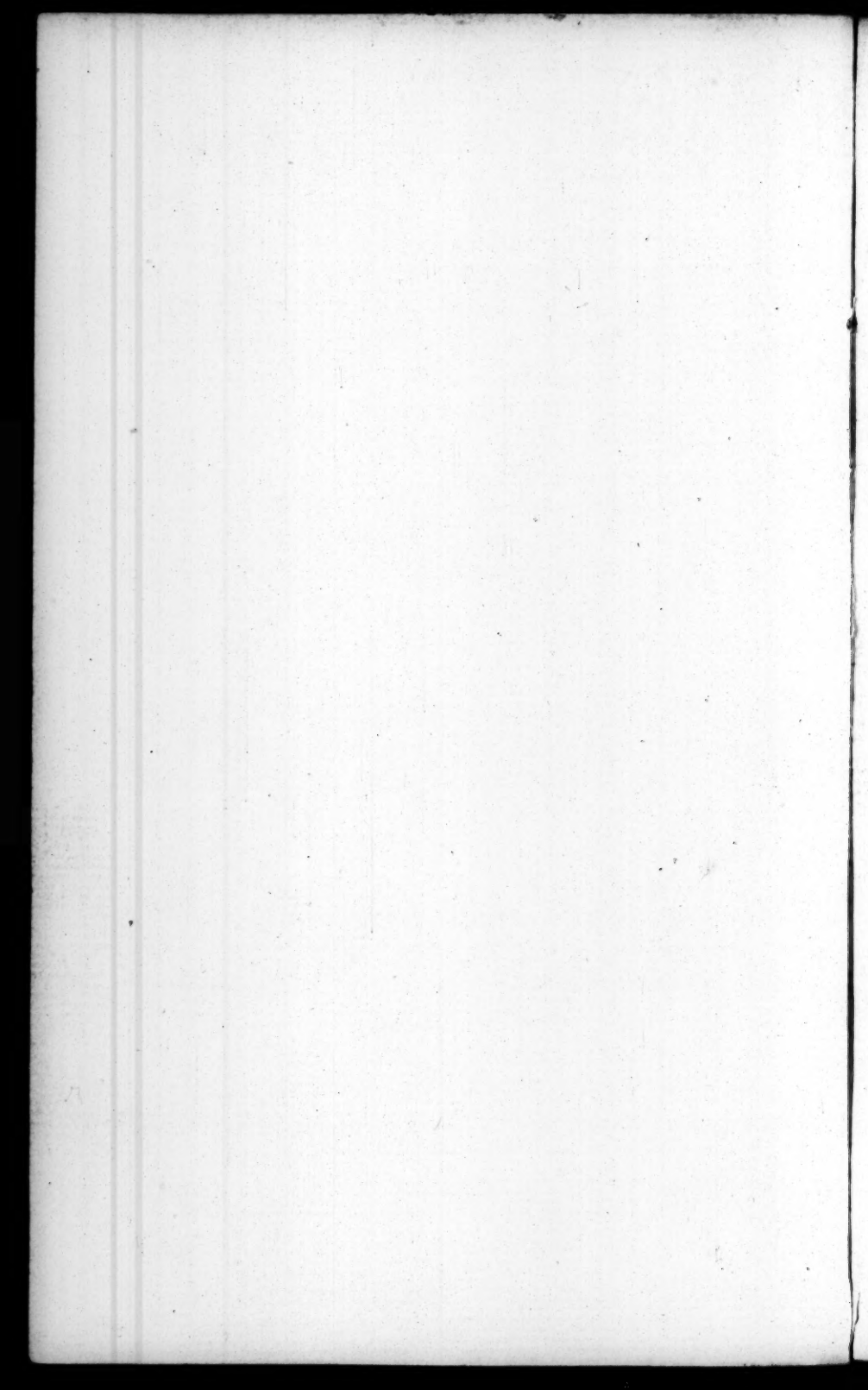
THE
Incomparable Peecces,

WRITTEN
By Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

*And published by a Friend to perpetuate
his memory.*

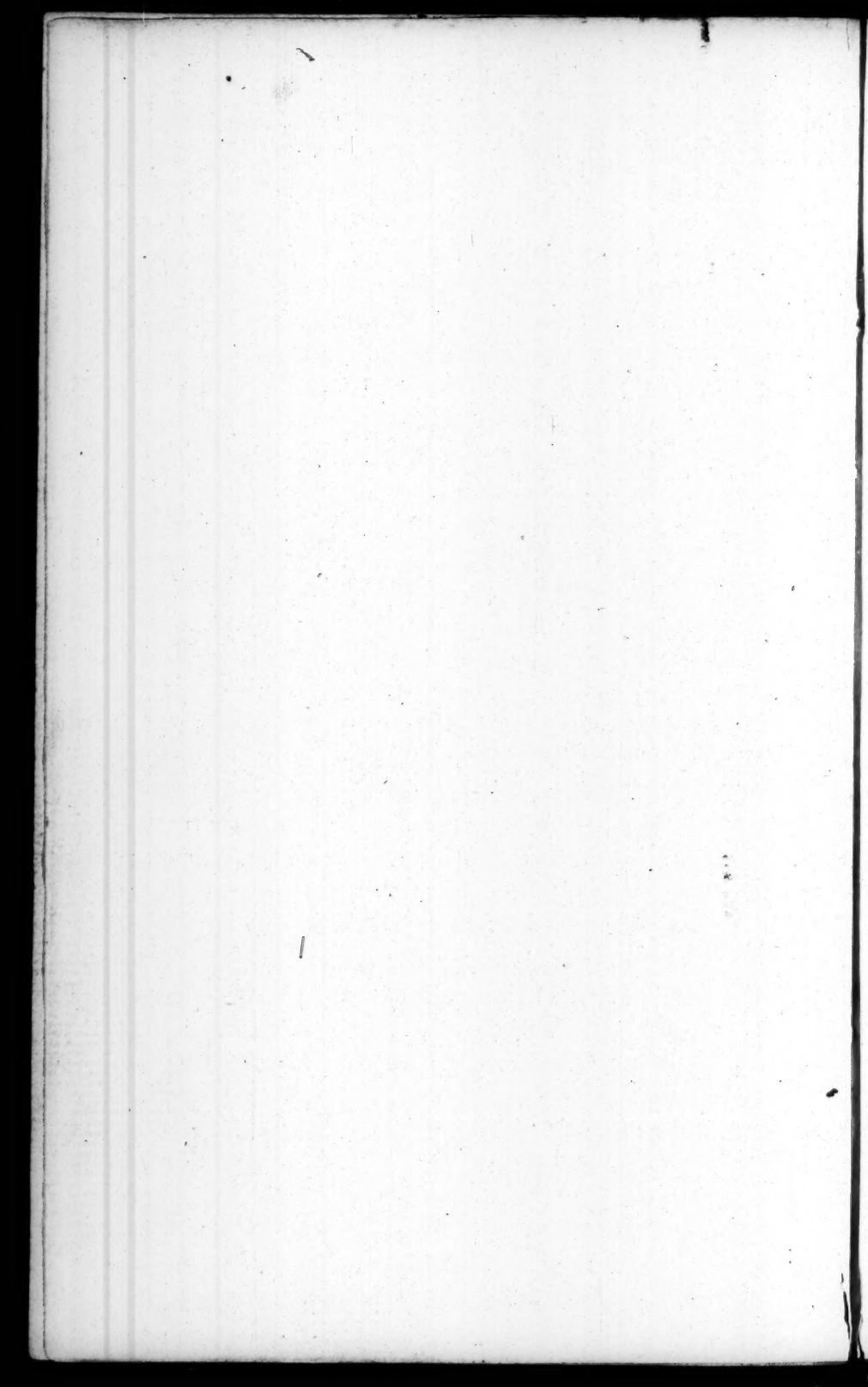
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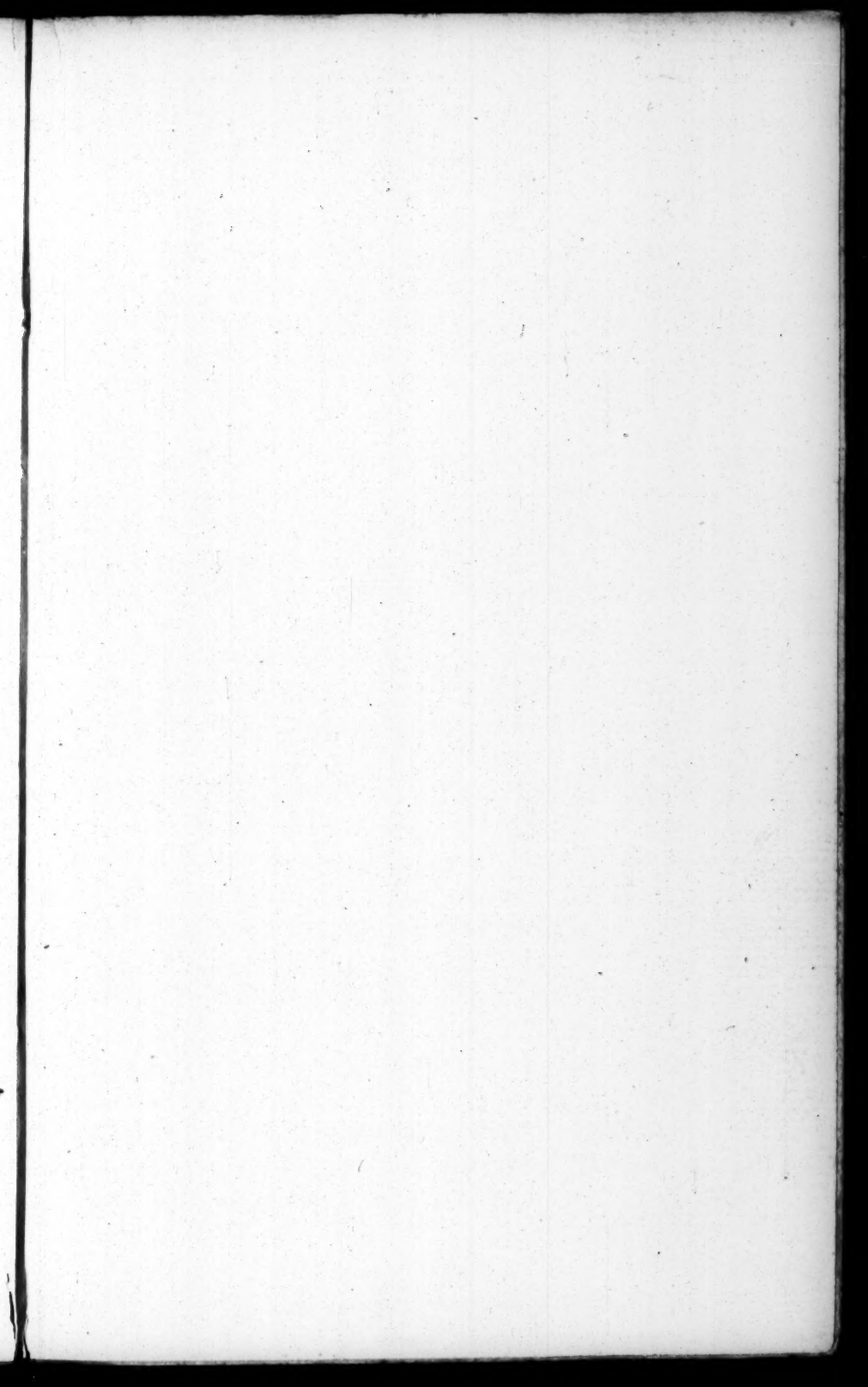
L O N D O N,
Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be
sold at his shop, at the Signe of the Prin-
ces Armes in S^t Pauls Churchyard
MDCXLVI.



*first & scarce edition.
fine impression of head.*

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TO THE
HONOURABLE
THE LORDS OF THE
COUNCIL
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
IN WITNESS WHEREOF
THEIR HIGHNESSES
THE LORDS OF THE
COUNCIL HAVE
CAUSED THESE
WORDS TO BE
PRINTED
IN THE CITY OF
LONDON
IN THE YEAR
OF OUR LORD
ONE THOUSAND
SEVEN HUNDRED
AND SEVENTY
FOUR
BY
J. STURGEON
Printer to the
House of Commons
in Great-Britain

Obijt anno

Ætatis sue 28.



SUCKLIN whose numbers could invite
Alike to wonder and delight
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian Scene and Delphick Lyre ;
Is thus exprest in either part
Above the humble reach of art ;
Drawne by the Pencill here you find
His Forme, by his owne Pen his mind .

W. Marshall fecit.

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Fragmenta Aenea.

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THE

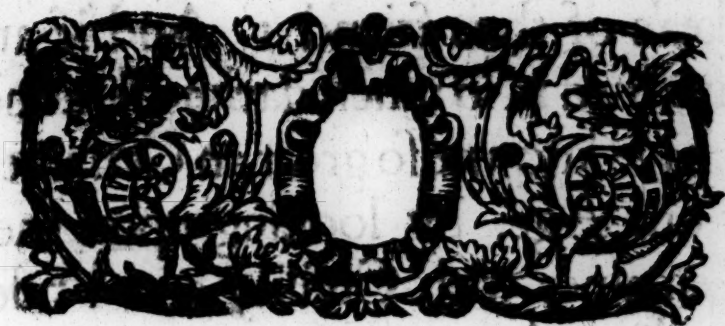
Fragmenta Aenea.

BY THE REV. J. H. W. L. N. G.

AND THE REV. J. H. W. L. N. G.

Fragmenta Aenea.

Fragmenta Aenea.



TO THE READER.

WHILE *Sucklins* name is in the forehead of this Booke, these *Poems* can want no preparation : It had been a prejudice to Posterity they should have slept longer, and an injury to his own ashes. They that convers'd with him alive, and truly, (under which notion I comprehend only knowing Gentlemen, his soule being transcendent, and incommunicable to others, but by reflection) will honour these posthume

To the Reader.

Idæa's of their friend : And if any have liv'd in so much darknesse, as not to have knowne so great an Ornament of our Age, by looking upon these Remaines with Civility and Vnderstanding, they may timely yet repent, and be forgiven.

In this Age of Paper-prostitutions, a man may buy the reputation of some Authors into the price of their Volume ; but know, the Name that leadeth into this Elysium, is sacred to *Art and Honour*, and no man that is not excellent in both, is qualified a *Competent Judge* : For when Knowledge is allowed, yet Education in the Censure of a Gentleman, requires as many descents, as goes to make one ; And he that is bold upon his unequall Stock, to traduce this Name, or Learning, will deserve to be condemned againe

To the Reader.

gaine into Ignorance his Originall sinne, and dye in it.

But I keep backe the Ingenuous Reader, by my unworthy Preface: The gate is open, and thy soule invited to a Garden of ravishing variety, admire his wit, that created these for thy delight, while I withdraw into a shade, and contemplate who must follow.

To the Reader

gaine into abundance his Original

and by the

But I hope the

Reader by my unworthy

The gate is open and

red for Garden of

admire his wife that

thy del ghe wife

made, and contemplat who must

follow

POEMS;

&c.

Written by
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.

The Lyrick Poems were set in
Musick by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Gent.
of the Kings Chappel, and one of
His Majesties Private Musick.



LONDON,

Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Mosely*, and
are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the
Princes Arms in *S. Pauls Church-yard*. 1646.

POEMS

By

JOHN RUSSELL

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by W. B. E. & Co.

1840

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*On New-years day 1640.
To the KING.*

I.

A Wake (great Sir) the Sun shines heer,
Gives all Your Subjects a New-yeer,
Onely we stay till you appear,
For thus by us Your Power is understood,
He may make fair days, You must make them good.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Presents as poor men can make,
They can adde little unto blisse
who cannot wish.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the skie,
Bold storms invade the Soveraigntie,
But gales of joy, so fresh, so high;
That You may think Heav'n sent to try this year
What sayl, or burthen, a Kings mind could bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

(4)

3.

May all the discords in Your State
(Like those in Musick we create)
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what would of it self sound harsh, or fright,
May be so temper'd that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our Masters mind,
Make such strange Rapes upon the place, 't may be
No longer joy there, but an extasie.
Awake, awake, &c.

5.

May every pleasure and delight
That has or does your sence invite
Double this year, save those o'th night:
For such a Marriage-bed must know no more
Then repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Presents as poor men can make,
They can add little unto blisse
who cannot wish.

Loving and Beloved.

1.

T Here never yet was honest man
 That ever drove the trade of love ;
 It is impossible, nor can
 Integrity our ends promote :
 For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
 That their chief art in reigne dissembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
 Good nature now and passion strive
 Which of the two should be above,
 And laws unto the other give.
 So we false fire with art sometimes discover,
 And the true fire with the same art do cover.

3.

What Rack can Fancy find so high ?
 Here we must Court, and here ingage,
 Though in the other place we die.
 Oh ! 'tis torture all, and cozenage ;
 And which the harder is I cannot tell,
 To hide true love, or make false love look well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of desire,
 Give me my honesty again,
 And take thy brands back, and thy fire ;
 I'm weary of the State I'm in :

Since (if the very best should now befall)
 Loves Triumph, must be Honours Funeral.

1.

IF when Don *Cupids* dart
 Doth wound a heart,
 we hide our grief
 and shun relief;
 The smart increaseth on that score;
 For wounds unsearcht but ranckle more.

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
 And tell our tale,
 men are in pain
 for us again;
 So, neither speaking doth become
 The Lovers state, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do descry,
 Then thus think I,
 love is the fart
 of every heart:
 It pains a man when 't is kept close,
 And others doth offend, when 't is let loose.

A Sessions of the Poets.

A Session was held the other day,
 And *Apollo* himself was at it (they say)
 The Laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
 Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
 'T was strange to see how they flocked together,
 Each strongly confident of his own way,
 Thought to gain the Laurel away that day.

There *Selden*, and he sat hard by the chair;
Weniman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Shillingworth* a little further:

And

There was *Lucans* Translator too, and he
 That makes God speak so biggish Poetry;
Selwin and *Walter*, and *Bartlets* both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old *Ben*,
 Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
 And he told them plainly he deserv'd the Bayes,
 For his were call'd Works, where others were but Plaies.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
 Of errors, that had lasted many an Age,
 And he hopes they did not think the *silent Woman*,
 The *Fox*, and the *Alchymist* out done by no man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bade him not go on,
 'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
 Must carry't; at which *Ben* turned about,
 And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But

Those that were there thought it not fit
 To discontent so ancient a wit;
 And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back agen,
 And made him mine host of his own new Inne,

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
 That would not well stand with a Laureat;
 His Muse was hard bound, and th'issue of's brain
 Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were present there did agree,
 A Laureat Muse should be easie and free,
 Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
 Consider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will. Davenant asham'd of a foolish mischance
 That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
 Modestly hoped the handsomnesse of's Muse
 Might any deformity about him excuse.

And

Surely the Company would have been content,
 If they could have found any President;
 But in all their Records either in Verse or Prose,
 There was not one Laureat without a nose.

To *Will Bartlet* sure all the wits meant well,
 But first they would see how his snow would sell:
Will smil'd and swore in their judgements they went lesse,
 That concluded of merit upon successe.

Suddenly

Suddenly taking his place agen,
 He gave way to *Schwin*, who streight slept in ;
 But alas ! he had been so lately a wit,
 That *Apollo* hardly knew him yet.

Toby Marbews (pox on him) how came he there ?
 Was whispering nothing in some-bodies ear :
 When he had the honour to be nam'd in Court,
 But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carteil* for't :

For had not her care furnisht you out
 With something of handsome, without all doubt
 You and your sorry Lady Muse had been
 In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the Court two or three came in,
 And they brought letters (forsooth) from the Queen,
 'Twas discreetly done too, for if th'had come
 Without them, th'had scarce been let into the room.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
 But strait one whisperd *Apollo* i'th' ear,
 That of all men living he cared not for't,
 He loved not the Muses so well as his sport ;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
 At bowls, above all the Trophies of wit ;
 But *Apollo* was angry, and publiquely said
 'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his tryal,
 And did not so much as suspect a denial ;
 But witty *Apollo* asked him first of all
 If he understood his own Pastoral.

For if he could do it, 't would plainly appear
 He understood more than any man there,
 And did merit the Bayes above all the rest,
 But the Mounfier was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles in the Court was hid
 One that *Apollo* soon mist, little *Cid*;
 And having spied him, call'd him out of the throng,
 And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 't was urg'd that he
 Was Chief already of another Company.

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile
 To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind
 Past by, and call'd *Faulkland* that sat just behind:

But

He was of late so gone with Divinity,
 That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
 Though to say the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
 He might have been both his Priest and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
 At which *Will. Davenant* began to swear;
 But wiser *Apollo* bade him draw nigher,
 And when he was mounted a little higher

Openly declared that the best signe
 Of good store of wit 's to have good store of coyn,
 And without a Syllable more or lesse said,
 He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

At this all the wits were in such a maze
 That for a good while they did nothing but gaze

One

One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face.

Onely the small Poets clear'd up again,
Out of hope as 't was thought of borrowing,
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends any Poets about the Town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for so I found,
When first my passion reason drown'd.

Instead of *Earth* unto this frame,
I had a faith was still the same,
For to be right it doth behoove
It be as that, fixt and not move ;

Earth,

Yet as the Earth may sometime shake
(For winds shut up will cause a quake)
So, often jealousy, and fear,
Stolne into mine, cause tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*, for as
One *Sun*, so but one *Flora* was :
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as stars do thence.

Sunne,

My hopes I call my *Moon* ; for they
Inconstant still, were at no stay ;

Moon

But

But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
On more or lesse were sure to be :

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh ! too too soon decrease agen ;
Eclip't sometimes, that 't would so fall
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts 'cause infinite they be
Must be those many *Stars* we see ;
Of which some wandred at their will,
But most on her were *fixed* still.

Starres,

*Fixed
Planets.*

My burning flame and hot desire
Must be the *Element of fire*,
Which hath as yet so secret been
That it as that was never seen :

*Element
of fire.*

No Kitching fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name ;
A fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire subsists by being near
The Moons bright Orbe, so I believe
Ours doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the *Ayre*, most free
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

Ayre.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be
Were it from winds (my passions) free ;

Sea.

But

But out alas ! no *Sea* I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it Rocks and Shallows be,
Despair and fond credulity.

But in this World it were good reason
We did distinguish Time and Season;
Her presence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* shall come when shee's away.

Long absence in far distant place
Creates the *Winter*, and the space
She tarried with me; well I might
Call it my *Summer* of delight.

Winter.

Summer.

Diversity of weather came
From what she did, and thence had name;
Sometimes sh' would smile, that made it fair;
And when she laught, the Sun shain'd clear.

Sometimes sh' would frown, and sometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again sh' would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But soft my Muse, the world is wide,
And all at once was not descride:
It may fall out some honest Lover
The rest hereafter will discover.

Song.

Song.

W Hy so pale and wan fond Lover ?
 prethee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking wel can't move her
 looking ill prevail ?
 prethee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute young sinner ?
 prethee why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 saying nothing doe't ?
 prethee why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 this cannot take her ;
 If of her self she will not love,
 nothing can make her :
 the diuel take her.

Sonnet. I.

I.

D O't see how unregarded now
 that piece of beauty passes ?
 There was a time when I did vow
 to that alone ;
 but mark the fate of faces ;
 That red and white works now no more on me
 Then if it could not charm or I not see.

And

2.

And yet the face continues good,
 and I have still desires,
 Am still the self same flesh and blood,
 as apt to melt
 and suffer from those fires;
 Oh ! some kind power unriddle where it lies,
 Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes ?

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
 and I as often die ;
 Neither her power then, nor my will
 can question'd be,
 what is the mystery ?
 Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States
 Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

Sonnet. II.

I.

O F thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
 to make up my delight,
 no odd becomming graces,
 Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces ;
 Make me but mad enough, give me good store
 Of Love, for her I Court,
 I ask no more,
 'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's

3.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
 it is meer coufenage all ;
 for though some long ago
 Like't certain colours mingled so and so,
 That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
 If I a fancy take
 To black and blue,
 That fancy doth it beauty make.

3.

Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
 makes eating a delight,
 and if I like one dish
 More then another, that a Pheasant is ;
 What in our watches, that in us is found,
 So to the height and nick
 We up be wound,
 No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet III.

I.

O H ! for some honest Lovers ghost,
 Some kind unbodied post
 Sent from the shades below.
 I strangely long to know
 Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
 Those that their mistresse scorn did bear,
 Or those that were us'd kindly.

For

2.

For what-so-e're they tell us here
 To make those sufferings dear,
 'Twill there I fear be found,
 That to the being crown'd,
 T'have lov'd alone will not suffice,
 Unlesse we also have been wise,
 And have our Loves enjoy'd.

3.

What posture can we think him in,
 That here unlov'd agen
 Departs, and's thither gone
 Where each sits by his own ?
 Or how can that *Elizium* be
 Where I my Mistresse still must see
 Circled in others Armes ?

4.

For there the Judges all are just,
 And *Sophonisba* must
 Be his whom she held dear ;
 Not his who lov'd her here ;
 The sweet *Philoclea* since she dy'de
 Lies by her *Pirocles* his side,
 Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bough
 For difference crowns the brow
 Of those kind souls that were
 The noble Martyrs here ;
 And if that be the onely odds
 (As who can tell) ye kinder Gods,
 Give me the Woman here,

B

To

To his much honoured, the Lord Lepinton, upon his Translation of Malvezzi his Romulus and Tarquin.

IT is so rare and new a thing to see
 Ought that belongs to young Nobility
 In print (but their own clothes) that we must praise
 You as we would do those first shew the waies
 To Arts or to new Worlds : You have begun ;
 Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it should have done :
 For't has indeed too strong a custome bin
 To carry out more wit then we bring in.
 You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
 The choicest things fam'd Countries do afford :
Malvezzi by your means is English grown,
 And speaks our tongue as well now as his own.
Malvezzi, he : whom 'tis as hard to praise
 To merit, as to imitate his waies,
 He does not shew us *Rome* great suddenly,
 As if the Empire were a Tympany,
 But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
 The little body grew so large and high.
 Describes each thing so lively, that we are
 Concern'd our selves before we are aware :
 And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,
 Each man is present still, and still engag'd.
 Like a good Prospective he strangely brings
 Things distant to us : and in these two Kings

We see what made greatnesse. And what 't has been
Made that greatnesse contemptible again.

And all this not tediously deriv'd,
But like to Worlds in little Maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that doth the Roman Dame restore,
Makes *Lucrece* chaster for her being whore;
Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* sin;
For ravish't first, she ravisheth again.
She says such fine things after't, that we must
In spite of vertue thank foul Rape and Lust,
Since't was the cause no woman would have had,
Though she's of *Lucrece* side, *Tarquin* lesse bad.

But stay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and sees the journeys end,
I straggle on too far: long graces do
But keep good stomachs off that would fall too.

Against Fruition.

STay here fond youth and ask no more, be wise,
Knowing too much long since lost *Paradise*;
The vertuous joyes thou hast, thou would'st should still
Last in their pride; and would'st not take it ill
If rudely from sweet dreams (and for a toy)
Tho' wert wak't? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroyes,
And while it pleaseth much the palate, cloyes;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat

By eating to a Surfet, this once past,
What relishes? even kisses loose their tast.

Urge not 'tis necessary, alas! we know
The homeliest thing which mankind does is so;
The World is of a vast extent we see,
And must be peopled; Children there must be;
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what e're before t'have been)
Are like Romances read, or sights once seen:
Fruition's dull, and spoils the Play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in Prospects we are there pleas'd most
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guesse, so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excessse would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
Hee's onely rich that cannot tell his store.

I.

THere never yet was woman made,
nor shall, but to be curst;

And oh' that I (fond I) should first
of any Lover

This truth at my own charge to other fools discover.

2.

You that have promis'd to your selves
 propriety in love,
 Know womens hearts like straws do move,
 and what we call
 Their sympathy, is but love to jett in general.

3.

All mankind are alike to them ;
 and though we iron find
 That never with a Loadstone joyn'd,
 'tis not the irons fault,
 It is because the loadstone yet was never brought.

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fall'n
 and laboured to his power,
 A new succeeds not to that Flower,
 but passes by ;
 'Tis to be thought, the gallant else-where loads his thigh.

5.

For still the flowers ready stand,
 one buzzes round about,
 One lights, one tafts, gets in, gets out
 all, all waies use them,
 Till all their sweets are gone, and all again refuse them.

Song.

I.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs must be
 But an ill love in me,
 And worse for thee;
 For were it in my power,
 To love thee now this hower
 More then I did the last;
 I would then so fall
 I might not love at all;
 Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
 Admits as well an ebbe, and may grow lesse.

2.

True Love is still the same; the Torrid Zones,
 And those more frigid ones
 It must not know;
 For love grown cold or hot,
 Is lust, or friendship, not
 The thing we have.
 For that's a flame would dye
 Held down, or up too high;
 Then think I love more then I can expresse,
 And would love more could I but love thee lesse.

To

*To my Friend Will. Davenant; upon
his Poem of Madagascar.*

WHat mighty Princes Poets are? those things
The great ones stick at, and our very Kings
Lay down, they venter on; and with great ease,
Discover, conquer, what, and where they please.
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captain, would have staid
For money now, or victuals; not have waid
Anchor without 'em; Thou (*Will*) do'st not stay
So much as for a wind, but go'st away,
Land'st, view'st the Country; fight'st, put'st all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in Town is; *Dav'nant's* come
From *Madagascar*, Fraught with Laurel home;
And welcom (*Will*) for the first time, but prithees
In thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

*To my Friend Will. Davenant on his other
Poems.*

THou hast redeem'd us, *Will*. and future Times
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit : since the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no Man has ever writ
So neer him, in's own way : I would commend
Particulars, but then, how should I end
Without a Volume? Ev'ry line of thine
Would ask (to praise it right) twenty of mine.

1.

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
 Three mates to play at barley-break ;
 Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy ;
 And Hate consorts with Pride ; so dance they :
 Love coupled last, and so it fell
 That Love and Folly were in hell.

2.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
 But Hate was nimbler on her feet ;
 Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
 Hyes, and they two hugge together :
 Yet this new coupling still doth tell
 That Love and Folly were in hell.

3.

The rest do break again, and Pride
 Hath now got Reason on her side ;
 Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
 Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand ;
 Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
 So Love and Folly were in hell.

Song.

Song.

1.

I Prethee spare me, gentle Boy,
 Presse me no more for that slight toy,
 That foolish trifle of an heart,
 I swear it will not do its part,
 Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art.

2.

For through long custom it has known
 The little secrets, and is grown
 Sullen and wise, will have its will,
 And like old Hawks pursues that still
 That makes least sport, flies onely where 't can kill.

3.

Some youth that has not made his story,
 Will think perchance the pain's the glory;
 And mannerly fit out Loves Feast;
 I shall be carving of the best,
 Rudely call for the last course 'fore the rest.

4.

And oh ! when once that course is past,
 How short a time the Feast doth last ;
 Men rise away, and scarce say grace,
 Or civilly once thank the face
 That did invite ; but seek another place.

Upon

N

V

*Upon my Lady Carliles walking in
Hampton-Court garden.*

Dialogue.

T. C.

I. S.

Thom.

DIdst thou not find the place inspir'd,
And flow'rs as if they had desir'd
No other Sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads ?
Heardst thou not musick when she talk't ?
And didst not find that as she walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about
Such as bean-blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give ? —

7. 8.

I must confesse those perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not smell; nor found that from
Her passing by, ought sprung up new,
The flow'rs had all their birth from you ;
For I pass't o're the self same walk,
And did not find one single stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after spring.

Thom.

Dull and insensible, could'st see
A thing so near a Deity

Move

Move up and down, and feel no change?

7. S.

None, and so great, were alike strange,
I had my Thoughts, but not your way,
All are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
Alas ! *Tom*, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could
In spite of masks and hoods descry
The parts deni'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked, or more plainly seen.

Thom.

'T was well for thee she left the place,
There is great danger in that face;
But had'st thou view'd her leggs and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Search't after parts that are more dear
(As Fancy seldom stops so near)
No time or age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou had'st been.

To Mr. Davenant for Absence.

Wonder not if I stay not here,
Hurt Lovers (like to wounded Deer)
Must shift the place, for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where there is a Traytor eye
That lets in from th'enemy

All

All that may supplant an heart,
 'Tis time the Chief should use some Art ;
 Who parts the object from the sence,
 Wisely cuts off intelligence.
 O how quickly men must die,
 Should they stand all Loves Battery ;
Perfindaes eyes great mischief do,
 So do we know the Canon too ;
 But men are safe at distance still,
 Where they reach not, they cannot kill.
 Love is a fit, and soon is past,
 Ill dyet onely makes it last ;
 Who is still looking, gazing ever,
 Drinks wine i'th' very height o'th' Fever.

Against Absence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
 These vows of life Monastical ?
 Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
 And subtile sealing up of eyes ?
 Come, come, be wise; return again,
 A finger burnt's as great a pain ;
 And the same Phyfick, self same art
 Cures that, would cure a flaming heart :
 Would'tt thou whilst yet the fire is in
 But hold it to the fire again.
 If you (Dear Sir) the plague have got,
 What matter is't whether or not
 They let you in the same house lie,
 Or carry you abroad to die ?
 He whom the plague, or Love once takes,
 Every Room a Pest-House makes.

Absence

Absence were good if't were but sence
 That onely holds th'Intelligence :
 Pure love alone no hurt would do,
 But love is love, and magick too;
 Brings a mistresse a thousand miles,
 And the sleight of looks beguiles,
 Makes her entertain thee there,
 And the same time your Rival here ;
 And (oh ! the diuel) that she should
 Say finer things now then she would ;
 So nobly Fancy doth supply
 What the dull sence lets fall and die.
 Beauty like mans old enemy's known
 To tempt him most when hee's alone :
 The ayre of some wild o'regrown wood,
 Or pathlesse Grove is the Boyes food.
 Return then back, and feed thine eye,
 Feed all thy senses, and feast high.
 Spare dyet is the cause Love lasts,
 For Surfets sooner kill than Fasts.

*A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of
 Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears,
 By the Author.*

I.

ONE of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
 Gozening the pillow of a lawful kisse,
 Which therefore swel'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
 As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse :
 The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
 While t'other blusht, cause it had done the wrong.

Out.

2.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
 On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect white
 Lookt like a Dazie in a field of grasse,
 * And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight,
 There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
 The rest oth' body that lay fast asleep.

Thus far
 Shake-
 spear.

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
 Strive to imprison beauty till the morn,
 But yet the doors were of such fine stuffe made,
 That it broke through, and shew'd it self in scorn.
 Throwing a kind of light about the place,
 which turnd to smiles stil as't came near her face.

4.

Her beams (which some dul men call'd hair) divided
 Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport,
 But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
 Wiselyer downwards sought, but falling short,
 Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn agen
 To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

THat none beguiled be by times quick flowing,
 Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;
 For though Time be nimble, his motions
 are quicker
 and thicker
 where Love hath his notions:

Hope

Hope is the main spring on which moves desire,
 And these do the lesse wheels, fear, joy, inspire;
 the ballance is thought, evermore

clicking
 and striking,
 and ne're giving ore

Occasions the hand which still's moving round,
 Till by it the Critical hour may be found,

And when that falls out, it will strike
 kisses,
 strange blisses,
 and what you best like.

I.

TIs now since I fate down before
 That foolish Fort, a heart;
 (Time strangely spent) a Year, and more,
 And still I did my part:

2.

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise,
 And did already understand
 The language of her eyes.

3.

Proceeded on with no lesse Art,
 My Tongue was Engineer;
 I thought to undermine the heart
 By whispering in the ear.

When

4.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Canon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the Town,
And still it yeelded not.

5.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praying and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

6.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in :
And brought my self to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

7.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine owne,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

8.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A Spie inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

9.

March, march (quoth I) the word straight give,
Lets lose no time, but leave her :
That Giant upon ayre will live,
And hold it out for ever.

10.

To such a place our Camp remove
 As will no siege abide ;
 I hate a fool that starves her Love
 Onely to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord Brohalls Wedding.

Dialogue.

S.

B.

S. **I**N bed dull man ?
 When *Love* and *Hymens* Revels are begun,
 And the Chnrch Ceremonis past and done.

B. Why who's gone mad to day ?

S. Dull Heretick, thou wouldst say,
 He that is gone to Heaven's gone astray ;
Brohall our gallant friend

Is gone to Church as Martyrs to the fire :
 Who marry differ but i'th'end,
 Since both do take

The hardest way to what they most desire :
 Nor staid he till the formal Priest had done,
 But ere that part was finisht, his begun :
 Which did reveal

The hast and eagernesse men have to seal
 That long to tell the money.

A sprigg of Willow in his hat he wore,
 (The loosers badge and liv'ry heretofore)

C

But

But now so ordered that it might be taken
By lookers on, forsaking as forsaken.

And now and then

A careless smile broke forth, which spoke his mind,
And seem'd to say she might have been more kind.

When this (dear *Jack*) I saw
Thought I

How weak is Lovers Law ?

The bonds made there (like gypsies knots) with ease
Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please,

But was the fair Nymphs praise or power lesse
That led him captive now to happinesse ?

'Cause she did not a forreign aid despise,
But enterr'd breaches made by others eyes :

The Gods forbid,

There must be some to shoot and batter down,

Others to force and to take in the Town,

To Hawkes (good *Jack*) and hearts

There may

Be sev'ral waies and Arts;

One watches them perchance, and makes them tame :

Another, when they're ready, shews them game.

Sir,

WHether these lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt ;

(Whether Predestination,

Or reconciling three in one,

Or the unriddling how men die,

And live at once eternally,

Now take you up) know 'tis decreed

You straight bestride the Colledge Steed :

I leave

Leave *Socinus* and the Schoolmen,
 (Which *Jack Bond* swears do but fool men)
 And come to Town ; 'tis fit you show
 Your self abroad, that men may know
 (What e're some learned men have gueſt)
 That Oracles are not yet ceaſ't :
 There you ſhall find the wit, and wine
 Flowing alike, and both divine :
 Diſhes, with names not known in books,
 And leſſe amongst the Colledge-Cooks,
 With ſauce ſo pregnant that you need
 Not ſtay till hunger bids you feed.
 The ſweat of learned *Johnſons* brain,
 And gentle *Shakeſpear's* eaſ'er ſtrain, X
 A hackney-coach conveys you to,
 In ſpite of all that rain can do :
 And for your eighteen pence you ſit
 The Lord and Judge of all freſh wit.
 News in one day as much w'have here
 As ſerves all *Windſor* for a year,
 And which the Carrier brings to you,
 After 't has here been found not true.
 Then think what Company's deſign'd
 To meet you here, men ſo refin'd,
 Their very common talk at boord,
 Makes wiſe, or mad a young Court-Lord, ,
 And makes him capable to be
 Umpire in's Fathers Company.
 Where no diſputes nor forc't defence
 Of a mans perſon for his ſence
 Take up the time; all ſtrive to be
 Maſters of truth, as victory :
 And where you come, I'de boldly ſwear
 A Synod might as eaſ'y erre.

Against Fruition.

FYe upon hearts that burn with mutual fire ;
 I hate two minds that breath but one desire ;
 Were I to curse th'unhallow'd sort of men,
 I'de wish them to love, and be lov'd agen.

Love's a *Camelion*, that lives on meer ayre ;
 And surfets when it comes to grosser fare :
 'Tis petty Jealousies, and little fears,
 Hopes joyn'd with doubts, and joyes with *April* tears,
 That crowns our Love with pleasures : these are gone
 When once we come to full *Fruition*.
 Like waking in a morning, when all night
 Our fancy hath been fed with true delight.
 Oh! what a stroke't would be! Sure I should die,
 Should I but hear my mistresse once say, I.
 That monster expectation feeds too high
 For any Woman e're to satisfie :
 And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
 Which in Down-beds with ease he could come at.
 Shee's but an honest whore that yeelds, although
 She be as cold as ice, as pure as snow :
 He that enjoys her hath no more to say
 But keep us Fasting if you'l have us pray.
 Then fairest Mistresse, hold the power you have,
 By still denying what we still do crave :
 In keeping us in hopes strange things to see
 That never were, nor are, nor e're shall be.

A Ballade.

Upon a Wedding.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen;
 Oh things without compare!
 Such fights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At *Charing-Crosse*, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
 And there did I see comming down
 Such folk as are not in our Town,
 Vorty at least, in Pairs.

Amongst the rest, one Pest'lent fine,
 (His beard no bigger though then thine)
 Walkt on before the rest:
 Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
 The King (God bleffe him) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so drest.

At *Course-a-Park*, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the Maids i'th' Town:
 Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
 Or little *George* upon the Green,
 Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;

The Parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juyce.

Her finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No Sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was nice,
She would not do't in sight,
And then she lookt as who should say
I will do what I list to day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)

For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
 (The side that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compar'd to that was next her chin ;
 (Some Bee had stung it newly.)
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face ;
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Then on the Sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get,
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
 The Parson himself had guilty bin ;
 (She lookt that day so purely.)
 And did the youth so oft the feat
 At night, as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
 And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey,
 Each serving man with dish in hand,
 Marcht boldly up, like our Train'd Band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
 What man of knife, or teeth, was able
 To stay to be intreated ?
 And this the very reason was,
 Before the Parson could say Grace,
 The Company was seated.

The bus'nesse of the Kitchin's great,
 For it is fit that men should eat ;
 Nor was it there deni'd :

Passion oh me! how I run on !
 There's that that would be thought upon,
 (I trow) besides the Bride.

Now hatts fly off, and youths carrouse ;
 Healths first go round, and then the house,
 The Brides came thick and thick :
 And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth.
 (And who could help it? *Dick*.)

O'th' sodain up they rise and dance ;
 Then sit again and sigh, and glance :
 Then dance again and kisse :
 Thus sev'ral waies the time did passe,
 Till ev'ry Woman wisht her place,
 And ev'ry Man wisht his.

By this time all were stoln aside
 To counsel and undresse the Bride ;
 But that he must not know :
 But yet 'twas thought he ghest her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay
 Like new-faln snow melting away,
 ('Twas time I trow to part)
 Kisses were now the onely stay,
 Which soon she gave, as who would say,
Good Boy! with all my heart.

But just as heav'ns would have to crosse it,
 In came the Bridemaids with the Posset :
 The Bridegroom eat in spight ;

For had he left the Women to't
 It would have cost two hours to do't,
 Which were too much that night.

At length the candles out and out,
 All that they had not done, they do't :
 What that is, who can tell ?
 But I beleeve it was no more
 Then thou and I have done before
 With *Bridger*, and with *Nell*.

MY dearest Rival, least our Love
 Should with excentrique motion move,
 Before it learn to go astray,
 Wee'l teach and set it in a way,
 And such directions give unto't,
 That it shall never wander foot.
 Know first then, we will serve as true
 For one poor smile, as we would do
 If we had what our higher flame,
 Or our vainer wish could frame.
 Impossible shall be our hope;
 And Love shall onely have his scope
 To joyn with Fancy now and then,
 And think what reason would condemn :
 And on these grounds wee'l love as true,
 As if they were most sure t'ensue :
 And chastly for these things wee'l stay,
 As if to morrow were the day.
 Mean time we two will teach our hearts
 In Loves burdens bear their parts :
 Thou first shall sigh, and say shee's fair ;
 And I'll still answer, past compare.

Then

Thou shalt set out each part o'th face,
 While I extol each little grace ;
 Thou shalt be ravisht at her wit ;
 And I, that she so governs it :
 Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
 That lip, that look, that majesty ;
 And in good language them adore :
 While I want words, and do it more.
 Yea we will sit and sigh a while,
 And with soft thoughts some time beguil ;
 But straight again break out and praise
 All we had done before new-waies.
 Thus will we do till paler death
 Come with a warrant for our breath,
 And then whose fate shall be to die
 First of us two, by Legacy
 Shall all his store bequeath, and give
 His love to him that shall survive ;
 For no one stock can ever serve
 To love so much as shee'l deserve.

Song

Song.

1.

Honest Lover whosoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same :

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

2.

If when she appears i'th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

3.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Perswad't thy self that jeasts are broken,
 When she hath little or nothing spoken,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If

4.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
 Thou lett'st not men ask and ask agen,
 And when thou answer'st, if it be
 To what was askt thee properly,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amisse,
 And to love true
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

5.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
 Thou cutt'st not fingers 'steed of meat,
 And with much gazing on her face
 Dost not rise hungry from the place,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amisse,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

6.

If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect Lover,
 And desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew :

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amisse,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

Upon two Sisters.

B Eleev't yong Man, I can as eas'ly tell
 How many yards and inches 'tis to hell;
 Unriddle all predestination,
 Or the nice points we now dispute upon,
 Had the three Goddeffes been just as fair,

It had not been so easily decided
 And sure the apple must have been divided:
 It must, it must; hee's impudent, dares say
 Which is the handsomer till one's away.
 And it was necessary it should be so;
 Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
 When she had fram'd the Eldest, that each heart
 Must at the first sight feel the blind-god's dart:
 And sure as can be, had she made but one,
 No plague had been more sure destruction;
 For we had lik't, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
 In half the time that we are chusing now:
 Variery, and equal objects make
 The busie eye still doubtful which to take;
 This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
 The others body, gesture, or her grace:
 And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
 We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
 He sure is happy't that has hopes of either,
 Next him is he that sees them both together.

To his Rival.

NOW we have taught our Love to know
 That it must creep where't cannot go
 And be for once content to live,
 Since here it cannot have to thrive;
 It will not be amiss t'enquire
 What fuel should maintain this fire:
 For fires do either flame too high,
 Or where they cannot flame, they die.
 First then (my half but better heart)
 Know this must wholly be her part;
 (For thou and I, like Clocks, are wound
 Up to the height, and must move round)
 She then by still denying what
 We fondly crave, shall such a rate
 Set on each trifle, that a kisse
 Shall come to be the utmost blisse.
 Where sparks and fire do meet with tinder,
 Those sparks meer fire will still engender:
 To make this good, no debt shall be
 From service or fidelity;
 For she shall ever pay that score,
 By onely bidding us do more:
 So (though she still a niggard be)
 In gracing, where none's due, shee's free:
 The favors she shall cast on us,
 (Least we should grow presumptuous)
 Shall not with too much love be shown,
 Nor yet the common way still done;
 But ev'ry smile and little glance
 Shall look half lent, and half by chance:

The Ribbon, Fan, or Muffe that she
 Would should be kept by thee or me,
 Should not be giv'n before to many,
 But neither thrown to's when there's any;
 So that her self should doubtful be
 Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or she.
 She shall not like the thing we do
 Sometimes, and yet shall like it too;
 Nor any notice take at all
 Of what, we gone, she would extol:
 Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,
 For where fear is, love cannot flourish;
 Yet live it must, nay must and shall,
 While *Desdemona* is at all:
 But when shee's gone, then Love shall die,
 And in her grave buried lie.

Farewel to Love.

I.

Well shadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well;
 How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
 At least so well
 As he that now hates more
 Then e're he lov'd before.

2.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
 No longer must you me deceive,
 Since I perceive
 All the deceit, and know
 Whence the mistake did grow.

3.

As he whose quicker eye doth trace
A false star shot to a mark't place,

Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up do's snatch.

4.

So our dull souls tasting delight
Far off, by sence, and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the Counterfeit.

5.

Oh! how I glory now; that I
Have made this new discovery !

Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before : no more
Will I encrease that score.

6.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see
What manner of deaths-head 'twill be,

When it is free
From that fresh upper skin;
The gazers Joy, and sin.

7.

The Gun and glist'ning which with art
And studi'd method, in each part

Hangs down the heart,
Looks (just) as if, that day
Snails there had crawl'd the *Hay*.

8.

The Locks, that curl'd o're each eare be,
 Hang like two Master-worms to me,
 That (as we see)
 Have tasted to the rest
 Two holes, where they lik't best.

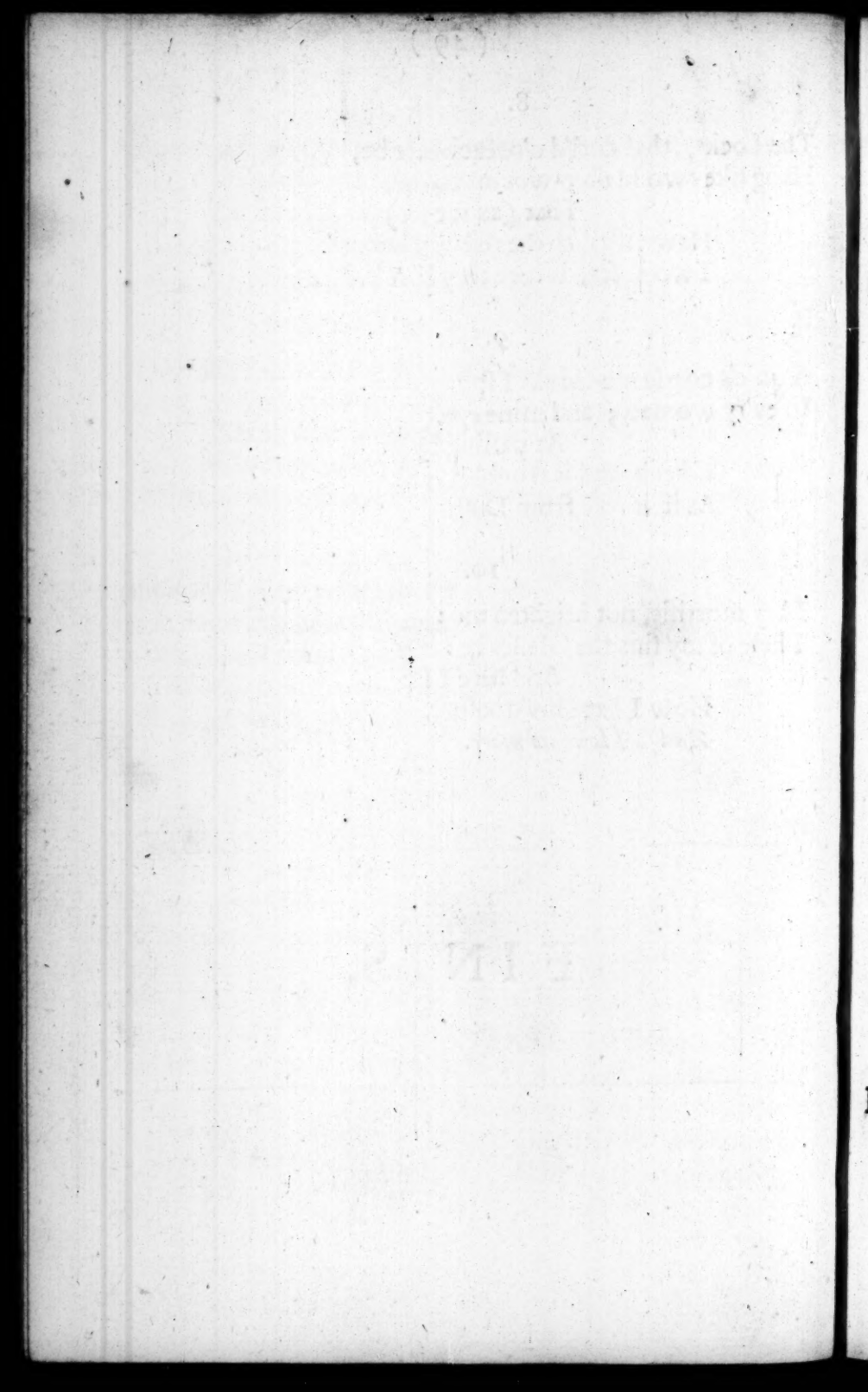
9.

A quick coarse me-thinks I spy
 In ev'ry woman ; and mine eye,
 At passing by,
 Check, and is troubled, just
 As if it rose from Dust.

10.

They mortifie, not heighten me :
 These of my sins the Glasses be :
 And here I see
 How I have lov'd before.
And so I love no more.

FINIS.



LETTERS

To divers Eminent

PERSONAGES:

Written on several Occasions,

By

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.



LONDON,

Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Moseley*, and
are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the
Princes Arms in *S. Pauls Church-yard*. 1646.

LETTERS

To divers Persons

PERSONAGES

With several Original Occurrences

IN JOHN SUCKLING

By the same Author

LONDON,

Printed by the Author, at his House, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1674.



Fortune and Love have ever been so incompatible, that it is no wonder (Madam) if having had so much of the one for you, I have ever found so little of the other for my self; Comming to Town (and having rid as if I had brought intelligence of a new-landed Enemy to the State) I find you gone the day before, and with you (Madam) all that is considerable upon the place; for though you have left behind you, faces whose beauties might well excuse perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, since to the making that no sin, Loves Casuists have most rationally resolved, that she for whom we forsake, ought to be handsomer then the forsaken, which would be here impossible: So that now a gallerie hang with *Titians* or *Vandikes* hand, and a chamber filled with living Excellence, are the same things to me; and the use that I shall make of that Sex now, will be no other then that which the wiser sort of Catholiques do of Pictures; at the highest, they but serve to raise my devotion to you: Should a great Beauty now resolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the Artillery of her eyes, it would be as vain, as for a

Thief to set upon a new robd passenger; You Madam) have my heart already, nor can you use it unkindly but with some injustice, since (besides that it left a good service to wait on you) it was never known to stay so long, or so willingly before with any; After all, the wages will not be high; for it hath been brought up under Platonicks, and knows no other way of being paid for service, then by being commanded more; which truth when you doubt, you have but to send to its master and

Your humble Servant,
F. S.

A dissuasion from Love.

Fack,

THough your disease be in the number of those that are better cured with time then precept, yet since it is lawful for every man to practise upon them that are forsaken and given over (which I take to be your state) I will adventure to prescribe to you; and of the innocence of the Physick you shall not need to doubt, since I can assure you I take it daily my self.

To begin Methodically, I should enjoyn you Travel; for Absence doth in a kind remove the cause (removing the object) and answers the Physicians first Recipez, vomiting and purging; but this would be too harsh, and indeed not agreeing

ing to my way. I therefore advise you to see her as often as you can, for (besides that the rarity of visits endears them) this may bring you to surprise her, and to discover little defects, which though they cure not absolutely, yet they qualify the fury of the Feaver: As neer as you can let it be unseasonably, when she is in sickness, and disorder; for that will let you know she is mortal, and a Woman, and the last would be enough to a wise man: If you could draw her to discourse of things she understands not, it would not be amiss.

Contrive your self often into the Company of the cryed-up Beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you speak or write that stile; variety will breed distraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humour.

I would not have you deny your self the little things (for these Agues are easier cured with Surfets than abstinence) rather (if you can) tast all: for that (as an old Author saith) will let you see

*That the thing for which we wooe,
Is not worth so much ado.*

But since that here would be impossible, you must be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I must tell you (*Fack*) that Mistresse and Woman differ no otherwise then Frontiniack and ordinary Grapes: which though a man loves never so well, yet if he surfeit of the last, he will care but little for the first.

I would have you leave that foolish humour

(*Fack*) of saying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humors are best and safest vented and breathed out. Continue your affection to your Rival still, that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; and preserve your friendship with her woman; for who knows but she may help you to the remedy.

A jolly glasse and right Company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way it is but *Apocrypha*) Woman is resolved stronger than Wine, yet whether it will be so or not, when wit is joyned to it, may prove a fresh question.

Marrying (as our friend the late Ambassador hath wittily observed) would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to the soles of the feet, a last remedy, and (to say truth) worse than the disease.

But (*Fack*) I remember I promised you a letter, not a Treaty; I now expect you should be just, and as I have shewed you how to get out of love, so you (according to our bargain) should teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistris *Howard*; but for that I must tell you beforehand, that it is love as in Antipathy; The Capers which will make my Lord of *Dorset* go from the Table, another man will eat up. And (*Fack*) if you would make a visit to *Bedlam*, you shall find, that

that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.

Your humble Servant.

THough (*Madam*) I have ever hitherto believed play to be a thing in it self as meerly indifferent as Religion to a States-man, or love made in a privie-chamber; yet hearing you have resolved it otherwise for me, my faith shall alter without becomming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it should do so; so great and just a Sovereignty is that your reason hath above all others, that mine must be a Rebel to it self, should it not obey thus easily; and indeed all the infallibility of judgement we poor Protestants have, is at this time wholly in your hands.

The losse of a Mistress (which kills men onely in Romances, and is still digested with the first meat we eat after it) had yet in me raised up so much passion, and so just a quarrel (as I thought) to Fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the first occasion: yet (*Maddame*) has it not made me so desperate but that I can sit down a loser both of that time and money too, when there shall be the least fear of losing you.

And now, since I know your Ladyship is too wise to suppose to your self impossibilities, and therefore cannot think of such a thing, as of making me absolutely good; it will not be without some

some impatience that I shall attend to know what sin you will be pleased to assigne me in the room of this : something that has lesse danger about it (I conceive it would be) and therefore if you please (*Madam*) let it not be Women : for to say truth, it is a dyet I cannot yet relish , otherwise then men do that on which they surfettted last.

Your humblest Servant,

F. S.

Madam,

BEfore this instant I did not beleeeve *Warwickshire* the other world, or that *Milcot* walks had been the blessed shades. At my arrival here I am saluted by all as risen from the dead, and have had joy given me as preposterously and as impertinently as they give it to men who marry where they do not love. If I should now die in earnest, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have discharged the Rites of Funeral sorrow before hand. Nor do I take it ill, that report which made *Richard* the second alive so often after he was dead, should kill me as often when I am alive; The advantage is on my side : The onely quarrel I have, is that they have made use of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me , and without all question the first Christians under the great persecutions suffered not in 500. years, so many several waies as I have done in six daies in this lewd Town. This (*Madam*) may seem strange unto you
now,

now, who know the Company I was in ; and certainly if at that time I had departed this transitory World, it had been a way they had never thought on ; and this Epitaph of the Spaniards (changing the names) would better have become my Grave-stone, then any other my friends the Poets would have found out for me :

Epitaph.

*Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
His left Pappe,
The Orifice of which was so
Small, no Chirurgeon could
Discover it.*

Reader,

*If thou wouldst avoid so strange
A Death,*

Look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

Now all this discourse of dying (*Madam*) is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from *London*, especially in a place which is concluded out of the World. If you are not to be frighted hither, I hope you are to be perswaded ; and if good Sermons, or good Playes, new Braveries, or fresh Wit, Revells (*Madam*) Masks that are to be, have any Rhetorique about them, here they are I assure you in perfection ; without asking leave of the Provinces beyond Seas, or the assent of ————— I write not this that you should think I value these pleasures above those of *Milcos* : for I must here protest, I
preferre

preferre the single Tabor and Pipe in the great Hall, far above them : and were there no more belonging to a journey then riding so many miles (would my affairs conspire with my desires) your Ladyship should find there not at the bottom of a Letter

Madam,

Your humble Servant,

Madam,

I Thank Heaven we live in an Age in which the Widdows wear Coulers, and in a Country where the Women that lose their Husbands may be trusted with poison, knives, and all the burning coals in *Europe*, notwithstanding the president of *Sophonisba* and *Portia* : Considering the estate you are in now, I should reasonably imagine meaner Physitians then *Seneca* or *Cicero* might administer comfort. It is so far from me to imagine this accident should surprize you, that in my opinion it should not make you wonder; it being not strange at all that a man who hath lived ill all his time in a house, should break a Window, or steal away in the night through an unusual Postern : you are now free, and what matter is it to a Prisoner whether the fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not? If instead of putting off handsomly the chain of Matrimony, he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his owne charge, nor should it cost you a tear; Nothing (*Madam*) has worse Mine than

than counterfet sorrow, and you must have the height of Womans Art to make yours appear o-ther, especially when the spectators shall consider all the story.

The sword that is placed betwixt a contracted Princess and an Ambassador, was as much a Husband, and the onely difference was, that that sword laid in the bed, allowed one to supply its place; this Husband denied all, like a false Crow set up in a Garden, which keeps others from the fruit it cannot taste it self: I would not have you so much as enquire whether it were with his garters or his Cloak-bag strings, nor ingage your self to fresh sighs by hearing new relations.

The Spanish Princess *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the last Age) was wise; who hearing a Post was sent to tell her her Husband was dead, and knowing the Secretary was in the way for that purpose, sent to stay the Post till the arrival of the Secretary, that she might not be obliged to shed tears twice. Of ill things the lesse we know, the better. Curiosity would here be as vain, as if a Cuckold should enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier pulld off his Spurs first or not.

I must confesse it is a just subject for our sorrow to hear of any that does quit his station without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mine as this Act has: 't was *a-la-Romansci*, as you may see by a line of Mr. *Shakespears*, who bringing in *Titinius* after a lost battel, speaking to his

his sword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds
By your leave Gods, this a Romanes part.

'Tis true, I think Cloak-bag strings were not then so much in fashion ; but to those that are not Sword-men , the way is not so despicable ; and for my owne part, I assure you Christianity highly governs me in the minute in which I do not wish with all my heart that all the discontents in his Majesties three Kingdoms would find out this very way of satisfying themselves and the world.

I. S.

Sir,

Since the settling of your Family would certainly much conduce to the settling of your mind (the care of the one being the trouble of the other) I cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfortunes, that my affairs deny me the content I should take to serve you in it.

It would be too late now for me (I suppose) to advance or confirm you in those good resolutions I left you in, being confident your own reason hath been so just to you , as long before this to have represented a necessity of redeeming time and fame, and of taking an handsome revenge upon your self for the injuries you would have done your self.

Change I confesse (to them that think all at once) must needs be strange, and to you hateful, whom first your owne nature, and then custome
 another

another nature, have brought to delight in those narrow and uncouth waies we found you in. You must therefore consider that you have entred into one of those neer conjunctions of which death is the onely honourable divorce ; and that you have now to please another as well as your self ; who though she be a Woman, and by the patent she hath from nature, hath liberty to do simply ; yet can she never be so strongly bribed against her self, as to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your sake resolve to live miserably. Examples of such loving folly our times afford but few ; and in those there are , you shall find the stock of Love to have been greater, and their strengths richer to maintain it, than is to be feared yours can be.

Woman (besides the trouble) has ever been thought a Rent-charge, and though through the vain curiosity of man it has often been inclosed, yet has it seldom been brought to improve or become profitable ; It faring with married men for the most part , as with those that at great charges wall in grounds and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elsewhere then in their owne Gardens Cucumbers. The ruines that either time, sicknesse, or the melancholy you shall give her, shall bring ; must all be made up at your cost : for that thing a husband is but Tenant for life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place Tenantable to the next that shall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon
her

her wings; and if she be handsome, she is the more subject to go out at check; Faulkners that can but seldom spring right game, should still have something about them to take them down with. The Lure to which all stoop in this world, is either garnisht with profit or pleasure, and when you cannot throw her the one, you must be content to shew out the other. This I speak not out of a desire to increase your fears which are already but too many, but out of a hope that when you know the worst, you will at once leap into the River, and swim through handsomly, and not (weather-beaten with the divers blasts of irresolution) stand shivering upon the brink.

Doubts and fears are of all the sharpest passions, and are still turning distempers to diseases; through these false Opticks 'tis, all that you see is like evening shadows, disproportionable to the truth, and strangely longer then the true substance: These (when a handsome way of living and expence sutable to your Fortune is represented to you) makes you in their stead see want and beggery: thrusting upon your judgement impossibilities for likelyhoods, which they with ease may do (since as *Solomon* saith) they betray the succors that reason offers.

'Tis true, that all here below is but diversified folly, and that the little things we laugh at Children for, we do but act our selves in great; yet is there difference of Lunacy, and of the two, I had much rather be mad with him, that (when he had
nothing)

nothing) thought all the Ships that came into the Haven his ; Than with you , who (when you have so much comming in) think you have nothing ; This fear of losing all in you , is the ill issue of a worse Parent, desire of getting in you ; So that if you would not be passion-rent , you must cease to be covetous : Money in your hand is like the Conjurers Divel , which , while you think you have , that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given , or rather lent you , you have hid up in a napkin , and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treasures kept by ill Spirits , but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of these golden Apples , of necessity must be kept those never sleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealousie, Distrust, and the like , so that you are come to moralize *AEsop*, and his fables of beasts are become prophecies of you ; for while you have catcht at the shadow , uncertain riches ; you have lost the substance , true content.

The desire I have ye should be yet your self , and that your friends should have occasion to blesse the providence of misfortune , has made me take the boldnes to give you your own Character ; and to shew you your self out of your own glasse : And though all this tells you but where you are , yet it is some part of a cure to have searcht the wound. And for this time we must be content to do like Travellers , who first find out the place , and then the neereſt way.

My Noble Lord,

YOUR humble Servant had the honour to receive from your hand a Letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush. I but then found my owne negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a March, and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood than Inke : and of all things, Sheets have been the hardest to come by, specially those of Paper. If these few lines shall have the happines to kisse your hand, they can assure, that he that sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation then to your Lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it : and that it must be no lesse than necessary it self that can hinder him from often presenting it. *Germany* hath no whit altered me, I am still the humble servant of my Lord [] that I was, and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

John Suckling.

SINCE you can breath no one desire that was not mine before it was yours, — or full as soon, (for hearts united never knew divided wishes) I must chide you (dear Princeesse) not thank you, for your Present : and (if at least I knew how) be angry with you for sending him a blush, who needs must blush because you sent him one. If you are conscious of much, what am I then? who
guilty

guilty am of all you can pretend to, and something more—unworthinesse. But why should you at all (*Heart of my heart*) disturb the happiness you have so newly given me? or make love feed on doubts, that never yet could thrive on such a diet? *If I have granted your request* ———— Oh! ———— Why will you ever say that you have studied me, and give so great an instance to the contrary? that wretched *If* ———— speaks as if I would refuse what you desire, or could: both which are equally impossible. My dear Princess, There needs no new Approaches where the Breach is made already; nor must you ever ask any where, but of your salt self, for any thing that shall concern

Your humble Servant.

My Dearest Princess,

BUt that I know I love you more then ever any did any, and that yet I hate my self because I can love you no more, I should now most unsatisfied dispatch away this messenger.

The little that I can write to what I would, makes me think writing a dull commerce, and then—how can I chuse but wish my self with you—to say the rest. My Dear Dear, think what merit, vertue, beauty, what and how far *Aglaure* with all her charmes can oblige, and so far and something more I am

Your humble Servant.

*A Letter to a Friend to
disswade him from mar-
rying a Widow which
he formerly had been in
Love with, and quitted.*

AT this time when
no hot Planet fires
the blood, and when the
Lunaticks of *Bedlam*
themselves are trusted
abroad; that you should
run mad, is (*Sir*) not so
much a subject for your
friends *pitty*, as their
wonder. 'Tis true, *Love* is
a *natural distemper*, a kind
of *Small Pocks* : Every
one either hath had it,
or is to expect it, & the
sooner the better.

Thus far you are ex-
cused : But having been
well cured of a *Fever*, to
court a *Relapse*, to make
Love the *second time* in
the *same Place*, is (not to
flatter you) neither bet-
ter nor worse then to
fall into a *Quagmire* by
chance, and ride into it

An Answer to the Letter.

CEase to wonder (ho-
nest Jack) and give
me leave to *pitty thee*,
who labourest to con-
demn that which thou
confessest *natural*, and
the *sooner had*, the *better*.

Thus far there needs
no *excuse*, unlesse it be
on *thy behalf*, who stilest
second thoughts (which are
by all allowed the *Best*)
a *relapse*, and talkest of a
quagmire where no man
ever stuck fast, and ac-
cusest *constancy* of *mis-
chief* in what is *natural*,
and *advisedly undertaken*.

'Tis confest that *Love*
changed often doth no-
thing; nay 'tis nothing :
for *Love* and *change* are
incompatible : but
where it is kept fixt to
its first object, though it
burn not, yet it *warms*
afterwards

afterwards on purpose. 'Tis not *love* (*Tom*) that that doth the mischief, but *constancy*, for *Love* is of the nature of a *burning-glasse*, which kept still in one place, *fireth*: changed often, it doth *nothing*: a kind of *glowing-Coal*, which with shifting from hand to hand a man easily endures. But then to *marry*! (*Tom*) Why thou hadst better to live *honest*. *Love* thou knowst is *blind*, what will he do when he hath *Fetters* on thinkest thou?

Dost thou know what *marriage* is? 'Tis *curing* of *Love* the *dearest way*, or waking a *loosing Gamester* out of a *winning dream*: and after a long expectation of a strange *banquet*, a presentation of a *homely meal*. Alas! (*Tom*) *Love-seeds* when it runs up to *Matrimony*, and is good for nothing. Like

and *cherisheth*, so as it needs no *transplantation*, or *change of soyl* to make it fruitful: and certainly if *Love* be *natural*, to *marry* is the best *Recipe* for living honest.

Yes, I know what *marriage* is, and know you know it not, by terming it the *dearest way* of *curing Love*: for certainly there goes more charge to the keeping of a *Stable full of horses*, then one *onely Steed*: and much of vanity is therein besides: when, be the errand what it will, this *one Steed* shall serve your turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you could serve your *Steed* so!

Marriage turns *pleasing Dreams* to ravishing *Realities* which out-doe what *Fancy* or *expectation* can frame unto themselves.

That *Love* doth *seed* when it runs into *Matrimony*
E 3 some

some *Fruit-trees*, it must be transplanted if thou wouldst have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now perchance hast vowed all that can be vowed to any *one face*, and thinkst thou hast left nothing unsaid to it : do but make *love* to *another*, and if thou art not suddenly furnished with *new-language*, and *fresh oathes*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath used thee worse then ever he did any of his train.

After all this, to marry *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd-meat*! What a fantastical stomach hast thou, that canst not eat of a dish til another man hath cut of it? who would wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking?

Life is sometimes a long-journey : to be

mony, is undoubted *truth*; how else should it *increase* and *multiply*, which is its greatest *blessing*.

'Tis not the want of *Love*, nor *Cupid's* fault, if every day afford not *new-language*, and *new-ways* of expressing affection : it rather may be caused through an *excesse* of joy, which oftentimes strikes *dumb*.

These things considered I will *marry*, nay, and to prove the second *Paradox* false, I'll marry a *Widow*, who is rather the *chewer*, then *thing chewed*. How strangely fantastical is he who will be an hour in plucking on a *strait-boot*, when he may be forthwith furnished with enough that will come on easily, and do him as much credit, and better service? *Wine* when *first-brought*, drinks not half so well as after a while *drawing*. Would
tyed

tyed to ride upon one
beast still, and that half-
tyr'd to thy hand too !
Think upon that
(*Tom.*)

Well ; If thou must
needs *marry* (as who can
tell to what height
thou hast sinned ? Let
it be a *Maid*, and no *Wi-
dow* : (for as a modern
Author hath wittily re-
solved in this case) 'tis
better (if a man must
be in Prison) to lie in
a private room then in
the hole.

you not think him a
mad man who whilst he
might fair & easily ride
on the *beaten-road-way*,
should trouble himself
with *breaking up of gaps* ?
a well wayed horse will
safely convey thee to
thy journeys end, when
an *unbackt Filly* may by
chance give thee a fall ;
'Tis *Prince-like* to mar-
ry a *Widow*, for 'tis to
have a *Taster*.

Tis true, *life* may prove
a *long-journey*; and so be-
lieve me it must do, A
very long one too, before
the *Beast* you talke of
prove tyr'd. Think you
upon that (*Fack.*)

Thus, *Fack*, thou see'st
my wel-tane resolution
of *marrying*, and that a
Widow, not a *maid*; to
which I am much indu-
ced out of what *Pythago-
ras* saith (in his *2da Sect.
cuniculorum*) that it is bet-
ter lying in the hole, then
sitting in the Stocks.

VWhen I receive your lines (my Dear
 Princeſſe) and find there expreſſions
 of a Paſſion ; though reaſon and my own imme-
 rit tell me , it muſt not be for me ; yet is the
 Cozenage ſo pleaſing to me , that I (bribed by
 my own deſires) beleeve them ſtill before the
 other. Then do I glory that my Virgin-Love
 has ſtaid for ſuch an object to fixe upon , and
 think how good the Stars were to me that kept
 me from quenching thoſe flames (Youth or wild
 Love furniſhed me withall) in common and or-
 dinary Waters , and reſerved me a Sacrifice
 for your eyes ; ——— While thought thus ſmiles
 and ſolaces himſelf within me , cruel Remem-
 brance breaks in upon our retirements , and tells
 ſo ſad a Story , that (truſt me) I forget all
 that pleaſed Fancy ſaid before , and turnes my
 thoughts to where I left you. Then I conſider
 that ſtormes neither know Courtſhip , nor Pit-
 tie , and that thoſe rude blaſts will often make
 you a Priſoner this Winter , if they doe no
 worſe.

While I here enjoy freſh diverſion , you make
 the ſufferings more , by having leiſure to
 conſider them ; nor have I now any way left me
 to make mine equal with them , but by often
 conſidering that they are not ſo : for the thought
 that I cannot be with you to bear my ſhare , is
 more intolerable to me , then if I had borne
 more

more————— but I was
 onely born to number houres , and not enjoy
 them————— yet can I never think
 my selfe unfortunate , while I can write my
 selfe

Aglaura,

Her humble Servant.

VWhen I consider (my Dear Princessse
 that I have no other pretence to your
 favours , then that which all men have to the
 Original of Beauty , Light : which we enjoy
 not that it is the inheritance of our eyes , but
 because things most excellent cannot restrain
 themselves , but are ours, as they are diffusively
 good ; Then doe I find the justnesse of your
 quarrel , and cannot but blush to think what
 I doe owe , but much more to thinke what
 I doe pay , Since I have made the Principal
 so great , by sending in so little Interest——

————— When you have re-
 ceived this humble confession , you will not I
 hope , conceive me one that would (though
 upon your bidding) enjoy my selfe , while
 there is such a thing in the world , as——

Aglaura—————

Her humble Servant.

J. S.

SO much (*Dear*——) was I ever yours since I had first the honour to know you, and consequently so little my self since I had the unhappines to part with you, that you your self (*Dear*) without what I would say, cannot but have been so just as to have imagined the welcom of your own letters; though indeed they have but removed me from one Rack, to set me on another; from fears and doubts I had about me of your welfare, to an unquietnesse within my self, till I have deserv'd this Intelligence.

How pleasingly troublesome thought and remembrance have been to me since I left you, I am no more able now to expresse, then another to have them so. You onely could make every place you came in worth the thinking of, and I do think those places worthy my thought onely, because you made them so. But I am to leave them, and I shall do't the willinger, because the Gamester still is so much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my losses: Yet every place will be alike, since every good object will do the same. Variety of Beauty and of Faces (quick underminers of Constancy to others) to me will be but pillars to support it; Since when they please me most, I most shall think of you.

In spite of all Philosophy, it will be hottest in my Climate, when my Sun is farthest off; and in spite of all reason, I proclaim, that I am not my self but when I am

Yours wholly.

Though

THough desire in those that love be still like too much sail in a storm, and man cannot so easily strike, or take all in when he pleases: Yet (Dearest Princess) be it never so hard, when you shall think it dangerous, I shall not make it difficult, though—— Well; Love is love, and Aire is Aire; and (though you are a Miracle your self) yet do not I believe that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make these two thus different in themselves, one and the self same thing; when you shall, it will be some small furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble servant.

F. S.

Who so truly loves the fair *Aglaure*, that he will never know desire, at least not entertain it, that brings not letters of recommendation from her, or first a fair Passport.

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kist your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer. Or that now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here, because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! Why should I write then? Why should I not come my self? Those Tyrants, business, honour, and necessity, what have they to do with you and I? Why should we not do Loves
Com-

commands before theirs whose Sovereignty is but usurped upon us? Shall we not smell to Roses 'cause others do look on? or gather them, 'cause there are prickles, and something that would hinder us? Dear — I fain would — and know no hindrance — but what must come from you — and — why should any come? since 'tis not I, but you must be sensible how much time we lose, It being long since I was not my self, but

Yours.

Dear Princess,

Finding the date of your Letter so young, and having an assurance from [] who at the same time heard from Mr. [] that all our Letters have been delivered at [B] I cannot but imagine some ill mistake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith I have none in Welch, man; and though Fear and Suspicion look often so far that they oversee the right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they seldom do mistake so much. My Dearest Princess, I shall long, next hearing you are well, to hear that they are safe: for though I can never be ashamed to be found an Idolater to such a shrine as yours, yet since the world is full of profane eyes, the best way, sure, is to keep all mysteries from them, and to let privacy be (what indeed it is) the best part of devotion. So thinks

My D. D. P.

Your humble Servant.

Since

Since the inferiour Orbes move but by the first, without all question desires and hopes in me are to be govern'd still by you, as they by it. What mean these fears then? Dear Princeesse.

Though Planets wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the same still; and though wishes in me may be extravagant, yet he in whom they make their motion is, you know, my dear Princeesse, *Yours, and wholly to be disposed of by you.*

And till we hear from you, though (according to the form of concluding a Letter) we should now rest, we cannot.

Fair Princeesse,

IF parting be a sin (as sure it is) what then to part from you? if to extenuate an ill be to increase it, what then now to excuse it by a letter? That which we would alledge to lessen it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our sodain leaving you. Abruptnesse is an eloquence in parting, when Spinning out of time, is but the weaving of new sorrow. And thus we thought yet not being able to distinguish of our owne Acts, the fear we may have sinn'd farther then we think of, has made us send to you, to know whether it be Mortal or not.

For the Two Excellent Sisters.

THOUGH I conceive you (*Ladies*) so much at leisure that you may read any thing, yet since

since the stories of the Town are meerly amorous, and sound nothing but Love, I cannot without betraying my owne judgement make them news for *Wales*. Nor can it be lesse improper to transport them to you, then for the King to send my Lord of C. over Ambassador this winter into *Green-land*.

It would want faith in so cold a Countrey as *Anglesey*, to say that your Cozen Dutchesse, for the quenching of some foolish flames about her, has endured quietly the losse of much of the Kings favour, of many of her houses, and of most of her friends.

Whether the disfigurement that Travel or sickness has bestowed upon *B W.* be thought so great by the Lady of the Isle, as 'tis by others, and whether the alteration of his face has bred a change in her mind——it never troubles you——Ladies. What old Loves are decay'd, or what new ones are sprung up in their room; Whether this Lady be too discreet, or that Cavalier not secret enough; are things that concern the inhabitants of *Anglesey* not at all. A fair day is better welcom and more news, then all that can be said in this kind. And for all that I know now, the Divels Chimney is on fire, or his pot seething over, and all *North-Wales* not able to stay the fury of it. Perchance while I write this, a great black cloud is sayling from Mistris *Thomasses* bleak Mountains over to *Baron-hill*, there to disgorge it self with what the Sea or worse places fed it with before.

It

It may be the honest banks about you turn bankrupt too, and break ; and the Sea like an angry Creditor seizes upon all, and hath no pitty, because he has been put off so long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impossible) some boysterous wind flings up the hangings ; and thinking to do as much to your cloths, finds a resistance, and so departs, but first breaks all the windows about the house for it in revenge.

These things now we that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great news to men that sit in Boxes at *Black-Fryars*, as the affairs of Love to Flannel-Weavers.

For my own part, I think I have made a great complement, when I have wisht my self with you, and more then I dare make good in Winter : and yet there is none would venture farther for such a happines then

Your humble servant.

The Wine-drinkers to the Water-drinkers, greeting.

VHereas by your Ambassador two daies since sent unto us, we understand that you have lately had a plot to surprize (or to speak more properly) to take the waters ; and in it have not onely a little miscarried, but also met with such difficulties, that unlesse you be speedily relieved, you are like to suffer in the adventure ; We as well out of pitty to you, as out of care to our State and Common-Wealth (knowing that Women have ever been held necessary, and that nothing

nothing relisheth so well after Wine) have so far taken it into our consideration, that we have neglected no means since we heard of it first, that might be for your contents, or the good of the cause; and therefore to that purpose we have had divers meetings at the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*, and now at length have resolv'd to dispatch to you one of our Cabinet-Council, Colonel *Young*, with some slight Forces of Canary, and some few of Sherry, which no doubt will stand you in good stead, if they do not mutiny and grow too headstrong for their Commander; him Captain *Puffe* of *Barton* shall follow with all expedition, with two or three Regiments of *Claret*; Monsieur de *Granville*, commonly called Lieutenant *Strutt*, shall lead up the Reer of *Rhenish* and *White*. These succors thus timely sent, we are confident will be sufficient to hold the Enemy in Play; and till we hear from you again, we shall not think of a fresh supply: For the Waters (though perchance they have driven you into some extremities, and divers times forc't their passages through some of your best guarded places) yet have they, if our intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worst of it still, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

*Given under our hands at the Bear,
this fourth of July.*

Since Joy (the thing we all so Court) is but our Shopes stript of our fears, pardon me if I be still pressing

pressing at it, and like those that are curious to know their fortunes aforehand desire to be satisfied; though it displeases me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much in-sight as the other wanted Ey-sight) I have committed the particulars, which would too much swell a Letter : if they shall not please you, 'tis but fresh subject still for Repentance ; nor ever did that make me quarrel with any thing but my owne starres. To swear new oaths from this place ; were but to weaken the credit of those I have sworn in another : if heaven be to forgive you now for not beleevving of them then, (as sure as it was a sin) heaven forgive me now for swearing of them then (for that was double sin.) More then I am I cannot be, nor list,

Tours, I. S.

I am not so ill a Protestant as to beleevve in merit, yet if you please to give answer under your owne hand, such as I shall for ever rely upon : if I have not deserv'd it already, it is not impossible but I may.

To a Cousin (who still loved young Girles, and when they came to be marriageable, quitted them, and fell in love with fresh) at his fathers request, who desired he might be perswaded out of the humour, and marry.

Honest Charles,

VVere there not fooles enow before in the
Common-Wealth of Lovers, but that
F thou

thou must bring up a new Sect ? Why delighted with the first knots of roses, and when they come to blow (can satisfie the fence, and do the end of their Creation) dost not care for them ? Is there nothing in this foolish transitory world that thou canst find out to set thy heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt-pyes, and is but preparing it self for loam, and a green sickness ? Seriously (*Charles*) and without ceremony, 'tis very foolish, and to love widdows is as tolerable an humour, and as justifiable as thine — for beasts that have been ridd of their legges are as much for a mans use, as Colts that are un-way'd, and will not go at all : — Why the divel such yong things ? before these understand what thou wouldst have, others would have granted. Thou dost not marry them neither, nor any thing else. 'Sfoot it is the story of the Jack-an-apes and the Partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, & then let'st out another, and starest after that till it is gone too. Neyer considering that it is here as in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runnes down on the sides; while thou contemplat'st the comming-in-tide and flow of Beauty, that it ebbes with thee, and that thy youth goes out at the same time : After all this too, She thou now art cast upon will have much ado to avoid being ugly. Pox on't, Men will say thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any Inne. Well ! (*Charles*) there is another way if you could find it out. Women are like Melons : too green,

or too ripe, are worth nothing; you must try till you find a right one. Taste all, but hark you——
(Charles) you shall not need to eat of all, for one is sufficient for a surfeit : *Your most humble servant.*

I should have perswaded you to marriage, but to deal ingeniously, I am a little out of arguments that way at this present : 'Tis honourable, there's no question on't; but what more, in good faith I cannot readily tell.

Madam,

TO tell you that neither my misfortunes nor my sins did draw from me ever so many sighs as my departure from you has done, and that there are yet tears in mine eyes left undryed for it; or that melancholy has so deeply seized me, that colds and diseases hereafter shall not need above half their force to destroy me, would be I know superfluous and vain, since so great a goodness as yours, cannot but have out-beleev'd already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the losse of your Company, greater then the Imperialists can all this time the losse of all their Companies; and he shall never know you that can think it greater then I, who though I never had neither wisdom nor wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my Judgement ever so much right in it, as to admire you above all. And thus he saies that dares swear he is

Your most devoted servant.

F 2

Madam

Madam,

THe distrust I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the charge of reading, has perswaded me to forbear kissing your hands at this distance : So, like Women that grow proud, because they are chaste ; I thought I might be negligent, because I was not troublesom. And, were I not safe in your goodness, I should be (*Madam*) in your judgement ; which is too just to value little observances, or think them necessary to the right honouring my Lady.

Your Ladyship I make no doubt, will take into consideration, that superstition hath ever been fuller of Ceremony then the true worship. When it shall concern any part of your real service, and I not throw by all respects whatsoever to manifest my devotion, take what revenge you please. Undo me *Madam* : Resume my best Place and Title ; and let me be no longer.

Your humble servant.

Madam,

BY the same reason the Ancients made no sacrifice to death, should your Ladyship send me no Letters ; since there has been no return on my side. But the truth is, the place affords nothing : all our dayes are (as the Women here) alike : and the difference of *Fair*, does rarely shew it selfe ; Such great State do Beauty and the Sun keep in these

these parts. I keep company with my own Horses (*Madam*) to avoid that of the men; and by this you may guesse how great an enemy to my living contentedly my Lady is, whose conversation has brought me to so fine a diet, that, wheresoever I go, I must starve: all daies are tedious, companies troublesom, and Books themselves (*Feasts heretofore*) no relish in them. Finding you to be the cause of all this, Excuse me (*Madam*) if I resent: and continue peremptory in the resolution I have taken to be

Madam, during life,
Your humblest Servant,

Madam,

BUt that I know your goodnes is not mercenary, and that you receive thanks, either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as Virgins unexpected Love, this letter should be full of them. A strange proud return you may think I make you (*Madam*) when I tell you, it is not from every body I would be thus obliged; and that if I thought you did me not these favours because you love me; I should not love you because you do me these favours. This is not language for one in Affliction, I confesse, and upon whom it may be at this present, a cloud is breaking; but finding not within my self I have deserv'd that storm; I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, least (*Madam*) you should think I take your favours as Tribute; to my great grief, I here declare,

declare, that the services I shall be able to render you, will be no longer Presents, but payments of Debts; since I can do nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam,

Your most humble and faithful servant.

My Noble Friend.

THAT you have overcome the danger of the Land and of the Sea, is news most welcom to us, and with no lesse joy receiv'd amongst us than if the King of *Sweden* had the second time overcome *Tilley*, and again past the *Meine* and the *Rhine*. Nor do we in this look more upon our selves and private interests, then on the publike, since in your safety both were comprised. And though you had not had about you the affairs and secrets of State, yet to have left your own person upon the way, had been half to undoe our poor Island, and the losse must have been lamented with the tears of a whole Kingdom.

But you are now beyoud all our fears, and have nothing to take heed on your self, but fair Ladies. A pretty point of security; and such a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converse with Northern Beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a spark in any mans breast, where heaven had been first so merciful, as to put in a reasonable soul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the world; and I cannot name the thing can
give

give me any content, but the thought that you enjoy enough elsewhere : I having ever been since I had the first honour to know you,

Yours, more then his owne.

My Lord,

TO perswade one that has newly ship-wrackt upon a Coast to imbarque sodainly for the same place again, or your Lordship to seek that content you now enjoy in the innocence of a solitude, among the disorders and troubles of a Court, were I think a thing the King himself (and Majesty is no ill Orator) would find some difficulty to do. And yet when I consider that great soul of yours, like a Spider, working all inwards, and sending forth nothing, but like the Cloister'd Schoolmens Divinity, threads fine and unprofitable : if I thought you would not suspect my being serious all this while, for what I should now say, I would tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your Ague is, and for a little time, whether you will or not entertain you scurvily.

When I consider you look (to me) like----- I cannot but think it as odd a thing, as if I should see *Van Dike* with all his fine colours and Penfills about him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in order, and yet his hands tyed behind him: and your Lordship must excuse me if upon it I be as bold.

The wisest men, and greatest States have made no scruple to make use of brave men whom they

had laid by with some disgrace ; nor have those brave men so laid by, made scruple, or thought it a disgrace to serve again , when they were called to it afterwards.

These general motives of the State and Common good, I will not so much as once offer up to your Lordships consideration , though (as 'tis fit) they have still the upper end: yet, like great *Oleoes*, they rather make a shew then provoke Appetite. There are two things which I shall not be ashamed to propound to you, as ends; since the greater part of the wise men of the world have not been ashamed to make them theirs: and if any has been found to condemn them, it hath been strongly to be suspected that either they could not easily attain to them, or else that the readiest way to attain to them was to condemn them. These two are *Honour* and *Wealth* : and though you stand possessor of both of them, yet is the first in your hands like a sword, which, if not through negligence, by mischance hath taken rust, and needs a little clearing; and it would be much handsomer a present to posterity, if you your self in your life time wipe it off.

For your *Estate* (which it may be had been more had it not been too much) though it is true that it is so far from being contemptible, that it is Nobly competent, yet must it be content to undergo the same fate greater states (Common-wealths themselves) have been & are subject to: which is, when it comes to be divided in it self, not to be considerable.

nable. Both *Honour* and *Estate* are too fair and sweet *Flowers*, to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered without some scratches.

And now (my Lord) I know you have nothing to urge but a kind of incapability in your self to the service of this State; when indeed you have made the onely bar you have, by imagining you have one.

I confesse (though) had *vice* so large an Empire in the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the times so dangerous that to the living well there, wise *conduct* were more necessary then *vertue* it self; Your Lordship would have reason (with *AEsops* countrey-mouse) to undervalue all change of condition; since a quiet-mediocrity is still to be preferred before a troubled superfluity: but these things are now no more: and if at any time they have threatned that Horizon, like great clouds, either they are fallen of themselves to the ground, or else, upon the appearing of the Sunne (such a Prince as ours is) they have vanished, and left behind them clear and fair daies. To descend to parts, envie is so lessen'd, that it is almost lost into vertuous emulation, every man trusting the Kings judgement so far, that he knows no better measure of his own merit, then his reward. The little word behind the back, and undoing whisper, which, like pulling of a sheat-rope at Sea, slackens the sail, and makes the gallantest ship stand still; that that heretofore made the faulty and the innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I beleeve, now so forgot,

forgot ; or at least so unpractiz'd, that those that are the worst, have leisure to grow good, before any will take notice they have been otherwise, or at least divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is, but 'tis as true, that it is as winds are, to clear, and keep places free from corruption ; the oppositions being as harmlesse, as that of the meeting-tides under the bridge, whose encounter makes it but more easie for him that is to passe. To be a little pleasant in my instances ; The very women have suffered reformation, and wear through the whole Court their faces as little disguised now, as an honest mans actions should be, and if there be any have suffer'd themselves to be gained by their servants, their ignorance of what they granted may well excuse them from the shame of what they did. So that it is more then possible to be great and good : and we may safely conclude, if there be some that are not so exact, as much as they fall short of it, just so much they have gone from the great Original, God ; and from the best Copies of him on earth, the King and the Queen.

To conclude, If those accidents or disasters which make men grow lesse in the world (as some such, my Lord, have happened to you) were inevitable as death, or, when they were once entered upon us, there were no cure for them ; examples of others would satisfie me for yours ; but since there have been that have delivered themselves from their ills, either by their good *Fortune*,

or

or *Vertue*, 'twould trouble me that my friends should not be found in that number, as much as if one should bring me a Catalogue of those that truly honoured my Lord of --- and I should not find among the first,

Your humble Servant,

To Mr. Henry German, in the beginning of
 PARLIAMENT, 1640.

Sir,

THAT it is fit for the King to do something extraordinary at this present, is not onely the opinion of the wise, but the expectation. Men observe him more now then at other times: for Majestie in an Eclipse, like the Sun, draws eyes that would not so much as have looked towards it, if it had shined out, and appeared like it self. To lie still now, would, at the best, shew but a calmnesse of mind, not a magnanimity; since in matter of government, to think well (at any time, much lesse in a very active) is little better then to dream well. Nor must he stay to act till his people desire, because 'tis thought nothing relishes else: for therefore hath nothing relisht with them, because the King hath for the most part stayed till they have desired; done nothing but what they have or were petitioning for. But, that the King should do, will not be so much the question, as what he should do. And certainly, for a King to have right counsel given him, is at all times strange, and at this present

present impossible. His party for the most part (I would that were modestly said, and it were not all) have so much to do for their own preservation, that they cannot (without breaking a law in nature) intend anothers. Those that have courage have not perchance innocence, and so dare not shew themselves in the Kings busines; and if they have innocence, they want parts to make themselves considerable; so consequently the things they undertake. Then, in Court, they give much counsel, as they beleieve the King inclin'd, determine his good by his desires: which is a kind of setting the Sun by the Dial, Interest which cannot erre, by passions which may.

In going about to shew the King a Cure, now a man should first plainly shew him the disease. But to Kings, as to some kind of Patients, it is not alwaies proper to tell how ill they be: and it is too like a Countrey clown not to shew the way, unless he know from whence, and discourse of things before.

Kings may be mistaken, and Councillors corrupted; but true interest alone (saith *Monsieur de Roban*) cannot erre. It were not amisse then to find out the Interest: for setting down right principles before conclusions, is weighing the scales before we deal out the commodity.

Certainly the great interest of the King is, *A union with his People*, and whosoever hath told him otherwise (as the Scripture saith of the devil) *was a seducer from the first*. If there ever had been any
one

one Prince in the whole world that made a felicity in this life, and left fair Fame after death, without the love of his Subjects, there were some colour to despise it.

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the People then *Richard* the third, not so much out of fear, as out of wisdom. And, shall the worst of our Kings have striven for that? and shall not the best? (it being an Angelical thing to gain love.)

There are 2. things in which the people expect to be satisfied; *Religion*, and *Justice*: nor can this be done by any little acts, but by Royal and Kingly resolutions.

If any shall think that by dividing the factions (a good rule at other times) he shall master the rest now, he will be strangely deceived: for in the beginning of things That would do much, but not when whole Kingdoms are resolv'd. Of those now that lead these parties, if you could take off the major number, the lesser would govern, and do the same things still: nay, if you could take off all, they would set up one, and follow him.

And of how great consequence it is for the King to resume this right, and be the author himself, let any body judge: since as *Cummen* said, those that have the art to please the People, have commonly the power to raise them.

To do things so that there shall remain no jealousy, is very necessary, and is no more then really

ly reforming, that is, pleasing them. For to do things that shall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend love (amongst lovers themselves, where there is easiest faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they desire, but he must do something more: I mean (by doing more) doing something of his owne, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they see the King doing the same things with them, it will take away all thought and apprehension that he thinks the things they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the differences, and takes away suspect for the future, the case will fall out to be no worse then when two duellists enter the Field, where the worsted party (the other having no ill opinion of him) hath his sword given him again (without further hurt after he is in the others power.) But otherwise it is not safe to imagine what may follow: for the people are naturally not valiant, and not much Cavalier. Now it is the nature of Cowards to hurt where they can receive none. They will not be content (while they fear and have the upper hand) to fetter only Royalty, but perchance (as timorous spirits use) will not think themselves safe while that is at all. And possibly, this is the present state of things.

In this great work (at least to make it appear perfect and lasting to the Kingdom) it is necessary the Queen really joyn; for if she stand aloof, there will still be suspicions: it being a received opinion

on in the world, that she hath a great interest in the Kings favor and power. And to invite her, she is to consider with her self, whether such great vertues and eminent excellencies (though they be highly admired & valued by those that know her) ought to rest satisfied with so narrow a payment as the estimation of a few? And whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at universal honour, and love, then private esteem and value.

Then, how becomming a work, for the sweetness and softnes of her Sex, is composing of differences, and uniting hearts? and how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and People?

There is but one thing remains, which whisper'd abroad, busies the Kings mind much (if not disturbs it) in the midst of these great Resolutions, and that is, The preservation of some servants, whom he thinks somewhat hardly torn from him of late: which is of so tender a nature; I shal rather propound something about it, then resolve it.

The first *Quare* will be, Whether as things now stand (Kingdoms in the ballance) the King is not to follow nature, where the conservation of the more general still commands and governs the lesse. As Iron by particular sympathy sticks to the loadstone, but yet if it be joyned with a great body of Iron, it quits those particular affections to the loadstone, and moves with the other, to the greater, the common Countrey.

The second will be, Whether, if he could preserve

serve those ministers, they can be of any use to him hereafter? since no man is served with a greater prejudice, then he that employs suspected instruments, or not beloved, though able and deserving in themselves.

The third is, Whether, to preserve them, there be any other way then for the King to be first right with his people? since the rule in Philosophy must ever hold good, *nihil dat quod non habet*. Before the King have power to save, he must have power.

Lastly, Whether the way to preserve this power be not to give it away? For the people of England have ever been like wantons, which pull and tugg as long as the princes have pull'd with them, as you may see in *Hen. 3. King John, Edw. 2.* and indeed, all the troublesom and unfortunate reigns; but when they have let it go, they come and put it into their hands again, that they may play on: as you may see in *Queen Elizabeth*.

I will conclude with a prayer (not that I think it needs at this present: Prayers are to keep us from what may be, as well as to preserve us from what is) *That the King be neither too insensible of what is without him, nor too resolved from what is within him.* To be sick of a dangerous sicknes, and find no pain, cannot but be with losse of understanding (Tis an Aphorisme of *Hippocrates*) and on the other side, *Opiniastric* is a sullen Porter, and (as it was wittily said of *Constancy*) shutts out often-times, Better things then it lets in.

AN
ACCOVNT
OF
RELIGION
BY
REASON.

A Discourse upon Occasion presented to the Earl of Dorset.

By
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

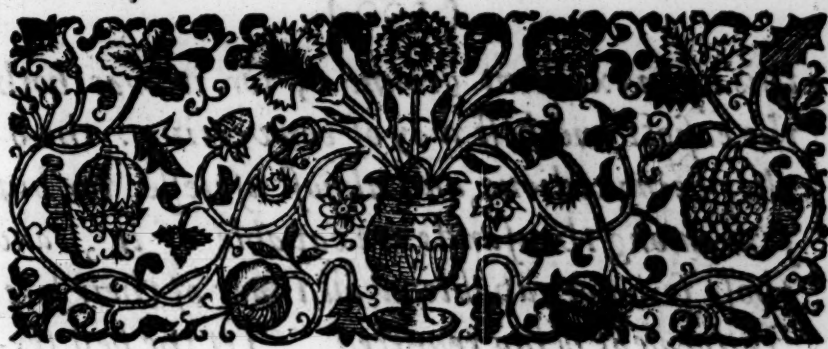
Printed by his owne Copy.

Lucret. pag. 227. *Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the *Princes Arms* in *S. Pauls Church-yard*. 1646.

ACCOUNT
OF
RELIGION
BY
REASON



The Epistle.



*Send you here (my Lord)
that Discourse enlarged ,
which frightened the Lady
into a cold sweat, and which
had like to have made me an
Atheist at Court, and your
Lordship no very good Christian. I am not
ignorant that the fear of Socinianisme at this
time, renders every man that offers to give an
account of Religion by Reason, suspected to
have none at all : yet I have made no scruple
to run that hazard, not knowing why a man
should not use the best Weapon his Creator
hath given him for his defence. That Faith
was by the Apostles both highly exalted, and
severely enjoyned, is known to every man, and*

this upon excellent grounds ; for it was both the easiest and best way of converting : the other being tedious, and almost uselesse: for but few among thousands are capable of it , and those few not capable at all times of their life, Judgement being required. Yet the best servant our Saviour ever had upon Earth, was so far from neglecting or contemning Reason , that his Epistles were admired, even by those that embraced not the Truthes he delivered. And indeed, had the Fathers of the Church only bid men beleeeve, and not told them why, they had slept now un-Sainted in their Graves , and as much benighted with Oblivion, as the ordinary Parish-Priests of their owne Age.

That man is deceivable, is true; but what part within him is not likelier then his Reason ? For as Manilius said,

Nam neque decipitur ratio nec decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Prerogative above other Creatures, and wholly entitles us to future happiness

ness, should be laid aside, and not used to the acquiring of it.

But by this time (my Lord) you finde how apt those which have nothing to do themselves, are to give others trouble. I shall onely therefore let you know that your Commands to my Lord of Middlesex are performed; and that when you have fresh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, then by

Bath, Sept. 2.

Your humble Servant,
John Suckling.

(101) and and

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are

ene

John Jackson

*A Discourse by Sir John Suckling,
Knight.*



Mong the truths (*my Lord*) which we receive, none more reasonably commands our belief, then those which by *all* men, at *all* times have been assented to. In this number and highest I place this great one, that there is a *Delty*; which the whole world hath been so eager to embrace, that rather then it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there should be a great Disposer and Orderer of things, a wise Rewarder and Punisher of good and evil, hath appeared so equitable to men, that by instinct they have concluded it necessary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having so far imprinted it in us all, that should the envie of Predecessors deny the secret to Succeders, they yet would find it out. Of all those little ladders with which we scale heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that seems to me not the worst, of which man is the first step. For but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine owne being, should be here, I come to ask the same question for my Father, and so am led in a direct line to a last Producer, that must be more then man. For *if man*

made man, Why died not I when my Father died? since according to that *Maxime* of the Philosophers, *the cause taken away, the effect does not remain.* Or if the first man gave himself being, why hath he it not still? Since it were unreasonable to imagine any thing could have power to give it self life, that had no power to continue it. That there is then a God, will not be so much the dispute, as what this God is, or how to be worshipped, is that which hath troubled poor mortals from the first, nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the diversity, that some have almost thought God was no lesse delighted with variety in his service, then he was pleased with it in his works. It would not be amisse to take a survey of the world from its cradle; and with *Varro*, divide it into three Ages: the *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*, and the *Historical*.

The first was a black night, and discovered nothing: the second was a weak and glimmering light, representing things imperfectly and falsly: the last (*more clear*) left handsom monuments to posterity. The *unknown* I place in the age before the Flood, for that Deluge swept away things as well as men, and left not so much as footsteps to trace them by. The *fabulous* began after the Flood; in this time Godheads were cheap, & men not knowing where to choose better, made Deities one of another. Where this ended, the *historical* took beginning: for men began to ingrave in pillars, and to commit to Letters, as it were by joynt consent: for the three great *Epoques* or Termes of Accompt were
all

all established within the space of 30. yeers : The *Grecians* reckoning from their *Olympiades* : The *Romans* from the building of their City : and the *Babylonians* from their King *Salmonassar*. To bring into the scale with Christian Religion any thing out of the first Age, we cannot ; because we know nothing of it.

And the second was so *fabulous*, that those which took it up afterwards, smil'd at it as ridiculous and false (which though was easier for them to do then to shew a true.) In the *historical*, it improved, and grew more refined : but here the *Fathers* entred the field, and so cleerly gained the victory, that I should say nothing in it, did I not know it still to be the opinion of good wits, that the particular Religion of Christians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in its *perfect estate*, and look upon it in that age which was made glorious by the bringing forth of so many admirable spirits, and this was about the 80. *Olympiad*, in the year of the world 3480. for in the space of an 100. yeers, flourished almost all that *Greece* could boast of, *Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Architas, Isocrates, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Heraclitus, Xenophon, Zeno, Anaxagoras, Democritus, Demosthenes, Parmenides, Zenocrates, Theophrastes, Empedocles, Tymaeus*, with divers others, Orators and Poets. Or rather (for they had their Religion one from another, and not much different) let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppose the Grecian insolence) brought forth that happy birth of *Roman* wits :

wits : *Varro, Cicero, Caesar, Livie, Salust, Virgil, Horace, Vitruvius, Ovid, Pliny, Cato, Marcus Brutus*, and this was from *Quintus Scrvilius* his Consulship to that of *Augustus*, 270. yeers after the other. And to say truth, a great part of our Religion, either directly or indirectly hath been professed by Heathens ; which I conceive not so much an exprobatation to it, as a confirmation ; it being no derogating from truth, to be warranted by common consent.

First then, the Creation of the world is delivered almost the same in the *Phœnician* stories with that in *Moses* ; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, and *Ovid* the beginning of his *Metamorphosis*. That *All things were made by God*, was held by *Plato*, and others ; that *darknes was before light*, by *Thales* ; that the *Stars were made by God*, by *Aratus* ; that *life was infused into things by the breath of God*, *Virgil* ; that *Man was made of dust*, *Hesiod*, and *Homer* ; that *the first life of man was in simplicity and nakednes*, the *AEgyptians* taught : and from thence the Poets had their *Golden Age*. That *in the first times mens lives lasted a thousand yeers*, *Berosus*, and others : that *something divine was seen amongst men*, till that the greatnes of our sins gave them cause to remove, *Catullus* : and this he that writes the story of *Columbus*, reports from the *Indians* of a great *Deluge*, almost all. But to the main, they hold *one God*, and though *multiplicity* hath been laid to their charge, yet certainly the clearer spirits understood these petty Gods as things, not as Deities ; second causes, and several vertues of the great power : by *Neptune*, water ; *Juno*, aire ; by *Dispater*, earth ; by *Vulcan*, fire ; and

and sometimes one God signified many things, as *Jupiter* the whole world, the whole heaven; and sometimes many gods, one thing, as *Ceres*, *Juno magna*, the earth. They concluded those to be vices which we do; nor was there much difference in their vertues; onely Christians have made ready beleef the highest, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good, and punishments for the ill; had their *Elizium*, and their *hell*; and that they thought the pains *eternal* there, is evident, in that they beleev'd from thence was no return. They proportion'd sufferings hereafter, to offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Sisyphus*, and others, among which that of Conscience (the worm that never dies) was one, as in the Vultures gnawing of *Prometheus* heart, and *Virgils* ugliest of *Furies* thundering in *Pirithous* ear, was not obscurely shown; and yet neerer us, they held the number of the Elect to be but small, and that there should be a last day in which the World should perish by fire. Lastly they had their Priests, Temples, Altars.

We have seen now the *Parallel*, let us enquire whether those things they seem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner, and whether the rest in which we differ from all the world, we take not up with reason. To begin then with their *Jupiter* (for all before were but little stealthes from *Moses* workes) how much more like a Deity are the actions our stories declare our God to have done, then what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs? How excellently elevated

elevated are our descriptions of him? Their looking as if they knew that power onely by their fears, as their Statues erected to him declare : for when he was *Capitolinus*, he appeared with thunder ; when *Latialis*, besmear'd with blood ; when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible : We may ghesse what their conceptions were, by the worship they gave him : How full of cruelty were their sacrifices ? it being received almost through the whole world, *that gods were pleased with the blood of men* : and this custom neither the *Grecian* Wisdom, nor *Roman* Civility abolished, as appears by sacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obscene? and those daies which were set apart for the honour of the gods, celebrated with such shews as *Cato* himself was ashamed to be present at. On the contrary, our services are such as not only *Cato*, but God himself may be there : we worship him that is the purest Spirit, in purity of spirit; and did we not beleieve what the Scriptures deliver from himself, yet would our reason perswade us that such an Essence could not be pleased with the blood of beasts, or delighted with the steam of fat : and in this particular, Christians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans ; besides whom there has been no Nation that had not sacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious cruelty.

That we have the same vertues with them is very true ; but who can deny that those vertues have received additions from Christianity, conducing to mens better living together? revenge of injuries

Moses

Moses both took himself, and allowed by the Law to others ; *Cicero* and *Aristotle* placed it in vertues quarter: We extol patient bearing of injuries; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the world, let the indifferent judge. Their justice only took care that men should not do wrong: ours that they should not think it , the very coveting severely forbidden: and this holds too in chastity, desire of a woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the commandement, as their enjoying, which shew'd not only the Christians care, but wisdom to prevent ill , who provided to destroy it where it was weakest in the Cradle, and declared, He was no lesse then a God which gave them these Laws ; for had he been but man , he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not look into, the hearts of Men, and what he could not punish , their thoughts. What Charity can be produced answerable to that of Christians ? Look upon the Primitive times, and you shall find that (as if the whole World had been but a private Family) they sent from Province to Province , and from Places farre distant , to Releeve them they never saw nor knew.

Now for the happinesse which they proposed : if they take it as the Heathens understood it, it was an *Elizium* , a place of blessed shades , at best but a handsom retirement from the troubles of this World : if according to the duller Jewes, Feastings and Banquettings ; (for it is evident
that

that the *Sadduces*, who were great observers of the Mosaical Law, had but faint thoughts of any thing to come) there being in *Moses* books no promises but of Temporal blessings, and (if any) an obscure mention of eternity. The Mahometans are no lesse sensual, making the renewing of youth, high Feasts, a woman with great eyes, and drest up with a little more fancie, the last and best good.

Then the hell; How gentle with the Heathens? but the rowling of a stone, filling of a sieve with water, sitting before Banquets, and not daring to touch them, exercising the trade and businesses they had on earth; with the Mahometans, but a Purgatory acted in the grave, some pains inflicted by a bad Angel, and those qualified and mitigated too, by an assisting good one. Now for the Jewes, as they had no hopes, so they had no fears; so that if we consider it rightly, neither their punishments were great enough to deter them from doing ill, nor their rewards high enough to invite men to strictnes of life; for since every man is able to make as good a heaven of his own, it were unreasonable to perswade him to quit that certain happines for an uncertainty : whereas Christians with as much more noble consideration both in their heaven and hell took care not onely for the body but the soul, and for both above mans apprehension.

The strangest, though most Epidemical disease of all Religions, has been an imagination men have had, that the imposing painful and difficult things
upon

upon themselves, was the best way to appease the Deity, grossly thinking the chief service and delight of the Creator to consist in the tortures and sufferings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unnecessary Ceremonies the Jews were, their feasts, circumcisions, sacrifices, great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, fasts, burials, indeed almost all their worship, sufficiently declare : and that the Mahometans are much more infected, appears by the cutting of the *Prapuces*, wearing iron rings in the skin of their Fore parts, launcing themselves with knives, putting out their eyes upon the sight of their Prophets Tombe, and the like. Of these last we can shew no patterns amongst us : for though there be such a thing as whipping of the body, yet it is but in some parts of Christendom, and there perchance too, more smil'd at then practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our selves : for we beleeve the God we serve, wise enough to chuse his owne service, and therefore presume not to adde to his commands. With the Jews it is true we have something in common, but rather the names then thinges : Our Fasts being more the medicines of the body, then the punishments of it, spiritual, as our Sabbaths; both good mens delight, not their trouble.

But least this discourse should swell into a greatness, such as would make it look rather like a defence which I had labour'd to get, then an accompt which I alwaies carry about me; I will now briefly
examine,

examine, whether we beleeeve not with reason those things we have different from the rest of the world. First then, for the perswasion of the truth of them in general: let us consider what they were that conveigh'd them to us: men (of all the world) the most unlikely to plot the cozenage of others, being themselves but simple people, without ends, without designes, seeking neither honour, riches, nor pleasure, but suffering (under the contrary) ignominy, poverty, and misery; enduring death it self, nay courting it: all which are things distasteful to nature, and such as none, but men strangely assured, would have undergone. Had they feigned a story, certainly they would not in it have registred their owne faults, nor deliver'd him whom they propounded as a God, ignominiously crucified: add to this the progresse their doctrine made abroad, miraculous above all other either before or since: other Religions were brought in with the sword, power, forcing a custom, which by degrees usurp'd the place of truth: this even power it self opposing. For the Romans (contrary to their custome which entertained all Religions kindly) persecuted this: which by its owne strength so possessed the hearts of men, that no age, sex, or condition, refused to lay down life for it. A thing so rare in other Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was the sole martyr: and the Jews (unlesse of some few under *Manasses* and *Antiochus*) have not to boast of any. If we cast our eyes upon the healing of the blind, curing the lame, redeeming from the grave,

and

and but with a touch or word, we must conclude them done by more then humane power, and if by any other, by no ill; These busie not themselves so much about the good of man : and this Religion not only forbids by precept the worship of wicked spirits, but in fact destroys it wheresoever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartial (as being no Christians) that strange things were done, so it is plain they were done without imposture. Delusions shun the light; These were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the master and disciples daily looking on. But let us descend to those more principal particulars, which so much trouble the curious wits : these I take to be the *Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Trinity*.

For the first, That man should be made without man, why should we wonder more at it in that time of the world, then in the beginning? much easier, certainly, it was here, because neerer the natural way; Woman being a more prepared matter then earth. Those great truths, and mysteries of salvation would never have been received without miracles; and where could they more opportunely be shown, then at his entrance into the world, where they might give credit to his following actions and doctrine? So far it is from being against my reason to think him thus borne; that it would be against it to beleieve him otherwise; it being not fit that the Son of God should be produced like the race of men. That humane nature may be assumed by a Deity; the enemy of Christians;

Julian, confirms; and instances (himself) in *Aesculapius*, whom he will have descend from heaven in mortal shape, to teach us here below the Art of Physick. Lastly, That God has liv'd with men, has been the general fancy of all Nations: every particular having this tradition; that the Deity at some time or other conversed amongst men. Nor is it contrary to reason to beleeve him residing in glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in man himself, the soul is in heaven when it remains in the flesh, for it reacheth with its eye the Sun; why may not God then being in heaven, be at the same time with us in the flesh? since the soul without the body would be able to do much more then with it, and God much more then the soul, being the soul of the soul. But it may be urged as more abstruse, how all in heaven, and all in earth? Observe man speaking (as you have done seeing) Is not the same speech, at the instant it is uttered, all in every place? Receives not each particular ear; alike, the whole? and shall not God be much more Ubiquitary then the voice of man? For the *Passion* (to let alone the necessity of satisfying divine Justice this way, which, whosoever reads more particularly our Divines, shall find rationally enforced) we find: the Heathen had something neer to this (though, as in the rest, imperfect) for they sacrificed single men for the sins of the whole City or Countrey. *Porphyrus* having laid this foundation: That the supreme happines of the soul is to see God, and that it cannot see him unpurified, concludes, That there must be

be a way for the *cleansing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and Sciences serve but to set our wits right in the knowledge of things, and cleanse us not enough to come to God: the like judgment he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the mysteries of the Sun; because those things extend but to some few, whereas this cleansing ought to be universal for the benefit of all mankind: in the end resolves that this cannot be done, but by one of the three *In-beings*, which is the word they use to expresse the Trinity by. Let us see what the divinest of the Heathens (and his Master *Plato*) delivers, to admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this purpose. *That a truly just man be shewn* (saith he) *it is necessary that he be spoil'd of his Ornaments, so that he must be accounted by others a wicked man, be scoffed at, put in prison, beaten, may be crucified:* and certainly for him that was to appear the highest example of patience, it was necessary to undergo the highest tryal of it, which was an *undeserved death*.

Concerning the *Resurrection*, I conceive the difficulty to lie not so much upon our Lord, as us; it being with easie Reason imagined, that he which can make a body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is something more that urges and presses us: for in our estate we promise our selves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement, to what purpose should we have a mouth, belly, or lesse comely parts? it being strange to imagine God to have created man, for a moment

of time, a body consisting of particulars, which should be uselesse to all eternity. Besides, Why should we desire to carry that along with us which we are ashamed of here, and which we find so great a trouble, that very wise men (were it not forbidden) would throw it off before it were worn out? To this I should answer, that as the body is partner in well or ill doing, so it is but just it should share in the rewards or punishments hereafter: and though by reason of sin we blush at it here, yet when that shall cease to be, why we should be more ashamed then our first Parents were, or some in the last discover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot understand. Who knowes but these unsightly parts shall remain for good use, and that putting us in mind of our imperfect estate here, they shall serve to increase our content and happiness there? What kind of thing a glorified body shall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knowes? Nor is it the meanest invitemment to me now, to think that my estate there, is above my capacity here. There remains that which does not onely quarrel with the likelihood of a Resurrection, but with the possibility; alleadging, that man corrupted into dust, is scattered almost into infinite, or devoured by an irrational creature, goes into aliment, and grows part of it; then that creature perchance is made like food to another: And truly did we doubt of Gods power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we should be lost in: but it were hard, when we see every petty Chymick

mick in his little shop bring into one body things of the same kind, though scatter'd and disorder'd; that we should not allow the great Maker of all things to do the same in his owne Universe.

There remains onely the mystery of the *Trinity*; to the difficulty of which, the poverty and narrowness of words have made no small addition.

St. *Austin* plainly saies the word *Person* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature*, *Substance*, *Essence*, *Hypostasis*, *Suppositum*, and *Persona*, have caused sharp disputes amongst the Doctors: at length they are contented to let the three first and three last signifie the same thing. By all of them is understood something *Compleat*, *Perfect*, and *Singular*: in this onely they differ, that *Nature*, *Substance*, *Essence* are *communicable ad quid*, and *in quo* (as they call it) The other are not at all: but enough of this; Those that were the immediate Conveighers of it to us, wrapt it not up in any of these terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being grosse to imagine two omnipotents, for then neither would be so; yet since this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodnes cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without communication, nor to an unequal or created, for then it must be inordinate; We conclude a Second *Coeternal* though *Begotten*: nor are these contrary (though they seem to be so) even in created substances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the *Sun* and *Light*. But

in these high mysteries, similitudes may be the best Arguments. In Metaphysicks they tell us, that to the constituting of every being, there is a *Posse sui esse*, from whence there is a *Sapientia sui esse*, and from these two proceedeth an *Amor sui esse*: and though these three be distinct, yet they make up one perfect being. Again, and more familiarly; There is a hidden Original of waters in the earth, from this a spring flows up, and of these proceeds a stream: this is but one essence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) according to our considering of it: the Head of a Spring is not a Head, but in respect of the Spring, for if something flow'd not from it, it were no Original, Nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from something, nor the Stream a Stream but in respect of both: Now all these three are but one Water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this is so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance (perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the eye of Reason needed no more the spectacles of Faith, then for these things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the Load-stone, or antipathy, of which every man almost gives instance from his owne nature: nor is it here so great a wonder that we should be ignorant; for this is distant and removed from sence; these neer and subject to it; and
it

it were stranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and distinct within himself, because I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding; then if a Clown should say the hand of a Watch did not move, because he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreasonable, because I do not understand it, that it would be unreasonable I should: For why should a created substance comprehend an uncreated, A circumscribed and limited, an uncircumscrib'd and unlimited? And this I observe in those great Lovers and Lords of Reason, quoted by the Fathers, *Zoroastres*, *Trismegistus*, *Plato*, *Numenius*, *Plotinus*, *Proclus*, *Amelius*, and *Avicen*, that when they spoke of this mystery of the Trinity, of which all writ something, and some almost as plainly as Christians themselves, that they discussed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themselves, without dispute.

Thus much of Christian Profession compared with others: I should now shew which (compar'd within it self) ought to be preferred: but this is the work of every pen, perhaps to the prejudice of Religion it self. This excuse (though) it has, that (like the chief Empire) having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppose or dispute against, it hath been forced to admit of Civil wars, and suffer under its owne excellency.

FINIS:

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AGLAURA.

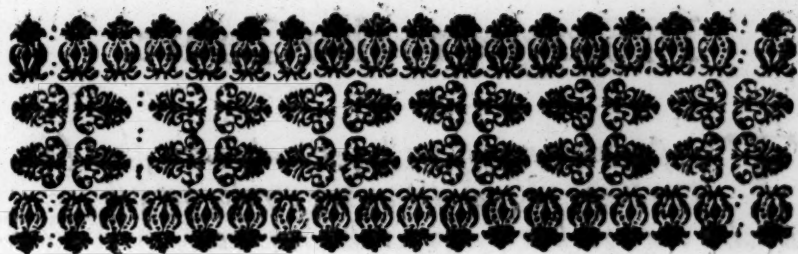
PRESENTED

At the Private House in
Black-Fryers, by his Ma-
jesties Servants.

Written by
Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Walkley*, and are to be sold by
Humphrey Moseley, at his shop, at the signe
of the Princes armes in *St. Pauls*
Church-yard, 1646.



PROLOGUE.

I'Ve thought upon't ; and cannot tell which way
Ought I can say now, should advance the Play:
For Playes are either good, or bad ; the good,
(If they doe beg) beg to be understood.
And in good faith, that has as bold a sound,
As if a Beggar should aske twenty pound.
— Men have it not about them :
Then (Gentlemen) if rightly understood,
The bad do need lesse Prologue than the good :
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blinde,
Ill cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it needs must finde
Compassion, — It is a beggar without Art : —
But it falls out in penny-worths of Wit,
As in all bargaines else. Men ever get
All they can in ; will have London measure,
A handfull over in their very pleasure.
And now yee have't ; hee could not well deny'ee,
And I dare sweare hee's scarce a saver by yee.

Prologue to the Court.

THose common passions, hopes, and feares, that still,
The Poets first, and then the Prologues fill
In this our age, hee that writ this, by mee,
Protests against as modest foolerie.
Hee thinks it an odde thing to be in paine,
For nothing else, but to be well againe.
Who writes to feare is so; had hee not writ,
You ne're had been the Iudges of his wit;
And when hee had, did he but then intend
To please himselfe, he sure might have his end
Without th'expende of hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thriftie, save your doomes
For the next man, or the next Play that comes;
For smiles are nothing, where men doe not care,
And frownes as little, where they need not feare.

To

To the King.

THis (Sir) to them, but unto Majestie.
All hee has said before, hee does denie,
Yet not to Majestie : that were to bring
His feares to be, but for the Queen and King,
Not for your selves ; and that hee dares not say :
T'are his Soveraignes another way :
Your soules are Princes, and you have as good
A title that way, as yee have by blood
To governe, and here your power's more great
And absolute, than in the royall Seat.
There men dispute, and but by Law obey,
Here is no Law at all, but what yee say.

A 3

Scena

Scena Persia.

King, *In love with Aglaura.*

Thersames, *Prince, in love with Aglaura.*

Orbella, *Queen, at first Mistresse to Ziriff: in love with Ariaspes.*

Ariaspes, *Brother to the King.*

Ziriff, *Otherwayes Sorannez disguised, Captaine of the Guard, in love with Orbella, brother to Aglaura.*

Iolas, *A Lord of the Councell, seeming friend to the Prince, but a Traytour, in love with Semanthe.*

Aglaura, *In love with the Prince, but nam'd Mistresse to the King.*

Orsames, *A young Lord antiplatonique; friend to the Prince.*

Philan, *The same.*

Semanthe, *In love with Ziriff; platonique.*

Orithie, *In love with Thersames.*

Pasithas, *A faithfull servant.*

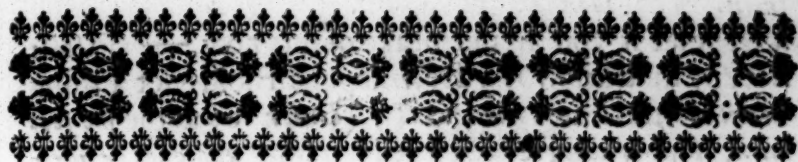
Jolinas, *Aglaura's waiting-woman.*

Courtiers.

Huntsmen.

Priest.

Guard.



AGLAURA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter IOLAS, IOLINA.

Iolas, **M**arried? and in *Diana's* Grove!

Iolin. So was th'appointment, or my Sense

Iolas, Married! (deceiv'd me.

Now by those Powers that tye those pretty knots,

'Tis very fine, good faith 'tis wondrous fine:

Iolin. What is, Brother?

Iolas, Why? to marrie Sister—

T'injoy 'twixt lawfull and unlawfull thus

A happinesse, steale as 'twere ones owne;

Diana's Grove, sayest thou? — *Scratcheth his head.*

Iolin. That's the place; the hunt once up, and all

Ingag'd in the sport, they meane to leave

The company, and steale unto those thickets,

Where, there's a Priest attends them;

Iolas, And will they lye together think'st thou?

Iolin. Is there distinction of sex thinke you?
Or flesh and bloud?

Iolas, True; but the King, Sister!

Iolin. But love, Brother!

Iolas, Thou sayest well;

'Tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine:

Diana's Grove —

Jolin. Yes, *Diana's* grove,
 But Brother if you should speake of this now, — (so fast:
Jol. Why thou know'st a drowning man holds not a thing
Semanthe! she shuns me too: (*Enter Semanthe she sees*
Jolin. The wound festred sure! (*Iolas and goes in agen.*
 The hurt the boy gave her, when first
 Shee look'd abroad into the world, is not yet cur'd.

Iolas, What hurt?

Jolin. Why, know you not
 Shee was in love long since with young *Zorannes*,
 (*Aglaura's* brother,) and the now Queens betroth'd?
Iolas, Some such slight Tale I've heard. (nam'd,
Jolin. Slight? she yet does weep, when she but hears him
 And tels the prettiest, and the saddest stories
 Of all those civill wars, and those Amours,
 That, trust me, both my Lady and my selfe
 Turne weeping Statues still.

Iolas, Pish, 'tis not that.

'Tis *Ziriff* and his fresh gloxies here
 Have rob'd me of her.
 Since he thus appear'd in Court,
 My love has languish'd worse than Plants in drought.
 But time's a good Physician: come, lets in:
 The King & Queen by this time are come forth. *Exeunt.*
Enter Serving-men to Ziriff.

1 *Serv.* Yonder's a crowd without, as if some strange
 Sight were to be seen to day here.

2 *Serv.* Two or three with Carbonadoes afore in stead
 of faces mistook the doore for a breach, & at the opening
 of it, are striving still which should enter first.

3 *Serv.* Is my Lord busie? (*Knocks.*)

Enter Ziriff as in his Studie.

1 *Serv.* My Lord there are some Souldiers without —
Zir. Well I will dispatch them presently.

2 *Serv.* Th'Embassadours from the Cadusians too — —

Zir. Shew them the Gallerie.

3 *Serv.* One from the King — —

Zir.

Zir. Again? I come, I come. *Exeunt Serving-men.*

Ziriff solus.

Greatnesse, thou vainer shadow of the Princes beames,
Begot by meere reflection, nourish'd in extreames;
First taught to creepe, and live upon the glance,
Poorely to fare, till thine owne proper strength
Bring thee to surfet of thy selfe at last.
How dull a Pageant, would this States-play seeme
To mee now; were not my love and my revenge
Mixt with it? —

Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymists blowing still the coales,
And still expecting, when the blessed houre
Would com, should make me master of
The Court *Elixir*, Power, for that turnes all:
'Tis in projection now; downe, sorrow, downe,
And swell my heart no more, and thou wrong'd ghost
Of my dead father, to thy bed agen,
And sleep securely;
It cannot now be long, for sure *Fate* must,
As't has been cruell, so, a while be just. *Exit.*

*Enter King and Lords, the Lords intreating
for Prisoners.*

King. I say they shall not live; our mercie
Would turne sinne, should we but use it er'e:
Pittie, and Love, the bosses onely be
Of government meerly for show and ornament.
Feare is the bit that mans proud will restraines,
And makes its vice its vertue — See it done.

*Enter to them Queen, Aglaura, Ladies, the King
addresses himselfe to Aglaura.*

So early, and so curious in your dresse, (faire Mistresse?)
These prettie ambushes and traps for hearts
Set with such care to day, looke like designe:
Speake, Lady, is't a massacre resolv'd?
Is conquering one by one growne tedious sport?
Or is the number of the taken such,

That

That for your safetie you must kill out-right?

Agl. Did none doe greater mischiefe (Sir) than I,
Heav'n would not much be troubled with sad storie,
Nor would the quarrell man has to the Starres
Be kept alive so strongly.

King. When hee does leave't
Woman must take it up, and justly too;
For robbing of the sex and giving all to you.

Agl. Their weakenesses you meane and I confesse Sir.

King. The greatest subjects of their power or glorie.
Such gentle rape thou act'st upon my soule,
And with such pleasing violence dost force it still;
That when it should resist, it tamely yeilds,
Making a kinde of haste to be undone,
As if the way to victorie were losse,
And conquest came by overthrow.

Enter an Expreffe delivering a Packet upon his knee.

The King reads. (Ladies heads.

Qu. Prettie! *The Queen looking upon a flower in one of the*
Is it the child of nature, or of some faire hand?

La. 'Tis as the beauty Madam of some faces,
Arts issue onely.

King. Therfames,
This concernes you most, brought you her picture?

Exp. Something made up for her in hast I have. (Presents

King. If she does owe no part of this faire dower (the Pi-
Vnto the Painter, she is rich enough. (cture.

Agl. A kinde of merry sadnesse in this face
Becomes it much.

King. There is indeed, *Aglaura*,
A prettie fullenesse drest up in smiles,
That sayes this beauty can both kill, and save.
How like you her *Therfames*?

Ther. As well as any man can doe a house
By seeing of the portall, here's but a face,
And faces (Sir) are things I have not studied;
I have my dutie, and may boldly sweare,

What

What you like best will ever please me most.

King. Spoke like *Thersames*, and my sonne,
Come! the day holds faire,
Let all the Hunt-men meet us in the vale,
We will uncouple there.

Exeunt.

Ariaspes : solus stays behind.

Ariasps. How odd a thing a croud is unto me!
Sure nature intended I should be alone,
Had not that old doting man-mid-wife *Time*
Slept, when he should have brought me forth. I had
Been so too — *Studies and Scratches his head.*
To be borne nere, and onely nere a crowne —

Enter Jolas.

Iol. How now my Lord?
What? walking o'th 'tops of Pyramids?
Whispering your selfe away
Like a deny'd lover? come! to horse, to horse,
And I will shew you streight a sight shall please you
More than kinde looks from her you dote upon
After a falling out.

Ariasps. Prithee what is 't?

Iol. Ile tell you as I goe. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Hunts-men hollowing and whooping.

Hunt. Which way? which way?

Enter Thersames, Aglaura muffled.

Ther. This is the grove 'tis somewhere here within. — *Ex.*

Enter dogging of them, Ariaspes, Jolas.

Iol. Gently! Gently!

Enter Orsames, Philan, a Huntsman, two Courtiers.

Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope.

Ors. None, none,

Thou wouldst have warranted it to another,
If I had broke my neck:
What? dost thinke my horse and I shew tricks?
That which way soever he throwes me
Like a tumblers boy I must fall safe?

Was there a bed of roses there? would I were Eunuch
if

if I had not as leif h'a falne in the state, as where I did;
the ground was as hard, as if it had been pav'd with Pla-
tonicke Ladies hearts, and this unconscionable fellow
askes whether I have no hurt; where's my horse.

1 *Court.* Making love to the next mare I thinke.

2 *Court.* Not the next I assure you,
Hee's gallop't away, as if all the spurs i'th' field
Were in his sides.

Ors. Why there's it: the jades in the fashion too.
Now ha's done me an injurie, he will not come nere me.
Well when I hunt next, may it be upon a starv'd cow,
Without a saddle too.

And may I fall into a saw-pit, and not be taken up, but
with suspicion of having been private, with mine owne
beast there. Now I better consider on't too, Gentlemen,
'tis but the same thing we doe at Court; here's every
man striving who shall be formost, and hotly pursuing of
what he seldome overtakes, or if he does, it's no great
matter.

Phi. He that's best hors'd (that is best friended) gets
in soonest, and then all hee has to doe is to laugh at those
that are behind. Shall we helpe you my Lord? —

Ors. Prithee doe — — stay!

To be in view, is to be in favour,
Is it not?

Phi. Right,
And he that has a strong faction against him, hunts, upon
a cold sent, and may in time come to a losse.

Ors. Here's one rides two miles about, while another
leapes a ditch and is in before him.

Phi. Where note the indirect way's the nearest.

Ors. Good againe —

Phi. And here's another puts on, and fals into a Quag-
mire, (that is) followes the Court till he has spent all
(for your Court quagmire is want of money) there a man
is sure to stick and then not one helps him out, if they
doe not laugh at him,

1 *Court.*

1 *Court.* What think you of him, that hunts after my rate
And never sees the Deere?

2 *Court.* Why he is like some young fellow, that follows
The Court, and never sees the King.

Orf. To spurre a horse till he is tir'd, is

Phi. To importune a friend till he be weary of you.

Orf. For then upon the first occasion y'are thrown off,
As I was now. (mes.

Phi. This is nothing to the catching of your horse *Orsa-*

Orf. Thou say'st true, I think he is no transmigrated
Philosopher, & therefore not likely to be taken with morals.
Gentlemen—your help, the next I hope will be yours,
And then 'twill be my turne.— *Exeunt.*

Enter againe married, Therfames, Aglaura, Priest.

Thersf. Feare not my Deare, if when Loves diet
Was bare lookes and those stolne too,
He yet did thrive! what then
Will he doe now? when every night will be
A feast, and every day fresh revelrie.

Agl. Will he not surfer, when he once shall come
To grosser fare (my Lord) and so grow sicke,
And Love once sicke, how quickly will it dye?

Ther. Ours cannot; 'tis as immortall as the things
That elemented it, which were our soules:
Nor can they ere impaire in health, for what
These holy rites doe warrant us to doe,
More than our bodyes would for quenching thirst.
Come let's to horse, we shall be mist,
For we are envies marke, and Court eyes carry farre.
Your prayers and silence Sir: — *to the Priest. Exeunt.*

Enter Ariaspes, Jolas.

Ari. If it succeed? I weare thee here my *Jolas*—

Jol. If it succeed? will night succeed the day?
Or houres one to another? is not his lust
The Idoll of his soule? and was not she
The Idoll of his lust? as safely he might
Have stolne the Diadem from off his head,

And

And he would lesse have mist it.

You now, my Lord, must raise his jealousy,
Teach it to looke through the false opticke feare,
And make it see all double : Tell him the Prince
Would not have thus presum'd, but that he does
Intend worse yet ; and that his crowne and life
Will be the next attempt.

Ari. Right, and I will urge
How dangerous 'tis unto the present state,
To have the creatures, and the followers
Of the next Prince (whom all now strive to please)
Too neere about him :

Iol. What if the male-contents that use
To come unto him were discovered ?

Ari. By no means ; for 'twere in vaine to give
Him discontent (which too must needs be done)
If they within him gav't not nourishment.

Iol. Well, Ile away first, for the print's too big
If we be seene together. — *Exit.*

Ari. I have so fraught this Barke with hope, that it
Dares venture now in any storme, or weather ;
And if he sinke or splits, all's one to me.

" Ambition seemes all things, and yet is none,

" But in disguise stalkes to opinion

" And fooles it into faith, for every thing :

'Tis not with th'ascending to a Throne,

As 'tis with staires, and steps, that are the same ;

For to a Crowne, each humour's a degree ;

And as men change, and differ, so must wee.

The name of vertue doth the people please,

Not for their love to vertue, but their ease,

And Parrat Rumour I that tale have taught.

By making love I hold the womans grace,

'Tis the Court double key, and entrance gets

To all the little plots ; the fierie spirits

My love to Armes hath drawne into my faction ;

All, but the minion of the Time, is mine,

And

And he shall be, or shall not be at all.
 He that beholds a wing in pieces torne,
 And knows not that to heav'n it once did beare
 The high-flowne and selfe-les's'ning bird will thinke
 And call them idle Subjects of the winde :
 When he that has the skill to imp and binde
 These in right places, will thus truth discover ;
 That borrowed Instruments doe oft convey
 The Soule to her propos'd Intents, and where
 Our Stars deny, Art may supply— *Exit.*

Enter Semanthe, Oriethie, Orfames, Philan.

Sem. Thinke you it is not then
 The little jealousies (my Lord) and feares,
 Joy mixt with doubt, and doubt reviv'd with hope /
 That crownes all love with pleasure ? these are lost
 When once we come to full fruition ;
 Like waking in the morning, when all night ✕
 Our fancie has been fed with some new strange delight.

Orf. I grant you, Madam, that the feares, and joyes,
 Hopes, and desires, mixt with despaires, and doubts,
 Doe make the sport in love ; that they are
 The very dogs by which we hunt the Hare ;
 But as the dogs would stop, and straight give o're
 Were it not for the little thing before ;
 So would our passions ; both alike must be
 Flesh t in the chase.

Ori. Will you then place the happinesse, but there,
 Where the dull plow-man, and the plow-mans horse
 Can find it out ? Shall Soules refin'd, not know
 How to preserve alive a noble flame,
 But let it die, burne out to appetite ?

Sem. Love's a Chamelion, and would live on aire,
 Physick for Agues, starving is his food.

Orf. Why ? there's it now ! a greater Epicure
 Lives not on earth ? my Lord and I have been
 In's Privie kitchen, seen his bills of Fare.

Sem. And how, and how my Lord ?

Orf.

Ors. A mightie Prince,
And full of curiositie — Harts newly slaine
Serv'd up intire, and stucke with little Arrowes
In stead of Cloaves ———

Phi. Sometimes a cheeke plumpt up
With broth, with creame and claret mingled
For sauce, and round about the dish
Pomegranate kernells, strew'd on leaves of Lillies.

Ors. Then will he have black eyes, for those of late
He feeds on much, and for varietie
The gray ———

Phi. You forget his cover'd dishes
Of Jene-strayes, and Marmalade of Lips,
Perfum'd by breath sweet as the beanes first blossomes.

Sem. Rare!

And what's the drinke to all this meat, my Lord?

Ors. Nothing but pearle dissolv'd, teares still fresh fetch'd
From Lovers eyes, which if they come to be
Warne in the carriage, are streight cool'd with sighs.

Sem. And all this rich proportion, perchance
We Would allow him :

Ors. True ! but therefore this is but his common diet ;
Onely serves

When his chiefe Cookes, *Liking* and *Opportunitie*,
Are out o'th' way ; for when hee feasts indeed,
'Tis there, where the wise people of the world
Did place the vertues, i'th' middle — Madam.

Ori. My Lord there is so little hope we should covert you;
And if we should, so little got by it,
That weell not loose so much upon't as sleepe.
Your Lordships servants ———

Ors. Nay Ladies wee'll wait upon you to your chambers.

Pb. Prithce lets spare the complement, we shall doe no

Ors. By this hand Ile try, (good
They keepe me fasting, and I must be praying. *Exeunt.*

Aglaura undressing of her selfe, Jolina.

Agl. Undresse mee : —

Is it not late, *Iolina*?

It was the longest day, this ———

Enter Therfames.

Ther. Softly, as Death it selfe comes on,
When it does steale away the sicke mans breath,
And standers by perceive it not,
Have I trod, the way unto these lodgings.
How wisely doe those Powers
That give us happinesse, order it?
Sending us still teares to bound our joyes,
Which else would over-flow and lose themselves:
See where shee sits,
Like day retir'd into another world.
Deare mine! where all the beantie man admires
In scattered pieces, does united lye.
Where sense does feast, and yet where sweet desire
Lives in its longing, like a Misers eye,
That never knew, nor saw satietie:
Tell me, by what approaches must I come
To take in what remaines of my felicitie?

Agf. Needs there any new ones, where the breach
Is made already? you are entred here ———
Long since (*Sir*) here and I have giv'n up all.

Ther. All but the Fort, and in such wars, as these,
Till that be yeilded up, there is no peace,
Nor triumph to be made; come! undoe, undoe,
And from these envious clouds slide quicke
Into Loves proper Sphere, thy bed:
The wearie traveller, whom the busie Sunne
Hath vex't all day, and scorch'd almost to tinder.
Nere long'd for night as I have long'd for this.
What rude hand is that? *One knockes hastily.*

Goe *Iolina*, see but let none enter ——— *Iolina goes to the doore.*

Iol. 'Tis *Zeriff*, *Sir*.

Ther. — Oh —

Something of weight hath falne out it seemes,
Which in his zeale he could not keepe till morning.

But one short minute, Deare, into that chamber. —

Enter Ziriff.

How now ?

Thou start'st, as if thy sinnes had met thee,
Or thy Fathers ghost ; what newes man ?

Zir. Such as will send the blood of hastie messages
Unto the heart, and make it call
All that is man about you into counsell?
Where's the Princeesse, Sir ?

Ther. Why ? what of her ?

Zir. The King must have her — —

Ther. How ?

Zir. The King must have her (Sir)

Ther. Though feare of worse makes ill, still relish better
And this looke handsome in our friendship, *Ziriff,*
Yet so severe a preparation —
There needed not : come, come ! what ist ?

Ziriff leads him to the doore, and shewes him a Guard.
A Guard ! *Thersames,*

Thou art lost ; betray'd

By faithlesse and ungratefull man,

(and drawes,

Out of a happinesse : — — *He steps between the doore and him*

The very thought of that,

Will lend my anger so much noble justice,

That wert thou master of as much fresh life,

As th'ast been of villany, it should not serve,

Nor stocke thee out, to glorie, or repent

The least of it.

Zir. Put up : put up ! such unbecomming anger
I have not seene you weare before.

What ? draw upon your friend,

Discovers himselfe.

Doe you beleeeve me right now ? — —

Ther. I scarce beleeeve mine eyes : — *Zorannes.*

Zir. The same, but how preserv'd, or why
Thus long disguis'd to you a freer houre must speake :
That y'are betrai'd is certaine, but by whom,
Unless the Priest himselfe, I cannot ghesse

More

More than the marriage, though he knowes not of:
If you now send her on these early summonis
Before the sparks are growne into a flame,
You to redeeme th'offence, or make it lesse;
And (on my life) yet his intents are faire,
And he will but besiege, not force affection.
So you gaine time; if you refuse, there's but
One way; you know his power and passion.

Ther. Into how strange a labyrinth am I
Now false! what shall I doe *Zerannes*?

Zir. Doe (Sir) as Sea-men, that have lost their light
And way: strike saile, and lye quiet a while.

Your forces in the Province are not yet
In readinesse, nor is our friend *Zephines*
Arriv'd at Delphos; nothing is ripe, besides ———

Ther. Good heavens, did I but dreame that she was mine?
Upon imagination did I climbe up to
This height? let mee then wake and dye,

Some courteous hand snatch mee from what's to come,
And ere my wrongs have being give them end:

Zir. How poore, and how unlike the Prince is this?
This trifle woman does unman us all;

Robs us so much, it makes us things of pitie.
Is this a time to loose our anger in?

And vainly breathe it out? when all wee have
Will hardly fill the saile of Resolution,

And make us beare up high enough for action.

Ther. I have done (Sir) pray chide no more;

The slave whom tedious custome has enur'd

And taught to thinke of miserie as of food,

Counting it but a necessarie of life,

And so digesting it, shall not so much as once
Be nam'd to patience, when I am spoken of:

Marke mee; for I will now undoe my selfe

As willingly, as virgins give up all first nights

To them they love: ——— *Offers to goe out.*

Zir. Stay, Sir, 'twere fit *Aglara* yet were kept

In ignorance : I will dismisſe the Guard,
And be my ſelfe againe.

Exit.

Ther. In how much worſe eſtate am I in now,
Than if I neare had knowne her ; privation,
Is a miſerie as much above bare wretchedneſſe,
As that is ſhort of happineſſe :
So when the Sunne does not appeare,
'Tis darker, cauſe it once was here.

Enter Ziriff ſpeakes to Orſames and others halfe entred,

Zir. Nay, Gentlemen :
There needs no force, where there is no reſiſtance :
Ile ſatiſſie the King my ſelfe.

Ther. ——— Oh 'tis well y'are come,
There was within me freſh Rebellion,
And reaſon was almoſt unking'd agen.
But you ſhall have her Sir — *Goes out to fetch Aglaura.*

Zir. What doubtfull combats in this noble youth
Paſſion and reaſon have ! ———

Enter Therſames leading Aglaura.

Ther. Here Sir ——— *Gives her, goes out.*

Agl. What meanes the Prince, my Lord ?

Zir. Madam, his wiſer feare has taught him to diſguiſe
His love, and make it looke a little rude at parting.
Affaires that doe concerne, all that you hope from
Happineſſe, this night force him away :
And leſt you ſhould have tempted him to ſtay,
(Which hee did doubt you would and would prevaile)
He leſt you thus : he does deſire by mee
You would this night lodge in the little tower,
Which is in my command ; the reaſons why
Himſelfe will ſhortly tell you.

Agl. 'Tis ſtrange, but I am all obedience — *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Therfames, Jolas a Lord of the Counsell

Iol. **I** Told him so, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common knoe
That to the tying of it two powerfull Princes,
Vertue and Love were joynd and that
A greater than these two was now
Ingaged in it, Religion; but 'twould, not doe,
The corke of passion boy'd up all reason so
That what was said swam but o'th' top of th' care
Nere reach't the heart:

Ther. Is there no way for Kings to shew their power,
But in their Subjects wrongs? no subject neither
But his owne sonne?

Iol. Right Sir:
No quarrie for his lust to gorge on, but on what
You fairly had flowne at and taken:
Well — wert not the King, or wert indeed
Not you, that have such hopes, and such a crowne
To venter, and yet —
'Tis but a woman.

Ther. How? that but againe and thou art more enjurious
Than hee, and woul't provoke me sooner.

Iol. Why Sir?
There are no Altars yet addrest unto her,
Nor sacrifice; if I have made her lesse
Than what she is, it was my love to you:
For in my thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The Noblest peece Nature ere lent our eyes,
And of the which, all women else, are but
Weake counterfeits, made up by her journey-men:
But was this fit to tell you?
I know you value but too high all that,

And in a losse we should not make things more,
 'Tis miseries happinesse, that wee can make it lesse
 By art, through a forgetfulnesse upon our ils,
 Yet whocan doe it here?

When every voyce, must needs, and every face,
 By shewing what she was not, shew what she was.

Ther. Ile instantly unto him — *drawes.*

Iol. Stay Sir :

Though't be the utmost of my Fortunes hope
 To have an equall share of ill with you :
 Yet I could wish we sold this trifle life,
 At a farre dearer rate, then we are like to doe,
 Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.

Ther. Ha!

King, I! tis indeed.

And there's no Art can cancell that high bond :

Iol. — He cooles againe. — *(to himselfe.)*

True Sir, and yet mee thinkes to know a reason —
 For passive nature nere had glorious end,
 And he that States preventions ever learn'd,
 Knowes, 'tis one motion to strike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
 They say, wait you.

Ther. What subtle State tricke now ?

But one turne here, and I am back my Lord. — *Exit.*

Iol. This will not doe ; his resolution's like.

A kilfull horse-man and reason is the stirrop,
 Which though a sudden shock may make
 It loose, yet does it meet it handsomly agen.
 Stay, 'tmust be some sudden feare of wrong
 To her, that may draw on a sudden act
 From him, and ruine from the King ; for such
 A spirit will not like common ones, be
 Rais'd by every spell, 'tis in loves circle
 Onely 'twill appeare.

Enter

Enter Therfames.

Thir. I cannot beare the burthen of my wrongs
One minute longer.

Iol. Why ! what's the matter Sir ?

Thir. They doe pretend the safety of the State
Now, nothing but my marriage with *Cadusia*
Can secure th' adjoyning countrey to it ;
Confinement during life for me if I refuse
Diana's Nunnerie for her—And at that Nunn'rie, *Iolas*,
Allegiance in me like the string of a Watch
Wound up too high and forc'd above the nicke,
Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Iol. Now by the love I beare to Justice, (crime
That Nunn'rie was too severe ; when vertuous love's a
What man can hope to scape a punishment,
Or who's indeed so wretched to desire it ?

Ther. Right !

Iol. What answer made you, Sir !

Ther. None, they gave me till to morrow,
And e're that be, or they or I
Must know our destinie :
Come friend let's in, there is no sleeping now ;
For time is short, and we have much to doe.—*Exeunt*

Enter Orfames, Philan Courtiers.

Orf. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate
As a gamester thinks himselfe upon the losse
Of the last stake ; this is the first she
I ever swore too heartily. and (by those eyes)
I thinke I had continued unperjur'd a whole moneth,
(And that's faire you'll say.)

1 *Court.* Very faire—

Orf. Had she not run mad betwixt.—

2 *Court.* How ? mad ?

Who ? *Semanthe* ?

Orf. Yea, yea, mad, aske *Philan* else.
People that want cleere intervalls talke not
So wildly : Ile tell you Gallants ; 'tis now, since first I

Found my selfe a little hot and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten dayes since, (a tedious Ague) Sirs ;
(But what of that ?)

The gracious glance, and little whisper past,
Approches made from th' hand unto the lip.
I came to visit her, and (as you know we use)
Breathing a sigh or two by way of prologue,
Told her, that in Loves Physicke 'twas a rule,
Where the disease had birth to seeke a cure ;
It had no sooner nam'd love to her, but she
Began to talke of Flames, and Flames,
Neither devouring, nor devour'd, of Aire,
And of Camelions—

1 *Court.* Oh the *Platoniques*. (ship's merrie,

2 *Court.* Those of the new religion in love ! your Lord-
Troth, how doe you like the humor on't ?

Orf. As thou wouldst like red haire, or leanness
In thy Mistresse ; scurvily, 't does worse with handfomnesse,
Than strong desire would doe with impotence ;
A meere tricke to inhanche the price of kisses—

Phi. Sure these silly women, when they feed
Our expectation so high, doe but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raise a Spirit
Which handsomly they cannot lay againe :

Orf. True, 'tis like some that nourish up
Young Lions till they grow so great, they are affraid of
Themselves, they dare not grant at last,
For feare they shou d not satisfie.

Phi. Who's for the Town ? I must take up againe,

Orf. This villanous Love's as changeable as the Philo-
sophers Stone, and thy Mistresse as hard to compasse too !

Phi. The Platonique is ever so ; they are as tedious
Before they come to the point, as an old man
Fall'n into the Stories of his youth ; (band,

2 *Court.* Or a widow into the praises of her first hus-

Orf. Well if she hold out but one moneth longer,
If I doe not quite forget, I ere beleaguer'd there,
And remove the siege to another place, may all The

The curses beguil'd virgins lose upon their perjur'd lovers
Fall upon mee.

Phi. And thou wouldest deserve'em all.

Ors. For what?

Phi. For being in the company of those
That tooke away the Prince's Mistresse from him.

Ors. Peace, that will be redeem'd—

I put but on this wildnesse to disguise my selfe;
There are brave things in hand, heark i' thy eare:—*(whisper)*

1. *Court.* Some severe plot upon a maiden-head.

These two young Lords make love,
As Embroyderers work against a Mask, night and day;
They think importunity a neerer way then merit,
And take women as Schoole-boyes catch Squirtells.
Hunt 'em up and downe till they are wearie,
And fall downe before'm.

Ors. Who loves the Prince failes not—

Phi. And I am one: my injuries are great as thine,
And doe perswade as strongly.

Ors. I had command to bring thee,
Faile not and in thine owne disguise,

Phi. Why in disguise?

Ors. It is the Princes policie and love;
For if we should miscarrie,
Some one taken might betray the rest
Unknowne to one another,
Each man is safe, in his owne valour;

2 *Court.* And what Mercers wife are you to cheapen now
In stead of his silks?

Ors. Troth; 'tis not so well; 'tis but a Cozen of thine—
Come *Philan* let's along:—

Exeunt.

Enter Queene alone.

Orb. What is it thus within whispering remorse,
And calls Love Tyrant? all powers, but his,
Their rigour, and our feare, have made divine!
But every Creature holds of him by sense,
The sweetest Tenure; yea! but my husbands brother:

And

And what of that? doe harmlesse birds or beasts
 Aske leave of curious Heraldrie at all?
 Does not the wombe of one faire spring,
 Bring unto the earth many sweet rivers,
 That wantonly doe one another chace
 And in one bed, kisse, mingle, and embrace?
 Man (Natures heire) is not by her will ti'de,
 To shun all creatures are alli'd unto him.
 For then hee should shun all; since death and life
 Doubly allies all them that live by breath:
 The Aire that does impart to all lifes brood,
 Refreshing, is so neere to it selfe, and to us all,
 That all in all is individuall:
 But, how am I sure one and the same desire
 Warmes *Ariaspes*: for Art can keepe alive
 A bedded love.

Enter Ariaspes.

Ari. Alone, (Madam) and overcast with thought,
 Uncloud--uncloud--for if wee may believe
 The smiles of Fortune, love shall no longer pine
 In prison thus, nor undelivered travel
 With throes of feare, and of desire about it.
 The Prince, (like to a valiant beast in nets)
 Striving to force a freedome suddenly,
 Has made himselfe at length, the surer prey:
 The King stands only now berwixt, and is,
 Just like a single tree, that hinders all the prospect:
 'Tis but the cutting downe of him, and wee ---

Orb. Why would'st thou thus imbarque into strange seas,
 And trouble Fate, for what we have already?
 Thou art to mee what thou now seek'st, a Kingdome;
 And were thy love as great, as thy ambition;
 I should be so to thee.

Ari. Thinke you, you are not Madam?
 As well and justly may you doubt the truths,
 Tortur'd, or dying men doe leave behind them:
 But then my fortune turnes my miserie,

When

When my addition shall but make you lesse ;
 Shall I indure that head that wore a crowne,
 For my sake should weare none ? First let me lose
 Th'Exchequer of my wealth, your love ; nay, may
 All that rich Treasurie you have about you.
 Be rifled by the man I hated, and I looke on ;
 Though youth be full of sinne, and heav'n be just,
 So sad a doome I hope they keepe not from me ;
 Remember what a quicke Apostacie he made,
 When all his vowes were up to heav'n and you.
 How, e're the Bridall torches were burnt out,
 His flames grew weake, and sicklier ; thinke on that,
 Thinke how unsafe you are, if she should now,
 Not sell her honour at a lower rate,
 Than your place in his bed.

Orb. And would not you prove false too then ?

Ari. By this--and this--loves break-fast : (*Kisses her.*)
 By his feasts too yet to come, by all the
 Beaurie in this face, divinitie too great
 To be prophan'd —

Orb. O doe not sweare by that ;
 Cankers may eat that flow'r upon the stalke,
 (For sicknesse and mischance, are great devourers)
 And when there is not in these cheeks and lips,
 Left red enough to blush at perjurie,
 When you shall make it, what shall I doe then ?

Ars. Our soules by that time (Madam)
 Will by long custome so acquainted be,
 They will not need that duller truch-man Flesh,
 But freely, and without those poorer helps,
 Converse and mingle ; meane time wee'll teach
 Our loves to speake, not thus to live by signes,
 And action is his native language, Madam,

Enter Ziriff unseen.

This box but open'd to the Sense will doe't.

Orb. I undertake I know not what,

Ari. Thine own safety (Dearest)

Let it be this night, if thou do'st ; *Whisper and kisse.*
Love thy selfe or mee.

Orb. That's very sudden.

Ari. Not if wee be so, and we must now be wise,
For when their Sun sets, ours begins to rise. — *Exeunt.*

Ziriff solus.

Zir. Then all my feares are true, and she is false ;
False as a falling Star, or Glow-wormes fire :
This Devill Beauty is compounded strangely,
It is a subull point, and hard to know,
Whether 't has in't more active tempting,
Or more passive tempted ; so soone it forces,
And so soone it yeelds —
Good Gods ! shee seiz'd my heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commission to have us'd me so ;
And all mankind besides — and see, if the just Ocean
Makes more haste to pay
To needy rivers, what it borrow'd first,
Then shee to give, where she ne're tooke ;
Mee thinks I feele anger, Revenges Harbenger
Chalking up all within, and thrussing out
Of doores, the tame and softer passions ; —
It must be so :

To love is noble frailtie, but poore sin
When we fall once to Love, unlov'd agen. *Exit.*

Enter King, Ariaspes, Jolas.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Justice did consider, (Sir)
What way it tooke ; if you should apprehend
The Prince for Treason (which he never did) *so)*
And which, unasted, is unborn ; (at least will be beleev'd
Lookers on, and the loud talking croud,
Will thinke it all but water colours
Laid on for a time,
And which wip'd off, each common eye would see,
Strange ends through stranger wayes :

King. Think'st thou I will compound with Treason then?
And make one feare anothers Advocate?

Iol. Verue forbid Sir, but if you would permit,
Them to approach the roome (yet who would advise
Treason should come so neere ?) there would be then
No place left for excuse.

King. How strong are they ?

Iol. Weake, considering
The enterprize ; they are but few in number,
And those few too having nothing but
Their resolutions considerable about them.
A Troope indeed design'd to suffer what
They come to execute.

King. Who are they are thus wearie of their lives ?

Iol. Their names I cannot give you.
For those he sent for, he did still receive
At a back doore, and so dismiss them too.
But I doe thinke *Ziriff* is one. —

King. Take heed ! I shall suspect thy hate to others,
Not thy love to me, begot this service ;
This Treason thou thy selfe do'st say
Has but an houres age, and I can give accompt
Of him, beyond that time. — Brother, in the little Tower
Where now *Aglaura's* prisoner,
You shall find him ; bring him along,
Hee yet doth stand untainted in my thoughts,
And to preserve him so,
Hee shall not stirre out of my eyes command
Till this great cloud be over.

Iol. Sir, 'twas the Prince who first —

King. I know all that ! urge it no more !
I love the man ;
And 'tis with paine, wee doe suspect,
Where wee doe not dislike :
Th'art sure hee will have some,
And that they will come to night ?

Iol. As sure as night will come it selfe.

King. Get all your Guards in readinesse, we will our selfe
Disperse them afterwards ; and both be sure

To weare your thoughts within: Ile act the rest : *Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orfames, Courtiers.

2. *Court.* Well. — If there be not some great storme to-
Ne're trust mee; Whisper (Court thunder, is in (wards,
Every corner, and there has been to day
About the Towne a murmuring
And buzzing, such as men use to make,
When they doe feare to vent their feares ; (heads,

1. *Court.* True, and all the State-men hang downe their
Like full ear'd corne ; two of them
Where I sup't, askt what time of night it was,
And when 'twas told them, started, as if
They had been to run a race. (mirth

2. *Court.* The King too (if you mark him,) doth faigne
And jollitie, but through them both,
Flashes of discontent, and anger make escapes :

Orf. Gentlemen ! 'tis pittie heav'n
Design'd you not to make the Almanacks.
You ghesse so shrewdly by the ill aspects,
Or neere conjunctions of the great ones,
At what's to come still ; that without all doubt
The Countrey had beene govern'd wholly by you,
And plow'd and reap'd accordingly ; for mee,
I understand this mysterie as little
As the new Love, and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the Time that every thing
But Owles, and Lovers take their rest ;
Good night, *Philan* ——— away — *Exit.*

1. *Court.* 'Tis early yet ; let's goe on the Queens side
And foole a little ; I love to warme my selfe
Before I goe to bed, it does beget
Handsome and sprightly thoughts, and makes
Our dreames halfe solid pleasures.

2. *Court.* Agreed : agreed : *Exeunt.*

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter Prince: Conspirators.

Ther. **C**ouldst thou not find out *Ziriff*?
1. Court. Not speake with him my Lord;
 Yet I sent in by severall men.

Ors. I wonder *Jolas* meets us not here too.

Ther. 'Tis strange, but let's on now how ere,
 When Fortunes, honour, life, and all's in doubt
 Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Excursions: *The Guard upon them.*

Ther. Betraid! betraid!

Ors. Shift for your selfe Sir, and let us alone,
 Wee will secure your way, and make our own. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lords.

King. Follow Lords, and see quick execution done,
 Leave not a man alive.

Who treads on fire, and does not put it out,
 Disperses feare in many sparks of doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conspirators, and the Guard upon them.

Ors. Stand friends, an equall party—(*Fight.*) *Three of the*
Ph. Brave *Orsames*, 'tis pleasure to die neer thee. *Conspirators*
Ors. Talke not of dying *Philan*, we will live, *fall, & three*
 And serve the noble Prince agen; we are alone, *of the Kings side:*
 Off then with thy disguise, & throw it in the bushes; *Orsames &*
Philan
 Quick, quick; befor the torrent comes upon us: *kill the rest.*
 We shal be streight good subjects, & I despair not *They throw*
 Of reward for this nights service: so.— *of their*
disguises.
 Wee two now kill'd our friends! 'tis hard,
 But 't must be so.

Enter Ariaspes. Jolas, two Courtiers, part
of the Guard.

Ari. Follow! Follow!

Ors. Yes; so you may now, y'are not like'y to overtake.
Jol.

Jol. Orsames, and Philan, how came you hither ?

Ors. The neereſt way it ſeems, you follow'd (thank you)
As if 'thad been through quickſets :

Jol. 'Sdeath have they all eſcap'd ?

Ors. Not all, two of them we made ſure ;
But they coſt deare, looke here elſe.

Ari. Is the Prince there ?

Phi. They are both Princes I thinke, (vizors.
They fought like Princes I am ſure. Jolas pulls off the

Jol. *Stephines, and Odiris* — we triſle.
Which way tooke the reſt ?

Ors. Two of them are certainly hereabouts.

Ari. Upon my life they ſwam the river ;
Some ſtreight to horſe, and follow o're the bridge ;
You and I my Lord will ſearch this place a little better.

Ors. Your Highneſſe will I hope remember, who were
The men were in —

Ari. Oh! fear not, your Miſtreſſe ſhall know y'are valiant.

Ors. Philan ! if thou lov'ſt me, let's kill them upon the

Phi. Fie : thou now art wild indeed ; (place.
Thou taught'ſt me to be wiſe firſt,
And I will now keep thee ſo. — Follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura with a Lute.

The Prince comes and knocks within.

Ther. Madam !

Agl. What wretch is this that thus uſurps
Upon the priviledge of Ghoſts, and walks
At mid-night ?

Ther. Aglaura.

Agl. Betray me not
My willing ſenſe too ſoone, yet if that voyce
Be falſe. —

Ther. Open faire Saint, and let me in.

Agl. It is the Prince —

As willingly as thoſe

That cannot ſleep do light ; welcome (Sir,) (Opens.)

Welcome above. —

Spies his ſword drawne.

Bleſſe

Blesse me, what means this unsheath'd minister of death?

If, Sir, on mee quick Justice be to passe,

Why this? absence alas, or such strange lookes

As you now bring with you would kill as soone:

Ther. Softly! for I, like a hard hunted Deere,

Have only hearded here; and though the crie

Reach not our eares, yet am I follow'd close:

O my heart! since I saw thee,

Time has been strangely Active, and begot

A Monstrous issue of unheard of Storie:

Sit; thou shalt have it all! nay, sigh not.

Such blasts will hinder all the passage;

Do'st thou remember, how wee parted last?

Agl. Can I forget it Sir?

Ther. That word of parting was ill plac'd, I sweare,

It may be ominous; but do'st thou know

Into whose hands I gave thee?

Agl. Yes into *Ziriff's* Sir.

Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy brother, brave *Zorannes*

Preserv'd by miracle in that sad day

Thy father fell, and since thus in disguise,

Waiting his just revenge.

Agl. You doe amaze me, Sir.

Ther. And must doe more, when I tell all the storie.

The King, the jealous King, knew of the marriage,

And when thou thought'st thy selfe by my direction,

Thou wert his Prisoner;

Unlesse I would renounce all right,

And cease to love thee, (ô strange, and fond request!)

Immur'd thou must have been in some sad place,

And lockt for ever, from *Thersames* fight.

For ever — and that unable to indure

This night, I did attempt his life.

Agl. Was it well done Sir?

Ther. O no! extremely ill!

For to attempt and not to act was poore:

Here the dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Souldiers)

Leaves the side 'twas on, to joyne with power,
 Royall villany now will looke so like to Justice,
 That the times to come, and curious posteritie,
 Will find no difference: weep'st thou *Aglaura*?
 Come, to bed my Love!

And wee will there mock Tyrannie, and Fate,
 Those softer houres of pleasure, and delight,
 That like so many single Pearles, should have
 Adorn'd our thread of life, wee will at once,
 By Loves mysterious power, and this nights help
 Contract to one, and make but one rich draught
 Of all.

Agl. What meane you Sir?

Ther. To make my selfe incapable of miserie,
 By taking strong preservative of happinesse:
 I would this night enjoy thee:

Agl. Doe: Sir, doe what you will with mee,
 For I am too much yours, to deny the right
 How ever claim'd—but —

Ther. But what *Aglaura*?

Agl. Gather not roses in a wet and frowning houre,
 They'll lose their sweets then, trust me they will Sir.
 What pleasure can Love take to play his game out,
 When death must keep the Stakes—*A noise without.*
 Hark Sir—grave-bringers, and last minutes are at hand,
 Hide hide your selfe, for Loves sake hide your selfe.

Ther. As soon the Sunne may hide himselfe, as I.
 The Prince of *Persia* hide himselfe?

Agl. O talke not Sir; the Sunne does hide himselfe
 When night and blacknesse comes — (then;

Ther. Never sweet Ignorance, he shines in th'other world
 And so shall I, if I set here in glorie:

Enter

Open the doore. enter Ziriff.

Yee hastie seekers of life.

Soranzex. —

Agl. My brother!
 If all the joy within mee come not out,

To give a welcome to so deare an object,
Excuse it Sir; sorrow locks up all doores.

Zir. If there be such a Toy about you, Sister,
Keep't for your selfe, or lend it to the Prince;
There is a dearth of that Commoditie,
And you have made it Sir. Now?
What is the next mad thing you meane to doe?
Will you stay here? when all the Court's beset
Like to a wood at a great hunt and busie mischief haste
To be in view, and have you in her power—

Ther. To mee all this —

For great grieve's deafe as well as it is dumbe,
And drives no trade at all with Counsell: (Sir)
Why doe you not Tutor one that has the Plague,
And see if he will feare an after ague fit;
Such is all mischief now to me; there is none left
Is worth a thought. death is the worst, I know,
And that compar'd to shame, does look more lovely now
Than a chaste Mistresse, set by common woman—
And I must court it Sir? (our selves:)

Zir. No wonder if that heav'n forsake us, when we leave
What is there done should feed such high despaire?
Were you but safe —

Agf. Deare (Sir) be rul'd,
If love, be love, and magick too,
(As sure it is where it is true;)
Wee then shall meet in absence, and in spight
Of all divorce, freely enjoy together;
What niggard Fate thus peevishly denies.

Ther. Yea: but if pleasures be themselves but dreames,
What then are the dreames of these to men?
That monster, Expectation, will devour
All that is within our hope or power,
And ere we once can come to shew, how rich
We are, we shall be poore,
Shall we not *Sorannez*?

Zir. I understand not this,

In times of envious penurie (such as these are)
 To keepe but love alive is faire, we should not thinke
 Of feasting him : come (Sir)
 Here in these lodgings is a little doore,
 That leads unto another ; that againe,
 Unto a vault, that has his passage under
 The little river, opening into the wood ;
 From thence 'tis but some few minutes easie businesse
 Unto a Servants house of mine (who for his faith
 And honestie, hereafter must
 Looke big in storie) there you are safe however ;
 And when this Storme has met a little calme,
 What wild desire dares whisper to it selfe,
 You may enjoy, and at the worst may steale :

Ther. What shall become of thee *Aglaura* then?
 Shall I leave thee their rages sacrifice?
 And like dull Seamen threatned with a storme,
 Throw all away, I have, to save my selfe?

Agl. Can I be safe when you are not? my Lord?
 Knowes love in us divided happinesse?
 Am I the safer for your being here?
 Can you give that you have not for your selfe?
 My innocence is my best guard, and that your stay
 Betraying it unto suspicion, takes away.
 If you did love mee?—

(*Kisses her.*)

Ther. Grows that in question? then 'tis time to part:—
 When we shall meet again Heav'n onely knowes,
 And when wee shall, I know we shall be old :
 Love does not calculate the common way,
 Minutes are houres there, and the houres are dayes,
 Each day's a yeare, and every yeare an age ;
 What will this come to thinke you?

Zir. Would this were all the ill,
 For these are pretty little harmlesse nothings ;
 Times horse runs full, as fast, hard borne and curb'd,
 As in his full carriere, loose-rain'd and spurr'd :
 Come, come, let's away,

Ther.

Ther. Happinesse, such as men lost in miserie
Would wrong in naming, 'tis so much above them.
All that I want of it, all you deserve,
Heav'n send you in my absence.

Agl. And miserie such as wittie malice would
Lay out in curses, on the thing it hates,
Heav'n send me in the stead if when y'are gone
I welcome it, but for your sake alone. — *Exeunt.* Leads him out, & enters up out of the vault.

Zir. Stir not from hence, Sir, til you hear from me
So goodnight deare Prince.

Ther. Goodnight deere friend.

Zir. When we meet next all this will but advance —
Joy never feasts so high,
As when the first course is of miserie. *Exeunt.*

C 3

ACTVS

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter three or foure Courtiers.

1 *Court.* **B**Y this light—a brave Prince,
He made no more of the Guard, than they
Would of a Taylor on a Maske night, that has refus'd
Trusting before.

2 *Court.* Hee's as Active as he is valiant too;
Didst mark him how he stood like all the points
O'th' Compasse, and as good Pictures,
Had his eyes, towards every man.

3 *Court.* And his sword too.
All th'other side walk up and down the Court now,
As if they had lost their way, and stare,
Like Grey-hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1 *Court.* Right.
And have more troubles about'em
Than a Serving-man that has forgot his message
When he's come upon the place.—

2 *Court.* Yonder's the King within chafing & swearing
Like an old Falconer upon the first flight
Of a young Hawke, when some Clowne
Has taken away the quarrie from her;
And all the Lords stand round about him,
As if he were to be baited, with much more feare,
And at much more distance, (time:
Than a Countrey Gentlewoman sees the Lions the first
Look: he's broke loose.

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him; or by *Osiris* selfe, you all are Traitors;
And equally shall pay to Justice; a single man,
And guiltie too, breake through you all!

Enter Ziriſſ.

Zir. Confidence!
(Thou paint of women, and the States-mans wisdom,
Valour

Valour for Cowards, and of the guilties Innocence.)

Assist me now.

Sir, send these Starers off :

I have some businesse will deserve your privacie.

King. Leave us.

Jol. How the villaine swells upon us ? — *Exeunt.*

Zir. Not to punish thought,

Or keepe it long upon the wrack of doubt,

Know Sir,

That by corruption of the waiting woman,

The common key of secrets, I have found

The truth at last, and have discover'd all :

The Prince your Sonne was by *Aglaura's* meanes,

Convey'd last night unto the Cypresse Grove,

Through a close vault that opens in the lodgings :

Hee does intend to joyne with *Carimania*,

But e're he goes, resolves to finish all

The rites of Love, and this night meanes

To steale what is behind.

King. How good is Heav'n unto mee !

That when it gave me Traitors for my Subjects,

Would lend me such a Servant !

Zir. How just (Sir) rather,

That would bestow this Fortune on the poore.

And where your bountie had made debt so infinite

That it grew desperate, their hope to pay it —

King. Enough of that, thou do'st but gently chide

Me for a fault, hat I will mend ; for I

Have been too poore, and low in my rewards

Unto thy verie : but to our businesse ;

The question is, whether we shall rely

Upon our Guards agen ?

Zir. By no meanes Sir :

Hope on his future fortunes, or their Love

Unto his person, has so sicklied o're

Their resolutions, that we must not trust them :

Besides, it were but needlesse here ;

Hee passes through the vault alone, and I
 My selfe durst undertake that businesse,
 If that were all, but there is something else,
 This accident doth prompt my zeale to serve you in.
 I know you love *Aglaura* (Sir) with passion,
 And would enjoy her; I know besides
 Shee loves him so, that whosoe're shall bring
 The tidings of his death, must carrie back
 The newes of hers, so that your Justice (Sir)
 Must rob your hope: but there is yet a way —

King. Here! take my heart; for I have hitherto
 Too vainly spent the treasure of my love,
 I'll have it coyn'd streight into friendship all,
 And make a present to thee.

Zir. If any part of this rich happinesse.
 (Fortune prepares now for you) shall owe it selfe
 Unto my weake endeavours, I have enough,
Aglaura without doubt this night expects
 The Prince, and why
 You should not then supply his place by stealth,
 And in disguise —

King. I apprehend thee *Ziriff*,
 But there's difficultie —

Zir. Who trades in love must be an adventurer, (Sir)
 But here is scarce enough to make the pleasure dearer:
 I know the Cave; your Brother and my selfe
 With *Iolas*, (for those w'are sure doe hae him,)
 With some few chosen more betimes will wait
 The Princes passing through the vault; if hee
 Comes first, hee's dead; and if it be your selfe,
 Wee will conduct you to the chamber door,
 And stand 'twixt you and danger afterwards.

King. I have conceiv'd of joy, and am grown great:
 Till I have safe deliverance, time's a cripple
 And goes on crutches. — as for thee my *Ziriff*,
 I doe here entertaine a friendship with thee,
 Shall drowne the memorie of all patternes past;

Wee will oblige by turnes ; and that so thick,
 And fast, that curious studiers of it,
 Shall not once dare to call it up, or say
 By way of ghesse, whether thou or I
 Remaine the debtors, when wee come to die. *Exennt.*

*Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Orsames,
 Lords and Ladies.*

Ori. Is the Queen ready to come out ?

Phi. Not yet sure the Kings brother is but newly entred;

Sem. Come my Lord, the Song then.

Ori. The Song.

Orf. A vengeance take this love, it spoyles a voyce
 Worse than the losing of a maiden-head.

I have got such a cold with rising
 And walking in my shirt a nights, that
 A Bittorne whooping in a reed is better musicke.

Ori. This modestie becomes you as ill, my Lord,
 As wooing would us women ; pray, put's not to't.

Orf. Nay Ladies, you shall finde mee,
 As free, as the Musicians of the woods
 Themselves ; what I have, you shall not need to call for.
 Nor shall it cost you any thing.

SONG

S O N G.

W Hy so pale and wan fond Lover?
 Prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevaile?
 Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
 Prithee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing doo't?
 Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move
 This cannot take her;
 If of her selfe shee will not Love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The Devill take her.

Ori. I should have ghest, it had been the issue of
 Your braine, if I had not been told so;

Ors. A little scolish counsell (Madam) I gave a friend
 Of mine foure or five yeares agoe, when he was
 Falling into a Consumption. —

Enter Queene.

Orb. Which of all you have seene the faire prisoner
 Since shee was confinde?

Sens. I have Madam.

Orb. And how behaves shee now her selfe?

Sens. As one that had intrench'd so deepe in Innocence,
 Shee fear'd no enemies, beares all quietly,
 And smiles at Fortune, whil't shee frownes on her

Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the beautie lies

That

That thus inflames the royall bloud ? (them

Ori. Faces, Madam, are like bookes, those that do study
Know best, and to say truth, 'tis still
Much as it pleases the Courteous Reader.

Orb. These Lovers sure are like Astronomers,
That when the vulgar eye discovers, but
A Skie above, studded with some few stars,
Finde out besides strange fishes, birds, and beasts.

Sem. As men in sicknesse scorch'd into a raving
Doe see the Devill, in all shapes and formes,
When standers by wondring, aske where, and when;
So they in Love, for all's but feaver there,
And madnesse too.

Orb. That's too severe *Semanthe* ;
But we will have your reasons in the parke ;
Are the doores open through the Gardens ?

Lo. The King has newly led the way. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ariaspes : Ziriff, with a
warrant sealed.*

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant, *Ziriff* : I shall die with joy.

Zir. I must confesse my Lord; had but the Princes ill
Prov'd sleight, and not thus dangerous,
Hee should have ow'd to me, at least I would
Have laid a claime unto his safetie ; and
Like Physicians, that doe challenge right
In Natures cures, look'd for reward and thanks ;
But since 'twas otherwise, I thought it best
To save my selfe, and then to save the State.

Ari. 'Twas wisely done.

Zir. Safely I'me sure, my Lord ! you know 'tis not
Our custome, where the Kings dislike, once swells to hate,
There to ingage our selves ; Court friendship
Is a Cable, that in stormes is ever cut,
And I made bold with it ; here is the warrant seal'd
And for the execution of it, if you thinke
We are not strong enough, we may have
Iolas, for him the King did name.

Ari.

Ari. And him I would have named.

Zir. But is hee not too much the Prince's (Sir ?)

Ari. Hee is as lights in Sceanes at Masques,
What glorious shew so e're he makes without,
I that set him there, know why, and how ; *Enter Jolas.*
But here he is. —

Come *Jolas* ; and since the Heav'ns decreed,
The man whom thou should'st envie, should be such,
That all men else must doo't ; be not asham'd
Thou once wert guiltie of it ;
But blesse them, that they give thee now a meanes,
To make a friendship with him, and vouchsafe
To find thee out a way to love, where well
Thou couldst not hate.

Jol. What meanes my Lord ?

Ari. Here, here he stands that has preserv'd us all !
That sacrific'd unto a publique good,
(The dearest private good we mortalls have)
Friendship : gave into our armes the Prince,
When nothing but the sword (perchance a ruine)
Was left to doe it.

Jol. How could I chide my love, and my ambition now,
That thrust me upon such a quarrell ? here I doe vow —

Zir. Hold doe not vow my Lord, let it deserve it first ;
And yet (if Heav'n blesse honest mens intents)
'Tis not Impossible. (*lars,*
My Lord, you will be pleas'd to informe him in particu-
I must be gone. —
The King I feare already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay — the hoare and place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras walke ;
I will not faile you there. *Goes out, returns back againe.*
I had forgot : —

'Tmay be, the small remainder of those lost men
That were of the conspiracie, will come along with him :
'Twere best to have some chosen of the Guard

within

Within our call —

Exit Ziriff.

Ari. Honest, and carefull *Ziriff*: *Jolas* stands musing.
How now Planet strooke?

Iol. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the world,

Ari. Shallow man: short sighteder than Travellers in mists,
Or women that outlive themselves; do'st thou not see,
That whil'st hee does prepare a Tombe with one hand
For his friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himselfe?

Iol. How so?

Ari. Do'st thinke hee shall not feele the weight of this,
As well as poore *Thersames*?

Iol. Shall wee then kill him too at the same instant?

Ari. And say, the Prince made an unluckie thrust.

Iol. Right.

Ari. Dull, dull, he must not dye so uselesly.

As when we wipe off filth from any place,
We throw away the thing that made it cleane,
So this once done, hee's gone.
Thou know'st the People love the Prince, to their rage
Something the State must offer up; who fitter
Than thy rivall and my enemy?

Iol. Rare! our witnesse will be taken.

Ari. Pish! let me alone.

The Giants that made mountaines ladders,
And thought to take great *Iove* by force, were fooles;
Not hill on hill, but plot on plot, does make
Us sit above, and laugh at all below us. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Aglaura, and a Singing Boy.

Boy. Madam, 'twill make you melancholly,
I'll sing the *Prince's* Song, that's sad enough.

Agl. What you will Sir.

SONG.

NO, no, faire Heretique, it needs must bee
 But an ill Love in mee,
 And worse for thee.

For were it in my Power,
 To love thee now this hower,
 More than I did the last;

'I would then so fall,
 I might not Love at all;

Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
 Admitts as well an Ebb, and may grow lesse.

2

True Love is stil the same; the torrid Zones,
 And those more frigid ones,
 It must not know:

For Love growne cold or hot,
 Is Lust, or Friendship, not
 The thing wee have;

For that's a flame would die,
 Held downe, or up to high:

Then think I love more than I can expresse,
 And would love more, could I but love thee lesse.

Agl. Leave mee! for to a Soule, so out of Tune,
 As mine is now; nothing is harmony:
 When once the maine-spring, *Hope*, is false into
 Disorder; no wonder, if the lesser wheelles,
Desire, and *Ioy*, stand still; my thoughts like *Bees*

When

When they have lost their King, wander
Confusedly up and downe, and settle no where.

Enter Orithie.

Orithie. flie ! flie the roome,
As thou would'st shun the habitations
Which Spir its haunt, or where thy nearer friends
Walk after death ; here is not only Love,
But Loves plague too — misfortune ; and so high,
That it is sure infectious! (than you,

Ori. Madam, so much more miserable am I this way
That should I pitie you, I should forget my selfe :
My sufferings are such, that with lesse patience
You may indure your owne, than give mine Audience.
There is that difference, that you may make
Yours none at all, but by considering mine !

Agl. O speake them quickly then ! the marriage day
To Passionate Lovers never was more welcome,
Than any kinde of ease would be to mee now.

Ori. Could they be spoke, they wre not then so great.
I love, and dare not say I love ; dare not hope,
What I desire ; yet still too must desire —
And like a starving man brought to a feast,
And made say grace, to what he nere shall taste,
Be thankfull after all, and kisse the hand,
That made the wound thus deepe.

Agl. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjust scales,
Thou took'st the weight of our mis-fortunes,
Be thine owne Judge now.
Thou mourn'st for losse of that thou never hadst,
Or if thou hadst a losse, it never was
Of a *Thersames*.

Would'st thou not thinke a Merchant mad, *Orithie* ?
If thou shouldst see him weepe, and teare his haire,
Because hee brought not both the Indies home ?
And wouldst not thinke his sorrowes very just,
If having fraught his ship with some rich Treasure,
Hee sunke i'th' very Port ? This is our case.

Ori.

Ori. And doe you thinke there is such odds in it ?
 Would Heaven we women could as easily change
 Our fortunes as ('tis said) we can our minds.
 I cannot (Madam) thinke them miserable,
 That have the Princes Love.

Agl. Hee is the man then—
 Blush not *Oritbie*, 'tis a sinne to blush
 For loving him, though none at all to love him.
 I can admit of rivalship without
 A jealousie— nay shall be glad of it :
 Wee two will sit, and thinke, and think and sigh,
 And sigh, and talke of love—and of *Thersames*.
 Thou shalt be praising of his wit, while I
 Admire he governes it so well :
 Like this thing, said thus, th'other thing thus done,
 And in good language him for these adore,
 While I want words to doo't, yet doe it more.
 Thus will wee doe till death it selfe shall us
 Divide, and then whose fate 'tshall be to die
 First of the two by legacie shall all
 Her love bequeath, and give her stock to her
 That shall survive ; for no one stock can serve.
 To love *Thersames* so as he'll deserve.

Enter King, Ziriff.

King. What have we here impossibilitie ?
 A constant night, and yet within the roome
 That, that can make the day before the Sunne ?
 Silent *Aglaura* too ?

Agl. I know not what you say :
 Is't to your pitie, or your scorne, I owe
 The favour of this visit (Sir ?) for such
 My fortune is, it doth deserve them both :

King. And such thy beauty is, that it makes good
 All Fortunes, sorrow lookes lovely here ;
 And there's no man, that would not entertaine
 His griefes as friends, were he but sure they'd shew
 No worse upon him— but I forget my selfe,

I came to chide.

Agl. If I have sinn'd so high, that yet my punishment
Equalls not my crime,
Doe Sir ; I should be loth to die in debt
To Justice, how ill soe're I paid
The scores of Love.—

King. And those indeed thou hast but paid indifferently
To me, I did deserve at least faire death,
Not to be murthered thus in private :
That was too cruell, Mistrresse.
And I doe know thou do'st repent, and wilt
Yet make me satisfaction :

Agl. What satisfaction Sir ?
I am no monstet, never had two hearts ;
One is by holy vowes anothers now,
And could I give it you, you would not take it,
For 'tis alike impossible for mee,
To love againe, as you love Perjurie.
O Sir ! consider, what a flame love is.
If by rude meanes you thinke to force a light,
That of it selfe it would not freely give,
You blow it out, and leave your selfe i'th' darke.
The Prince once gone, you may as well perswade
The light to stay behinde, when the Sun posts
To th' other world, as mee ; alas ! wee two,
Have mingled soules more than two meeting brooks ;
And whosoever is design'd to be
The murtherer of my Lord, (as sure there is,
Has anger'd heav'n so farre that 'tas decreed
Him to encrease his punishment that way)
Would he but search the heart, when he has done,
Hee there would find *Aglaura* murther'd too.

King. Thou hast o'recome me, mov'd so handsomely
For pitie, that I will dis-inherit
The elder brother, and from this houre be
Thy Convert, not thy Lover.—

Ziriff, dispatch away—

D

And

And he that brings newes of the Prince's welfare,
 Looke that he have the same reward, we had decreed
 To him, brought tidings of his death.

'Tmust be a buie and bold hand, that would
 Unlinke a chaine the Gods themselves have made :
 Peate to thy thoughts : *Aglaura— Exit.*

Ziriff steps back and speaks.

Zir. What e're he sayes beleeve him not *Aglaura*;
 For lust and rage ride high within him now :
 He knowes *Thersames* made th'escape from hence,
 And does conceale it only for his ends :
 For by the favour of mistake and night,
 He hopes t'enjoy thee in the Prince's roome ;
 I shall be mist — else I would tell thee more ;
 But thou mayest ghesse, for our condition
 Admits no middle wayes, either we must
 Send them to Graves, or lie our selves in dust—*Exit.*

Aglaura stands still and studies.

Agla. Ha ! 'tis a strange Act thought puts me now upon ;
 Yet sure my brother meant the selfe-same thing,
 And my *Thersames* would have done 't for me :
 To take his life that seekes to take away
 The life of Life, (honour from me ;) and from
 The world, the life of honour, *Thersames* ;
 Must needs be something sure, of kin to Justice.
 If I doe faile, th'attempt howe're was brave,
 And I shall have at worst a handsome grave—*Exit.*

Enter Jolas, Semanthe.

Semanthe steps backe. Jolas stays her.

Jol. What ? are we growne, *Semanthe*, night, and day ?
 Must one still vanish when the other comes ?
 Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
 (And 'thas been fruitfull too) this is
 The strangest issue.—

Sem. What my Lord ?

Jol. Hate *Semanthe*.

Sem. You doe mistake, if I doe shun you, 'tis,

As bashfull Debtors shun their Creditors,
I cannot pay you in the selfe-same coyne,
And am aham'd to offer any other.

Jol. It is ill done *Semanthe*, to plead bankrupt,
When with such ease you may be out of debt;
In loves dominions, native commoditie
Is curreant payment, change is all the Trade,
And heart for heart the richest merchandize, (prove

Sem. 'Twould here be mean my Lord, since mine would
In your hands but a Counterfeit, and yours in mine
Worth nothing; Sympathy, not greatnesse,
Makes those Jewells rise in value.

Jol. Sympathy! O teach but yours to love then,
And two so rich no morrall ever knew.

Sem. That heart would Love but ill that must be taught,
Such fires as these still kindle of themselves.

Jol. In such a cold, and frozen place as is
Thy breast? how should they kindle of themselves
Semanthe?

Sem. Aske how the Flint can carrie fire within?
'Tis the least miracle that Love can doe:

Jol. Thou art thy selfe the greatest miracle,
For thou art faire to all perfection,
And yet do'st want the greatest part of beautie,
Kindnesse, thy crueltie (next to thy selfe,)
Above all things on earth takes up my wonder.

Sem. Call not that crueltie, which is our fate,
Beleeve me *Iolas* the honest Swaine
That from the brow of some steepe cliffe far off,
Beholds a ship labouring in vaine against
The boysterous and unruly Elements, ne're had
Lesse power, or more desire to help than I;
At every sigh, I die, and every looke,
Does move; and any passion you will have
But Love, I have in store: I will be angrie,
Quarrell with destinie, and with my selfe
That it is no better; be melancholy;

And (though mine owne disast'ers well might plead
To be in chiefe,) yours only shall have place,
I'll pitie, and (if that's too low) I'll grieve,
As for my sinnes, I cannot give you ease;
All this I doe, and this I hope will prove
'Tis greater Torment not to love, than Love. — *Exit.*

1st. So perishing Sailours pray to stormes,
And so they heare agen. So men
With death about them, looke on Physitians that
Have given them o're, and so they turne away:
Two fixed Stars that keep a constant distance,
And by lawes made with themselves must know
No motion excentrick, may meet as soone as wee:
The anger that the foolish Sea does shew,
When it does brave it out, and rore against
A stubborne rock that still denies it passage,
Is not so vaine and fruitlesse, as my prayers.
Yee mighty Powers of Love and Fate, where is
Your Justice here? It is thy part (fond Boy)
When thou do'st find one wounded heart, to make
The other so, but if thy Tyranny
Be such, that thou wilt leave one breast to hate,
If we must live, and this survive,
How much more cruell's Fate? — *Exit.*

ACTVS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaspes, Iolas.

Id. **A** Glorious night!

Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so.

Are wee not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow.

Enter the Cave.

Ari. How now! what region are we got into?

Th'enheritance of night;

Are we not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,

And stept into some melancholy Devils Territorie?

Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,

That would endure no change.

Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our purpose,

As the Lobbie for the waiting woman.

Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,

And so we shall be sure to put him past

Retreat: you know the word it's be the prince. *(Goes to the*

Enter King.

mouth of the Cave,

Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet. —

King. Hee is not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within. *He leads him on, steps behind*

Iol. I do not like this waiting, *him, gives the false*

Nor this fellowes leaving us. *word they kill the king,*

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,

Then thou art in thine owne nature too, as jealous

As either Love or Honor: Come weare thy sword in rea-

And thinke how neere we are a Crowne. *(dineffe,*

Zir. Revenge!

So let's drag him to the light and search

His pockets, there may be papers there that will

Discover the rest of the Conspiratours.

Iolas, your hand—

Draw him out.

Iol. Whom have we here? the King!

Zir. Yes, and *Zorannes* too. Illo! hoc!— *Enter Pafithas and others.*

Unarme them.

D'ee stare?

This for my Fathers injuries & mine: *Points to the Kings*
Halfe Love, halfe Duties Sacrifice, *dead body.*

This—for the noble Prince, an offering to friendship: *(runs)*

Iol. Basely! and tamely— *Dies.* *at Iolas.*

Ari. What hast thou done?

Zir. Nothing— kill'd a Traytour,
So— away with them, and leave us,
Pafithas be onely you in call.

Ari. What do'st thou pawse?

Hast thou remorse already murderer?

Zir. No foole: 'tis but a difference I put
Berwixt the crimes: *Orbella* is our quarrell;
And I doe hold it fit, that love should have
A nobler way of Justice, than Revenge
Or Treason; follow me out of the wood,
And thou shalt be Master of this againe: *(agen.)*
And then, best arme and title take it. *They go out & enter*
There— *Gives him his Sword.*

Ari. Extreemly good! Nature tooke paines I swear,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handsomely.

Zir. 'Twas Fate that tooke it, when it decreed
Wee two should meet, nor shall they mingle now
Wee are brought together strait to part.— *Fight.*

Ari. Some Devill sure has borrowed this shape. *Pause.*
My Sword ne're stay'd thus long to find an entrance.

Zir. To guiltie men, all that appears is Devill,
Come Trifler, come.— *Fight againe, Ariaspes falls.*

Ari. Whither whither, thou fleeting Coward life?
Bubble of Time. Natures shame, stay; a little, stay!
Till I have look'd my selfe into revenge,
And star'd this Traytour to a carkasse first.

— It will not be : — *Falls.*

The Crowne, the Crowne, too
Now is lost, for ever lost—oh! —

Ambition's, but an *Ignis fatuus*, I see
Misleading fond mortalitie.

That hurries us about, and sets us downe

Just—where— wee— first— begun— *Dies.*

Zir. What a great spreading mightie thing this was,
And what a nothing now? how soone poore man
Vanishes into his noone-tide shadow?

But hopes o're fed have seldom better done:— (*Hollows.*)

Take up this lump of vanity and honour, *Enter Palishas.*

And carry it the back way to my lodging,

There may be use of States-men, when th'are dead :

So.— for the Cittadell now, for in such times

As these, when the unruly multitude

Is up in swarmes, and no man knowes which way

They'll take, 'tis good to have retreat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it should be late :

And sure by this time every waking eare,

And watchfull eye is charm'd ; and yet me thought

A noyse of weapons struck my eare just now.

'Twas but my fancie sure, and were it more,

I would not tread on step, that did not lead

To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,

With lightning in their hands ;

Danger! thou Dwarfie drest up in Giants clothes;

That shew't farre off, still greater than thou art :

Goe, terrifie the simple, and the guiltie, such

As with false Opticks, still doe looke upon thee.

But fright not Lovers, wee dare looke on thee

In thy worst shape, and meet thee in them too.

Stay—These trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts,

— Love guide me but right this night,

And Lovers shall restore thee back againe

Those eyes the Peers tooke so boldly from thee. *Exit*

*Aglaura with a torch in one hand and a dagger
in the other.*

(worſe

Agl. How ill this does become this hand how much the
This ſuits with this, one of the two ſhould goe.
The ſhee within mee ſayes, it muſt be this—
Honour ſayes this — and honour is *Therſames* friend.
What is that ſhee then? it is not a thing
That ſets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if wee
Doe flie, oretakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamie, or both doth ſeize us. — *Puts out the light.*
Ha! — would 'twere in agen.

Antiques and ſtrange miſhapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne're acquainted with, Fancie lets in,
Like a diſtracted multitude, by ſome ſtrange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afreſh comes on,
And charges Love to home.

—Hee comes — he comes—

Woman, if thou would'ſt be the Subject of mans wonder,
Not his ſcorne hereafter, now ſhew thy ſelfe.

*Enter Prince riſing from the vault, ſhe ſtabs him two or three
times, hee falls ſhe goes back to her chamber.*

Sudden and fortunate.

My better Angell ſure did both inſuſe

A ſtrength, and did direct it.

Enter Ziriſſ.

Zir. Aglaura!

Agl. Brother —

Zir. The ſame.

So ſlow to let in ſuch a long'd for Gueſt?

Muſt Joy ſtand knocking Siſter? come, prepare,
Prepare. —

The King of *Perſia*'s coming to you ſtrait!

The King! — marke that.

(yon,

Agl. I thought how poore the Joyes you brought with
Were

Were in respect of those that were with me;
 Joyes, are our hopes stript of their feares,
 And such are mine; for know, deare Brother,
 The King is come already, and is gone — marke that.

Zir. Is this instinct, or riddle? what King? how gone?

Agl. The Cave will tell you more —

Zir. Some sad mistake — thou hast undone us all. *Goes out.*
 The Prince! the Prince! cold as the bed of earth *enters hastily*
 He lies upon, as senselesse too; death hangs *game.*
 Upon his lips.

Like an untimely frost, upon an early Cherrie;
 The noble Guest, his Soule, rooke it so ill
 That you should use his old Acquaintance so,
 That neither pray'rs, nor teares, can e're perswade
 Him back againe. — *Aglaura swones: rubs her.*

Hold, hold! wee cannot sure part thus!
 Sister! *Aglaura!* *Thersames* is not dead,
 It is the Prince that calls —

Agl. The Prince, where? —

Tell me, or I will strait goe back againe,
 Into those groves of Gessamine, thou took'st me from,
 And finde him out, or lose my selfe for ever.

Zir. For ever. — I: there's it!
 For in those Groves thou talk'st of,
 There are so many by-ways, and odd turnings,
 Leading unto such wild and dismall places,
 That should we goe without a guide, 'or stir
 Before Heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be feared
 We there should wander up and downe for ever,
 And be benighted to eternitie! —

Agl. Benighted to eternitie? — What's that?

Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to eternitie;
 To sit i'th' darke, and doe I know not what;
 Unriddle at our owne sad cost and charge,
 The doubts the learned here doe onely move —

Agl. What place have murtherers brother there? for sure
 The murtherer of the Prince must have

A punishment that Heaven is yet to make. —

Zir. How is religion fool'd betwixt our loves,
And feares? poore Girle, for ought that thou hast done,
Thy Chaplets may be faire and flourishing,
As his in the *Elysiums* :

Agl. Doe you thinke so?

Zir. Yes, I doe thinke so.

The iuster Judges of our Actions,
Would they have been severe upon
Our weakneses,
Would (sure) have made us stronger. —
Fie! those teares

A Bride upon the marriage day as properly
Might shed as thou, here widowes doo't
And marrie next day after :

To such a funerall as this, there should be
nothing common —

Wee'll mourne him so, that those that are alive
Shall thinke themselves more buried far than hee;
And wish to have his grave, to find his Obseques : (*dies.*
But stay — the Body. *Brings up the body, she swoons and*
Agen! Sister — *Aglaura* —

O speake once more, once more looke out faire Soule. —
Shee's gone. —

Irrevocably gone. — And winging now the Aire,
Like a glad bird broken from some cage :
Poore Bankrupt heart, when 'thad not wherewithall
To pay to sad disafter all that was its due,
It broke — would mine would doe so too.

My soule is now within mee
Like a well metled Hauke, on a blind Faulk'ners fist,
Me thinks I feele it baiting to be gone :
And yet I have a little foolish businessse here
On earth ; I will dispatch : — *Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, *with the body of Ariaspes.*

Pas. Let me be like my burthen here, if I had not as
lieve kill two of the Bloud-royall for him, as carrie one
of

of them; These Gentlemen of high actions are three times as heauey after death, as your private retir'd ones; looke if he be not reduc'd to the state of a Courier of the second forme now? and cannot stand upon his owne legs, nor doe any thing without helpe, Hum.— And what's become of the great Prince, in prison as they call it now, the toy within us, that makes us talke, and laugh, and fight, I! why there's it, well, let him be what he will, and where he will, I'll make bold with the old Tenement here. Come Sir—come along:— *Exit.*

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's fast too, here—
They sleepe to night
I their winding sheets I thinke, there's such
A generall quiet.
Oh! here's light I warrant:
For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age.—
Courting her glasse, I sweare, sic! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shal see trulier what you are. (*Knocks. Exit the Queen.*)
Orb. What make you up at this strange houre my Lord?

Zir. My businesse is my boldnesse warrant,
(Madam)
And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. I: what of him? is well is he not?

Zir. Yes.—

If to be free from the great load
Wee sweat and labour under, here on earth
Be to be well, he is.

Orb. Why hee's not dead, is hee?

Zir. Yes Madam, slaine—and the Prince too.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I know not, but dead they are.

Orb. Dead?

Zir.

Zir. Yes Madam.

Orb. Did'tt see them dead?

Zir. As I see you alive.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes, dead.

Orb. Well, we must all die;

The Sisters spin no cables for us mortalls;

Th'are thred; and Time, and chance—

Trust me I could weepe now,

But warrie distillations doe but ill on graves,

They make the lodging colder. *She knocks.*

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord!

I would consult and know, what's to be done.

Zir. Madam 'tis not so safe to raise the Court;

Things thus unsetled, if you please to have—

Orb. Where's *Amiaspes*?

Zir. In's dead sleepe by this time I'm sure,

Orb. I know he is not! find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone, — *Turnes back againe.*

But Madam, why make you choyce of him, from whom

If the succession meet disturbance,

All must come of danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be jealous;
Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me Madam, if before I goe

I must unlock a secret unto you; such a one

As while the King did breathe durst know no aire,

Zorannes lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this

Has lingred out a life, snatching, to feed

His almost famish'd eyes,

Sights now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And doe so still; 'tis now within your power!

Orb.

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, If I did love him once
(And 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excuse it.

Zir. Excuse it?

Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir.

Zir. Though I confesse I lov'd his father much,
And pitie him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts: I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeale shall stray no further.

Your pardon Madam:

Exit.

Queen studies.

Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatnesse, which hee must feare, because he knowes
He hates him: for these great States-men,
That when time has made bold with the King & Subject,
Throwing down all fence that stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons comming in with floods,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.

*Enter Ziriff, and Pasithas throwing down the dead
body of Ariaspes.*

Orb. Ha! murdered too!

Treason— treason—

Zir. But such another word, and halfe so loud,
And th'art,—

Orb. Why? thou wilt not murder me too?
Wilt thou villaine?

Zir. I do not know my temper— *Discovers himselfe.*
Looke here vaine thing, and see thy sins full blowne:
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My selfe almost, for I lay buried Long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principle away:
Had I but staid, and not began revenge.

Till

Till thou had'st made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have kill'd :

As wantons entring a Garden, take
The first faire flower, they meet, and
Treasure't in their laps.

Then seeing more, do make fresh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The first poor flower o're-charg'd, with too much weight
Withers, and dies :

So hast thou dealt with mee,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill —

Orb. Hold — hold —

Not for my sake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And single death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.

Find out a way to make me long a dying;
For death's no punishment, it is the sense,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death;
To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my selfe;
Are deaths farre worse than any you can give:
Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this soule of mine with teares,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh
In love with it, and so perchance I should

(*her head.*

Again come to deceive you. *She rises up weeping, & hanging down*

Sir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformitie:

And so the prettie flowers blubber'd with dew,
And ever washt with raine, hang downe their heads,
I must not looke upon her: (*Goes towards him.*)

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh
As are the Roses; had I but innocence
Joyn'd to their blushes, I should then be bold,
For when they went on begging they were ne're deni'de,
'Tis but a parting kisse Sir —

Sir. I dare not grant it. —

Orb. Your hand Sir then, for that's a part I shall

Love

Love after death (if after death we love)

'Cause it did right the wrong'd Zorannes, here—

Steps to him, and opens the box of poyson, Zorannes falls.

Sleepe, sleepe for ever, and forgotten too,

All but thy ills, which may succeeding time

Remember, as the Sea-man does his marks,

To know what to avoyd, may at thy name

All good men start, and bad too, may it prove

Infection to the Aire, that people dying of it *(rises).*

May help to curse thee for me. *(Turns to the body of A-*

Could I but call thee back as eas'ly now;

But that's a Subject for our teares, not hopes!

There is no piecing Tulips to their stalks,

When they are once divorc'd by a rude hand;

All we can doe is to preserve in water

A little life, and give by couretous Art

What scanted Nature wants Commission for,

That thou shalt have: for to thy memorie

Such Tribute of moyst sorrow I will pay,

And that so purifi'd by love, that on thy grave

Nothing shall grow but Violets & Primroses,

Of which too, some shall be

Of the mysterious number, so that Lovers shall

Come thither not as to a tomb, but to an Oracle. *She knocks, and raises*

Enter Ladies and Courtiers, as out of their beds. she Court.

Orb. Come! come! help me to weep my selfe away,

And melt into a grave, for life is but

Repentance nurse, and will conspire with memorie,

To make my houres my tortures.

Ori. What Scene of sorrow's this? both dead?

Orb. Dead? I! and 'tis but halfe death's triumphs this,

The King and Prince lye somewhere, just

Such empty trunks as these.

Ori. The Prince?

Then in griefes burthen I must beare a part.

Sam. The noble *Ariaspes*—valiant *Ziriff* too. *(Weeps.)*

Orb. Weep'st thou for him, fond Prodigall? do'st know

On

On whom thou spend'st thy teares? this is the man
 To whom we owe our ills; the false *Zorannes*
 Disguis'd, not lost; but kept alive, by some *Enter Pasithas, surveys the bodies, finds*
 Incens'd Power, to punish *Persia*, thus: *his Master,*
 He would have kill'd me too, but Heav'n was just,
 And furnisht me with meanes, to make him pay
 This score of villanie, e're he could do more. *(her, and flies.)*
Pas. Were you his murth'rer then?-- *Pasithas runs at her, kills*

Ori. Ah me! the Queene.— *Rub her till she come to her*

Sem. How doe you Madam? *selfe.*

Orb. Well,— but I was better, and shall— *Dies.*

Sem. Oh! she is gone for ever.

Enter Lords in their night-gownes, Orsames, Philan.

Ors. What have we here?

A Church-yard? nothing but silence, and grave?

Ori. Oh! here has been (my Lords)

The blackest night the *Persian* world e're knew,
 The King and Prince are not themselves exempt
 From this arrest; but pale and cold, as these,
 Have measured out their lengths.

Lo. Impossible! which way?

Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you:

For while the Queene was telling of the Storie,
 An unknowne villaine here has hurt her so,
 That like a sickly Taper, she but made
 One flash, and so expir'd:

Enter tearing in Pasithas.

Phi. Here he is, but no confession.

Or. Torture must force him then:

Though 'Twill indeed, but weakly satisfie
 To know now they are dead, how they did die.

Phi. Come take the bodies up, and let us all
 Goe drowne our selves in teares, this massacre
 Has left so torne a State, that 'twill be policie
 Aswell as debt, to weep till we are blinde,

For who would see the miseries behinde?

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

OUr Play is done, and yours doth now begin :
What different Fancies, people now are in ?
How strange, and odd a mingle it would make,
If e're they rise ; 'twere possible to take
All votes. —

But as when an authentique watch is shorne,
Each man wixdes up, and rectifies his owne,
So in our very Judgements ; first there sits
A grave Grand Jurie on it of Towne-wits ;
And they give up their verdid ; then agin
The other Jurie of the Court comes in
(And that's of life and death) for each man sees
That oft condemnes, what th' other Jurie frees :
Some three dayes hence, the Ladies of the Towne
Will come to have a Judgement of their owne :
And after them, their servants ; then the Citie,
For that is modest, and is still last wittie.
'Twill be a weeke at least yet e're they have
Resolv'd to let it live, or give't a grave :
Such difficultie, there is to unite
Opinion ; or bring it to be right.

Epilogue for the Court.

SIR:

THat th' *abusing* of your eare's a crime,
Above th' *excuse* any six lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knowes: I am but sent
T' *intreat* hee may not be a President,
For hee does thinke that in this place there bee
Many have done't as much and more than hee;
But here's, he sayes, the difference of the Fates,
Hee begs a Pardon after't, they Estates.

FINIS.

AGLAURA.

REPRESENTED

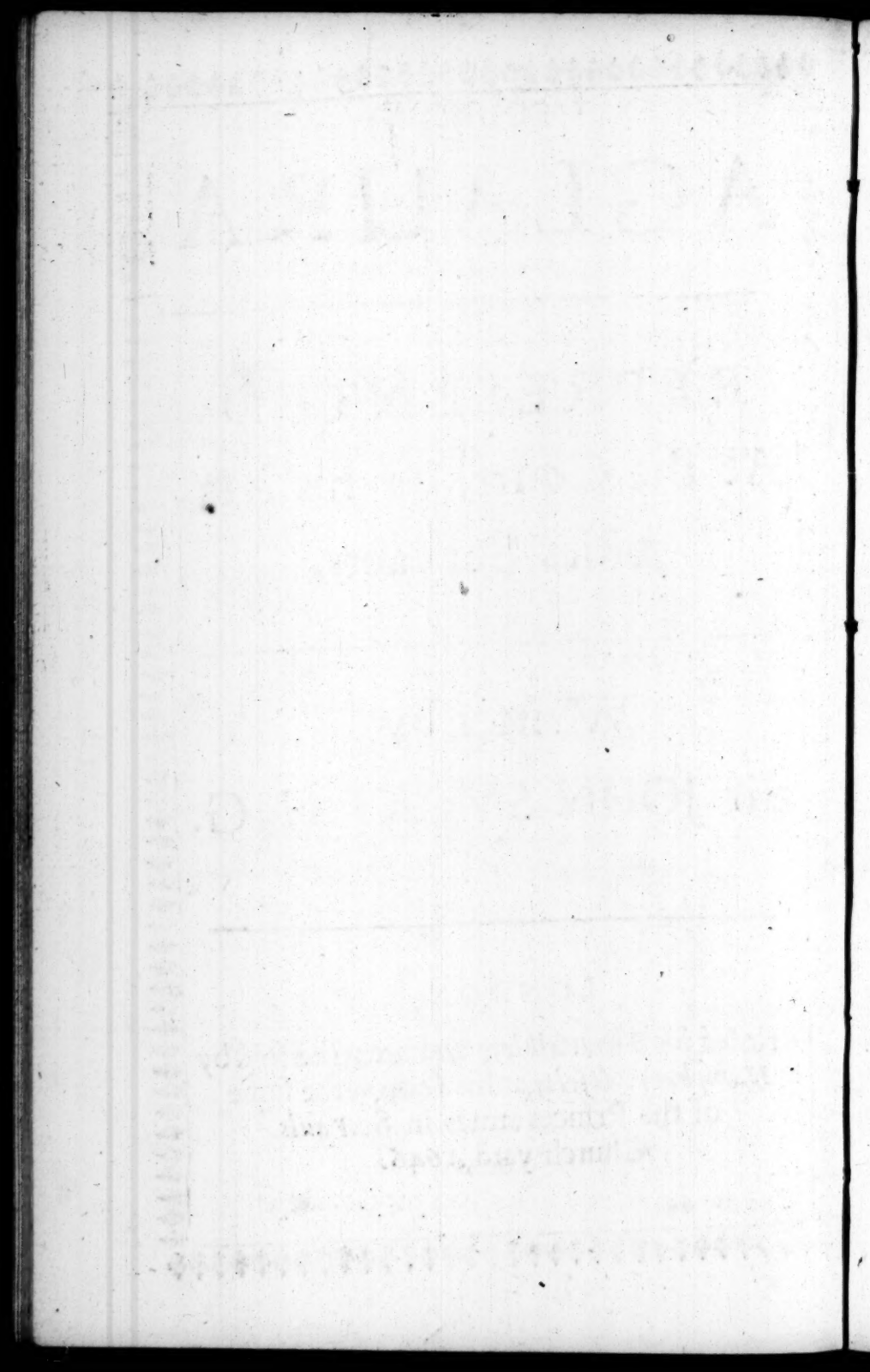
At the Court, by his Ma-
jesties Servants.

Written by

Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Walkley*, and are to be sold by
Humphrey Moseley, at his shop, at the signe
of the Princes armes in *St. Pauls*
Church-yard, 1646.



Prologue.

FOre love, a mighty Sessions : and I feare,
Though kind last Sizes, 'twill be now severe ;
For it is thought, and by iudicious men,
Aglaura 'scap't onely by dying then :
But 'twould be vaine for mee now to indeare,
Or speake unto my Lords, the Judges here,
They hold their places by condemning still,
And cannot shew at once mercie and skill ;
For wit's so cruell unto wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not want ith' play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a plot.
But where the Servant had his Mistresse got,
And whom to see a Lover dye it grieves,
Although 'tis in worse language that he lives,
Will like't w^e are confident, since here will bee,
That your Sex ever lik'd varietie.

Prologue to the Court.

TIs strange perchance (you'll thinke) that she that ^{di'de}
At Christmas, should at Easter be a Bride:
But 'tis a privilege the Poets have,
To take the long-since dead out of the grave :
Nor is this all, old Heroes a sleepe
'Twixt marble coverlets, and six foot deepe

In earth, they boldly wake, and make them doe
All they did living here — sometimes more too,
They give fresh life, reverse and alter Fate,
And yet more bold, Almighty-like create:
And out of nothing onely to deifie
Reason, and Reasons friend, Philosophie,
Fame, honour, valour, all that's great, or good,
Or is at least 'mongst us, so understood,
They give, heav'ns theirs, no handsome woman dies,
But if they please, is strait some star i' th' skies —
But oh — —

How those poore men of Meetre doe
Flatter themselves with that, that is not true,
And 'cause they can trim up a little prose,
And spoile it handsomly, vainly suppose
Th' are Omnipotent, can doe all those things
That can be done onely by Gods and Kings.
Of this wild guilt, hee faine would bee thought free,
That writ this Play, and therefore (Sir) by mee,
Hee humbly begs, you would be pleas'd to know,
Aglaure's but repriev'd this night, and though
Shee now appears upon a Poets call,
Shee's not to live, unlesse you say shee shall.

ACTUS



ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Enter Ziriff, Pasithas, and Guard: hee places 'em ;
and Exit. A State set out. Enter
Ziriff, Jolas, Ariaspes.*

Iol. **A** Glorious night !
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so.
Are wee not there yet ?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *They Enter the Cave.*
Ari. How now ! what region are we got into ?
Th'inheritance of night ;
Have wee not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And stept into the confines of some melancholy
Devils Territorie ?

Iol. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would not suffer any change.

Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobbie for the waiting womans.
Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past *(to the doore)*
Retreat: you know the word if it be the prince. *Ziriff gets*

Enter King.

Ziriff. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.

King. Is hee not come then ?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes* ?

Zir. Waiting within.

Iol. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this fellowes leaving of us.

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine owne nature too,
As jealous, as Love, or Honour ; weare thy sword
In readinesse, and thinke how neere we are a Crowne.

Zir. Revenge! —

Guard seisseth on'em.

King. Ha! what's this?

Zir. Bring them forth. —

Brings them forth.

Ari. The King.

Zir. Yes, and the Princes friend — *Discovers himselfe.*

D'you know this face?

King. Zorannes.

Zor. The very same,

The wrong'd Zorannes, — King —

D you stare, ———

Away with them where I appointed.

King. Traytours, let mee goe;

Villaine, thou dar'st not doe this —

Zor. Poore Counterfeit,

How faine thou now would'st act a King, and art not:

Stay you, ———

to Ariaspes.

Unhand him, ———

Whispers.

Leave us now. ——— *Exeunt. Manet Ariasp. Zoran.*

Ari. What does this meane?

Sure hee does intend the Crowne to mee.

Zor. Wee are alone,

Follow mee out of the wood, and thou shalt be

Master of this againe,

And then best arme and tittle take it.

Ari. Thy offer is so noble, in gratitude I cannot
But propound gentler conditions,
Wee will divide the Empire.

Zor. Now by my fathers soule,
I doe almost repent my first intents,
And now could kill thee scurvily, for thinking
If I had a minde to rule
I would not rule alone.
Let not thy easie faith (lost man)
Foole thee into so dull an heresie;
Orbella is our quarrell, & I have thought it fit,
That love should have a nobler way of Justice,
Than Revenge, or Treason.

If thou dar'st die handsomly, follow me. *Ex. And enter both again*

Zor. There, — *Gives him his sword.*

Ari. Extremely good ; Nature tooke paines I sweare,
The villaine and the brave are mingled handsomely : —

Zir. 'Twas Fate that tooke it, when it decreed
Wee two should meet, nor shall they mingle now,
Wee are but brought together strait to part. — *Fight.*

Ari. Some Devill sure has borrowed this shape,
My sword ne're staid thus long to finde an entrance.

Zir. To guiltie men, all that appeare is Devill ;
Come trisler come, — *Fight.*

Ari. Dog, thou hast it,

Zir. Why then it seemes my star's as great as his,
I smile at thee, *Ariaspes pants, and*
Thou now would'st have me kill thee, *(runs at him to catch*
And 'tis a courtesie I cannot afford thee, *(his sword*
I have bethought my selfe, there will be use
Of thee, — *Pasithas* — to the rest with him. *Exit.*

Enter Pasithas, and two of the Guard. — Exeunt.

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it should be late :
And sure by this time every waking eare
And watchfull eye is charm'd ; and yet mee thought
A noyse of weapons struck my eare just now.
'Twas but my Fancie sure, and were it more,
I would not tread one step, that did not lead
To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,
With lightning in their hands.

Danger, thou Dwarfie drest up in Giants clothes,
That shew'st far off still greater than thou art,
Goe, terrifie the simple, and the guiltie, such
As with false Opticks still doe looke upon thee :
But fright not Lovers, wee dare looke on thee
In thy worst shapes, and meet thee in them too. —
Stay these trees I made my marke, 'tis hereabouts,
— Love guide mee but right this night,
And Lovers shall restore thee back againe

Those

Those eyes the Poets tooke so boldly from thee. *Exit.*

A Taper Table out.

*Enter Aglaura, with a Torch in one hand,
a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand? much worse
This suits with this, one of the two should goe.
The shee within mee sayes, it must be this —
Honor sayes this — and honour is *Thersames* friend:
What is that shee then? is it not a thing
That sets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt,
Which when 'tas done, it cannot light me out.
For feare does drive to Fate, or Fate if wee
Doe flie, oretakes, and holds us, till or death,
Or infamie, or both doe seize us. — *Puts out the light.*
Ha! — would 'twere in agen. Antiques & strange mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my Soule, mine Eye,
Was ne're acquainted with, Fancie lets in,
Like a disrouted multitude, by some strange accident
Piec'd together, feare now afresh comes on,
And charges Love too home.

— Hee comes, he comes. — *A little noyse below.*

Woman, if thou would'st be the Subject
Of mans wonder, Not his scorne hereafter, —

— Now shew thy selfe.

*Enter Thersames from the vault, she stabs him
as hee riseth.*

Ther. Unkindly done —

Agl. The Princes voyce, defend it Goodnesse?

Ther. What art thou that thus poorely
Hast destroy'd a life?

Agl. Oh sad mistake, 'tis hee?

Ther. Hast thou no voyce?

Agl. I would I had not, nor a being neither.

Ther. *Aglaura*, it cannot be?

Agl. Oh still beleeeve so, Sir,
For 'twas not I Indeed, but fatall Love.

Ther.

Ther. Loves wounds us'd to be gentler than these were,
 The paines they give us have some pleasure
 In them, and that these have not. *Enter Ziriff with a taper.*
 Oh doe not say 'twas you, for that does wound agen:
 Guard me my better Angell,
 Doe I wake? my eyes (since I was man)
 Ne're met with any object gave them so much trouble,
 I dare not aske neither to be satisfied,
 Shee lookes so guiltily—

Agl. Why doe you stare and wonder at a thing
 That you your selfe have made thus miserable?

Zir. Good gods, and I o'the partie too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this night
 Meant to attempt my honour; that our condition
 Would not admit of middle wayes, and that we must
 Send them to graves, or lye our selves in dust?

Zir. Unfortunate mistake? *Ziriff knocks.*

I never did intend our safety by thy hands: *Enter Pasithas.*
Pasithas, goe instantly and fetch *Andrages*
 From his bed; how is it with you Sir?

Ther. As with the besieg'd:
 My soule is so beset it does not know,
 Whether't had best to make a desperate
 Sally out by this port or not?

Agl. Sure I shall turne statue here.

Ther. If thou do'st love me, weepe not *Aglaura*:
 All those are drops of bloud and flow from me.

Zir. Now all the gods defend this way of expiation,
 Think'st thou thy crime, *Aglaura* would be lesse,
 By adding to it? or canst thou hope
 To satisfie those powers, whom great sins
 Doe displease, by doing greater.

Agl. Discourteous courtesie!

I had no other meanes left mee than this,
 To let *Thersames* know I would doe nothing
 To him, I would not doe unto my selfe,
 And that thou takest away.

Ther.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little neerer,
 I find a kind of willingnesse to stay,
 And find that willingnesse something obey'd.
 My blood now it perswades it selfe
 You did not call in earnest,
 Makes not such hast. —

Agl. Oh my dearest Lord,
 This kindnesse is so full of crueltie,
 Puts such an ugliness on what I have done,
 That when I looke upon it, needs must fright
 Me from my selfe, and which is more insufferable.
 I feare from you. (mee?)

Ther. Why should that fright thee, which most comforts
 I glorie in it, and shall smile i'th' grave
 To thinke our love was such, that nothing
 But it selfe could e're destroy it.

Agl. Destroy it? can it have ever end?
 Will you not be thus courteous then in the other world?
 Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may or not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:

The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here,
 And when thou art more pure
 Why should I not more doubt it?

Agl. Because if I shall be more pure,
 I shall be then more fit for you.
 Our Priests assure us an *Elysium*,
 And can that be *Elysium* where true Lovers
 Must not meet? Those Powers that made our loves,
 Did they intend them mortall,
 Would sure have made them of a courser stuffe,
 Would they not my Lord? —

Ther. Prethee speake still,
 This musique gives my soule such pleasing businesse,
 Takes it so wholly up, it findes not leisure to
 Attend unto the summons death does make;

Yet

Yet they are loud and peremptorie now,
And I can onely —

Faints.

Agl. Some pitying Power inspire me with
A way, to follow him : heart wilt thou not
Breake it of thy selfe.

Zir. My grietes besot me :
His soue will faile out with this purple tide,
And I shall here be found staring
After't. like a man that's come too short o'th' ship,
And's left behind upon the land. *Shee swounes.*

Enter Andrages.

Oh welcome, welcome, here lyes *Andrages*
Alas too great a triall for thy art.

And. There's life in him: from whence these wounds?

Zir. Oh 'tis no time for storie.

And. 'Tis not mortall my Lord, bow him gently,
And help me to infuse this into him;
The soue is but asleepe, and not gone forth.

Ther. Oh — ho: —

Zir. Hearke, the Prince does live.

Ther. What e're thou art hast given me now a life,
And with it all my cares and miseries,
Expect not a reward. no not a thanks.
If thou would'st merit from me,
(Yet wh would be guilty of so lost an action)
Restore me to my quietnesse agen,
For life and that are most incompatible.

Zir. Still in despaire :

I did not thinke till now 'twas in the power
Of Fortune to have robb'd *Thersames* of himselfe,
For pitie, Sir, and reason live ;
If you will die die not *Aglaura's* murther'd,
That's not so handsome : at least die not
Her murthered, and her murtherer too ;
For that will surely follow. Locke up, Sir,
This violence of Fortune cannot last ever :
Who knowes but all these clouds are shadowes,

To

To set off your fairer dayes, if it growes blacker,
And the stormes doe rise, this harbour's alwayes open.

Ther. What say'st thou *Aglaura*?

Agl. What sayes *Andrages*?

And. Madam, would Heaven his mind would admit
As easie cure, as his body will,
'Twas onely want of blood,
And two houres rest restores him to himselfe.

Zir. And by that time it may be Heaven
Will give our miseries some ease:
Come Sir, repose upon a bed,
There's time enough to day,

Ther. Well, I will still obey,
Though I must feare it will be with me,
But as 'tis with tortured men,
Whom States preserve onely to wrack agen.

Exeunt.

Take off table.

Enter Zirist with a taper.

Zir. All fast too, here
They sleepe to night
I'their winding sheets, I thinke, there's such
A generall quiet.

Oh! here's light I warrant you:
For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age.
Courting her glasse, I swear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shall see trulier what you are. *He knocks. Enter Queen.*

Orb. What make you up at this strange houre, my Lord?

Zir. My businesse is my boldnesse warrant,
(Madam)

And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. 'Tis a sad Prologue,
What followes in the name of vertue?

Zir. The King—

Orb. I: what of him? is well, is he not?

Zir. Yes,—

If to be on's journey to the other world

Be

Be to be well, hee is.

Orb. Why he's not dead, is he ?

Zir. Yes, Madam, dead.

Orb. How ? where ?

Zir. I doe not know particulars.

Orb. Dead !

Zir. Yes (Madam.)

Orb. Art sure hee's dead ?

Zir. Madam, I know him as certainly dead,
As I know you too must die hereafter.

Orb. Dead !

Zir. Yes, dead.

Orb. We must all die.

The Sisters spin no cables for us mortalls ;

Th'are threds ; and Time, and chance—

Trust me I could weep now,

But watrie distillations doe but ill on graves,

They make the lodging colder. *Shee knocks.*

Zir. What would you Madam ?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord ;

I would consult and know what's to be done.

Zir. (Madam) 'tis not so safe to raise the Court ;

Things thus unsetled, if you please to have—

Orb. Where's *Ariaspes* ?

Zir. In's dead sleepe by this time sure,

Orb. I know he is not ! find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone, — *Turnes back againe.*

But Madam, why make you choyce of him, from whom

If the succession meet disturbance,

All must come of danger ?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be

Jealous ; Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me (Madam) if before I goe

I must unlock a secret to you ; such a one

As while the King did breathe durst know no airt,

Zorannes lives,

Orb. Ha !

Zir.

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this
Has lingred out a life, snatching, to feed
His almost famish'd eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And doe so still; 'tis now within your power!

Orb. I would it were, my Lord, but I am now
No private woman, if I did love him once,
(as 'tis so long agoe, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuse it?

Orb. Yes, excuse it Sir.

Zir. Though I confesse I lov'd his father much,
And pitie him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts: I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeale shall stray no further.

(Your pardon Madam:) *Exit.*

Orb. May be 'tis but a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatnesse which he must feare, because he knowes
Hee hates him: for these great States-men,
That when time has made boid with the King
And Subject, throwing downe all fence
That stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons comming in with flouds,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the returne to every one a prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Looke here vaine thing and see thy sins full blown:
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworne by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My selfe almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principle away:— *Prompt.*

As wantons entring a Garden, take

The first faire flower they meet, and
Treasur't in their laps.

Then seeing more, doe make fresh choyce agen,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The first poor flower o're-charg'd, with too much weight
Withers and dies :

So hast thou dealt with me,
And having kill'd me first, I will kill —

Orb. Hold — hold —

Not for my sake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And single death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.

Find out a way to make me long a dying ;
For death's no punishment, it is the sense,
The paines and feares afore that makes a death :
To thinke what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my selfe ;

Are deaths farre worse than any you can give :

Yet kill me quickly, for if I have time,
I shall so wash this soule of mine with teares,

Make it so fine, that you would be afresh

In love with it, and so perchance I should *(her head.*
Again come to deceive you. *She rises up weeping, & hanging down*

Zir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformitie :

And so the prettie flowers blubber'd with dew,

And over washt with raine, hang downe their heads,

I must not looke upon her : *(Queen Goes towards him.)*

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh

As are the Roses ; had I but innocence

Joyn'd to these blushes, I should then be bold,

For when they went a begging they were ne're deni'd,

'Tis but a parting kisse Sir —

Enter Pasithas, and two Guard.

Zin. I dare not grant it. — *Pasithas* — away with her.

A bed put out. Ther flames and Aglaura on it, Andrages by.

Ther. Shee wake't me with a sigh,

And yet shee sleepes her selfe, Sweet Innocence,

Can it be sinne to love this shape,
 And if it be not, why am I persecuted thus?—
 Shee sighs agen, sleepe that drownes all cares,
 Cannot I see charme loves? blest pillowes,
 Through whose finenesse does appeare
 The Violets, Lillies. and the Roses
 You are stult withall, to whose softnesse
 I owe the sweet of this repose,
 Permit me to leave with you this,— *(wakes.*
Kisses them, shee
 See if I have not wake't her,
 Sure I was borne, *Aglaura*, to destroy
 Thy quiet.

Agl. Mine, my Lord,
 Call you this drownsinesse a quiet then?
 Beleeve me, Sir, 'twas an intruder I much
 Struggled with, and have to thanke a dreame,
 Not you, that it thus left me.

Ther. A dreame! what dreame, my Love?

Agl. I dreamp't (Sir) it was day,
 And the feare you should be found here.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Awake; how is it with you, Sir?

Ther. Well, extreamly well, so well, that had I now
 No better a remembrancer than paine,
 I should forget I e're was hurt,
 Thanks to Heav'n, and good *Andrages*.

Zir. And more than thanks I hope we yet shall
 Live to pay him. How old's the night?

And. Far-spent I feare, my Lord.

Zir. I have a cause that should be heard
 Yet ere day breake and I must needs intreat
 You Sir to be the Judge in't.

Ther. What cause *Zorannes*?

Zir. When you have promis'd — *(Zorannes.*

Ther. 'Twere hard I should deny thee any thing.— *Exit*
 Know'st thou, *Andrages*, what he meanes?

And. Nor cannot ghesse, Sir, — *Draw in the bed.*
 I

I read a trouble in his face, when first
Hee left you, but understood it not.

*Enter Zorannes, King Ariaspes, Jolas, Queens
and two or three Guard.*

Zor. Have I not pitcht my nets like a good Huntsman?
Looke, Sir, the noblest of the Herd are here.

Ther. I am astonished.

Zor. This place is yours. — *Helps him up.*

Ther. What wouldst thou have me doe.

Zor. Remember, Sir, your promise,
I could doe all I have to doe, alone;
But Justice is not Justice unlesse't be justly done:
Here then I will begin, for here began my wrongs.
This woman (Sir) was wondrous faire, and wondrous
Kinde, — I, faire and kind, for so the storie runs,
She gave me looke for looke, and glance for glance,
And every sigh like eccho's was return'd,
Wee sent up vow by vow, promise on promise,
So thick and strangely multiplyed,
That sure we gave the heavenly Registers
Their businesse, and other mortalls oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others paines,
Each others joyes, thought the same thought,
And spoke the very same;
Wee were the same, and I have much adoe
To thinke she could be ill, and I not
Be so too, and after this, all this (Sir)
Shee was false, lov'd him, and him,
And had I not begun revenge,
Till she had made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdome to have killd,
What does this deserve?

Ther. A punishment he best can make
That suffered the wrong.

Zor. I thanke you, Sir,
For him I will not trouble you,
His life is mine, I won it fairly,

And his is yours, he lost it foully to you —
To him (Sir) now :

A man so wicked that he knew no good,
But so as't made his sins the greater for't.
Those ills, which singly acted bred despaire
In others, he acted daily, and né're thought
Upon them.

The grievance each particular has against him
I will not meddle with, it were to give him
A long life, to give them hearing,
I'll onely speake my owne.

First then the hopes of all my youth,
And a reward which Heaven had settled on me,
(If holy contracts can doe any thing)
He ravisht from me, kill'd my father,
Aglaura's father, Sir, would have whor'd my sister,
And murther'd my friend, this is all :
And now your sentence, Sir.

Ther. We have no punishment can reach these crimes;
Therefore 'tis justest sure to send him where
Th'are wittier to punish than we are here :
And cause repentance oft stops that proceeding,
A sudden death is sure the greatest punishment.

Zor. I humbly thanke you Sir.

(selfe

King. What a strange glasse th'have shew'd me now my
In ; our sins like to our shadowes,
When our day is in its glorie scarce appear'd,
Towards our evening how great and monstrous
They are.

Zor. Is this all you have to say ? —

Drawes.

Ther. Hold : — now goe you up.

Zor. What meane you, Sir ?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you, —

That all thy accusations are just,
I must acknowledge,

And to these crimes, I have but this t'oppose,
Hee is my Father, and thy Sovereigne. —

'Tis wickednesse (deare Friend) wee goe about
 to punish, and when w'have murther'd him,
 What difference is there 'twixt him and
 Our selves, but that hee first was wicked? —
 Thou now would'st kill him 'cause he kill'd thy Father,
 And when th'ha'st kill'd, have not I the selfe same
 Quarrell?

Zor. Why Sir, you know you would your selfe
 Have done it,

Ther. True : and therefore 'tis I beg his life,
 There was no way for mee to have
 Redeem'd th'intent, but by a reall
 Saving of it.

If he did ravish from thee thy *Orbella*,
 Remember that that wicked issue had
 A noble parent Love, — Remember
 How he lov'd *Zorannes* when he was *Ziriff*, —
 Ther's something due to that.

*Beready Courtiers, and
 Guard, with their
 swords drawne, at the
 breasts of the Prisoners.*

If you must needs have bloud for your revenge, (away.
 Take it here — despise it not *Zorannes*: *Zorannes turnes*
 The gods themselves, whose greatnesse
 Makes the greatnesse of our sins,
 And heightens'em above what wee can doe
 Unto each other, accept of sacrifice
 For what wee doe 'gainst them,
 Why should not you, and 'tis much thriftier too :
 You cannot let out life there, but my honour
 Goes, and all the life you can take here,
 Posterity will give mee back agen ;
 See, *Aglaura* weepes :

That would have beene ill Rhetorique in mee,
 But where it is, it cannot but perswade.

Zor. Th'have thaw'd the ice about my heart ;
 I know not what to doe.

King. Come downe come downe, I will be King agen,
 There's none so fit to be the Judge of this
 As I ; the life you shew'd such zeale to save,

I here

I here could willingly returne you back ;
But that's the common price of all revenge.

*Enter Guard, Orsames, Philan, Courtiers,
Orithie, Semanthe.*

Jol. Ari. Ha, ha, ha : how they looke now ?

Zor. Death : what's this ?

Ther. Betray'd agen ;

All th'ease our Fortune gives our miseries is hope,
And that still proving false, growes part of it.

King. From whence this Guard ? (soners,

Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while we were his pri-
One of his owne to raise the Court ; shallow soules,
That thought wee could not countermine,
Come Sir, y'are in good posture to dispatch them.

King. Lay hold upon his instrument :
Fond man, do'st thinke I am in love with villany ?
All the service they can doe mee here
Is but to let these see the right I doe
Them now is unconstrain'd, then thus I doe proceed.
Upon the place *Zoramus* lost his life,
I vow to build a tomb, and on that tomb
I vow to pay three whole yeares penitence,
If in that time I finde that heaven and you
Can pardon ; I shall finde agen the way
To live amongst you.

Ther. Sir be not so cruell to your selfe, this is an age, —

King. 'Tis now irrevocable, thy Fathers lands
I give thee back agen, and his commands ;
And with them, leave to weare the Tyara,
That man there has abus'd. —

To you *Orbella*,

Who it seemes are foule as well as I,
I doe prescribe the selfe same physick
I doe take my selfe :

But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnerie.

Orb. Above my hopes.

King.

King. For you, who still have beene
The ready instrument of all my cruelties,
And there have cancell'd all the bonds of brother,
Perpetuall banishment : nor, should
This line expire, shall thy right have a place.

Ari. Hell and Furies. — *Exit.*

King. Thy crimes deserve no lesse; yet 'cause thou wert
Heavens instrument to save my life,
Thou onely hast that time of banishment, (*Kings hand*
I have of penitence. — *Comes down.* *Ziriff offers to kisse the*

Jol. May it be plague and famine here till I returne.
No : thou shalt not yet forgive mee :

King. *Aglaura*, thus I freely part with thee,
And part with all fond flames and warme desires,
I cannot feare new agues in my bloud,
Since I have overcome the charmes.
Thy beauty had; no other ever can
Have so much power, *Thersames*, thou look'st pale,
Is't want of rest?

(*whisper.*

Ther. No Sir; but that's a storie for your care — *They*

Orf. A strange and happy change.

Ori. All joyes wait on you ever.

Agl. Orisbie

How for thy sake now could I wish
Love were no Mathematick point,
But would admit division, that *Thersames* might,
Though at my charge, pay thee the debt he owes thee.

Ori. Madam, I loved the Prince, not my selfe ;
Since his vertues have their full rewards,
I have my full desires.

King. What miracles of preservation have wee had ?
How wisely have the stars prepar'd you for felicitie ?
Nothing endearas a good more than the contemplation
Of the difficultie wee had to attaine to it :
But see, Nights Empire's out,
And a more glorious auspiciously does begin ;
Let us goe serve the gods, and then prepare

For

For jollitie, this day Ile borrow from my vowes:
 Nor shall it have a common celebration;
 Since't must be,
 A high record to all posteritie. — *Exennt omnes.*

Epilogue.

PLays are like Feasts, and every Art should bee
 Another Course, and still Varietie:
 But in good faith provision of wit
 Is growne of late so difficult to get,
 That doe wee what wee can, wee are not able,
 Without cold meats to furnish out the Table.
 Who knowes but it was needlesse too? may bee
 'Twas here, as in the Coach-mans trade; and hee
 That turnes in the least compasse, shewes most Art:
 How e're, the Poet hopes (Sir) for his part,
 You'll like not those so much, who shew their skill
 In entertainment, as who shew their will.

FINIS.

13437
3
THE
GOBLINS

A Comedy.

Presented at the Private House in Black:
Fryers, by His *Majesties* servants.

WRITTEN
By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be
sold at his shop, at the Signe of the Prin-
ces Armes in *S^t Pauls Churchyard*.

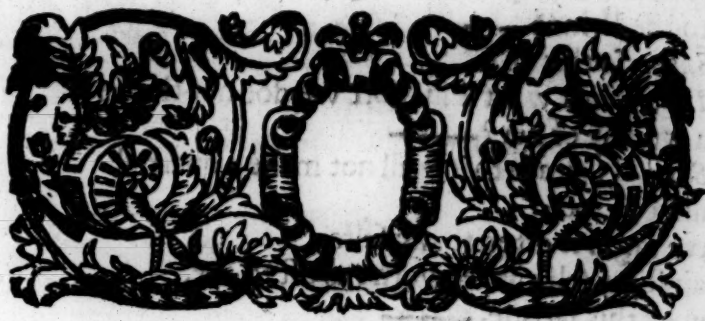
MDCXLVI.



PROLOGUE.



*It in a Prologue, Poets justly may
Stile a new imposition on a Play. (Stage,
When Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher rul'd the
There scarce were ten good pallats in the age,
More curious Cooks then guests ; for men would eat
Most hartily of any kind of meat,
And then what strange variety each Play,
A Feast for Epicures, and that each day.
But marke how odly it is come about,
And how unluckily it now falls out :
The pallats are growne, higher number increas't,
And there wants that which should make up the Feast ;
And yet yare so unconscionable. You'd have
Forsooth of late, that which they never gave,
Banquets before ; and after. ———
Now pox on him that first good Prologue writ,
He left a kind of rent charge upon wit ;
Which if succceding Poets faile to pay,
They forfeit all their worth, and thats their play :
T' have Ladies humors, and yare growne to that,
You will not like the man lesse that his boots and hat
Be right ; no play, unlesse the Prologue be,
And Epilogue writ to curiositie.
Well (Gentiles) 'tis the grievance of the place,
And pray consider't, for here's just the case ;
The richnesse of the ground is gone and spent,
Mens braines grow barren, and you raise the Rent.*



Francelia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter as to a Duell :

Samorat, Philatell, Torcular.

Samorat,



Ut my Lords,
May not this harsh businesse
Yet be left undone ! (ster ;
Must you hate me because I love your si-
And can you hate at no lesse rate then
Phil. No, at no lesse : (death ?
Thou art the blaster of our fortunes,

The envious cloud that darknest all our day,
While she thus prodigally, and fondly
Throwes away her love on thee ;

A 2

She

She has not wherewithall to pay a debt
Unto the Prince. ———

Sam. Is this all?

Tor. Faith, what if in short we doe not thinke
You worthy of her? ———

Sam. I sweare that shall not make a quarrell.
I thinke so too;
'Have urg'd it often to my selfe;
Against my selfe have I sworn't as oft to her,
Pray let this satisfie. ———

Phil. Sure (*Torcular*) he thinks we come to talke
Looke you Sir; ——— *drawes.*
And brother since his friend has fail'd him,
Doe you retire.

Tor. Excuse me (*Philatell*)
I have an equall interest in this,
And fortune shall decide it. ———

Phil. It will not need, hee's come. ———

Enter *Orsabin.*

Orf. *Mercury* protect me! what are these?
The brothers of the high-way! ———

Phil. A stranger by his habit. ———

Tor. And by his looks a Gentleman,
Sir, ——— will you make one!
We want a fourth. ———

Orf. I shall be rob'd with a tricke now!

Sam. My Lords excuse me!

This is not civill.

In what concernes my selfe,
None but my selfe must suffer. ———

Orf. A duell by this light, ———
Now has his modestie,

And t'others forwardnes warm'd me. ——— *goes towards them.*
Gentlemen, I weare a sword,
And commonly in readines,
If you want one, speake Sir. ——— to *Samorat.*

I doe not feare much suffering.

Sam. Y're noble Sir,
I know not how t'invite you to it;

Yet, there is Justice on my side,
And since you please to be a witnesse
To our actions, 'tis fit you know our Story.

Orf. No Story Sir I beseech you,
The cause is good enough as 'tis,
It may be spoild i'th telling.

Phil. Come we trifle then.

Sam. It is impossible to preserve I see
My honor and respect to her.
And since you know this too my Lord,
It is not handsome in you thus to presse me,
But come.

Torcular beckens to *Orfabrin*.

Oh ! I understand you Sir. *Exeunt.*

Philatell and *Samoratt* fight.

Phil. In posture still.

Oh, y're mortall then it seemes. *A slight wound.*

Sam. Thou hast undone thy selfe rash man,
For with this bloud thou hast let out a spirit
Will vex thee to thy grave.

Fight agen, *Samorat* takes away *Philatells* sword,
and takes breath, then gives it him.

Sam. I'm coole agen,
Here my Lord.

And let this Present bind your friendship.

Phil. Yes thus. *Runs at him.*

Sam. Treacherous, and low.

Enter *Orfabrin*,

Orf. I have dril'd my gentleman,
I have made as many holes in him
As would sinke a Ship Royall
In fight of the Haven :
How now ?

Samorat upon his knee.

S'foot yonder's another going that way too. —
 Now have I forgot of which side I'm on,
 No matter.

I'll help the weakest;
 There's some Justice in that.

Phil. The Villaine sure has slaine my brother.
 If I have any friends above,
 Guide now my hand unto his heart. — *Orfabrin puts it by.*

Sam. Hold noble youth!
 Destroy me not with kindnesse:
 Men will say he could have kil'd me,
 And that injustice should not be.
 For honours sake, leave us together. —

Orf. 'Tis not my businesse fighting — *puts up.*
 Th' employment's yours Sir:
 If you need me,
 I am within your call.

Sam. The gods reward thee: —
 Now *Philatell* thy worst. — *They fight agen, and close, Samo:*
Enter Orfabrin. *(forces his sword)*

Orf. Hell and the Furies are broke loose upon us,
 Shift for your selfe Sir. — *Flies into the woods severall*
Enter Torcular, weak with bleeding. *(ways pursued by Theeves*
in Devils habits.)

Tor. It will not be, —
 My body is a Jade:
 I feele it tire, and languish under me.
 Those thoughts came to my soule
 Like Screech-owles to a sick mans window. —

Enter Theeves back agen.

Thee. Here — here —

Tor. Oh! I am fetcht away alive. — *Exeunt.* *{ They bind him, and*
carry him away.

Enter Orfabrin.
Orf. Now the good gods preserve my senses right,
 For they were never in more danger:
 'Tth name of doubt, what could this be?
 Sure 'twas a Conjuror I dealt withall:

And

And while I thought him busie at his praiers,

'Twas at his circle, levying this Regiment.

Heere they are agen. _____

Enter *Samoratt*.

Sam. Friend _____ Stranger _____ Noble youth _____

Orf. Heere _____ heere _____

Sam. Shift, shift the place,

The wood is dangerous,

As you love safety,

Follow me, _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter *Philatell*.

Phi. Th' have left the place,

And yet I cannot find the body any where _____

May be he did not kill him then,

But he recover'd strength,

And reacht the Towne _____

_____ It may be not too. _____

Oh that this houre could be call'd backe agen.

_____ But 'tis too late,

And time must cure the wound that's given by fate. — *Exit.*

Enter *Samoratt*, *Orfabrin*.

Orf. I'th shape of Lions too sometimes,

And Beares ? _____

Sam. Often Sir. _____

Orf. Pray unriddle. _____

Sam. The wiser sort doe thinke them Theeves,

Which but assume these formes to rob

More powerfully. _____

Or. Why does not then the State

Set out some forces and suppress them ?

Sam. It often has (Sir) but without successe. _____

Or. How so ? _____

Sam. During the time those leavies are abroad,

Not one of them appears,

There have been

That have attempted underground ;

But of those, as of the dead

There has been no returne. _____

Or. Strange.

Sam. The common people thinke them a race

Of honest and familiar Devills,

For they do hurt to none,

Unlesse resisted ;

They seldome take away, but with exchange ;

And to the poore they often give,

Returne the hurt, and sicke recover'd

Reward, or punish, as they do find cause. _____

Or. How cause ? _____

Sar. Why Sir, they blind still those they take,

And make them tell the stories of their lives,

Which known, they do accordingly. _____

Or. You make me wonder ! Sir, _____

How long is't since they thus have troubled you?

Sam. It was immediately upon

The great deciding day, fought

'Twixt the two pretending families,

The *Samorats*, and the *Orsabrins*.

Or. Ha ! *Orsabrin* ?

Sam. But Sir, that storie's sad, and tedious,

We're entring now the Town,

A place lesse safe then were the Woods,

Since *Torcular* is slaine. _____

Or. How Sir ? _____

Sam. Yes. _____

He was the Brother to the Princes Mistris,

The lov'd one too.

If wee do prize our selves at any rate,

We must embarque, and change the clime,

There is no safety here. _____

Or. Hum. _____

Sam. The little stay we make, must be

In some darke corner of the Towne :

From

From whence, the day hurried to th' other world,
 Wee'le fall out to order for our journey.
 That I am forc't to this, it grieves me not;
 But (gentle youth) that you should for my sake. —

Or. Sir, loose not a thought on that
 A storme at Sea threw me on Land,
 And now a Storme on Land drives me
 To Sea agen. —

Sav. Still noble, ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Nassurat, Pellagrin.

Na. Why; suppose 'tis to a Wench,
 You would not goe with me, would you? —

Pella. To chuse, ——— to chuse, ———

Na. Then there's no remedy. ——— *Flings down his hat.*

Pella. What doest meane? ——— *(unbuttons himself)*

Na. Why? since I cannot leave you alive, *(drawes.)*
 I will trie to leave you dead.

Pella. I thanke you kindly Sir, very kindly.

Now the Sedgly curse upon thee,
 And the great Fiend, ride through thee
 Booted and Spur'd, with a Sith on his necke;
 Pox on thee, I'le see thee hang'd first;
 S'foot, you shall make none of your fine
 Points of honour, up at my charge:
 Take your course if you be so hot.

Be doing, ——— be doing, ——— *Ex.*

Na. I am got free of him at last:

There was no other way;

H'as been as troublesome as a woman that
 Would be lov'd, whether a man would or not:

And h'as watcht me as if he had been

My Creditors Sergeant. If they should have dispatcht

In the meane time, there would be fine

Opinions of me. ——— I must cut his throat

In earnest, if it should be so. ——— *Ex.*

Enter

Enter *Theeves*, A home sounds.

Th. A prize _____ A prize _____ A prize _____

Perid. Some duell (*Sir*) was faught this morning, this
Weakned with losse of blood, we tooke, the rest
Escap't. _____

Tamoren. Hee's fitter for our Surgeon, then for us,
Hereafter wee'll examine him _____

Agan a shout.

Thee. A prize _____ A prize _____ A prize _____

(They set them down) *Ardelan, Piraman.*

Tam. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,
See if they have mortall Sin,
Pinch them, as you dance about,
Pinch them till the truth come out. _____

Peri. What art ?

Ar. Extreemely poore, and miserable.

Per. 'Tis well, 'tis well, proceed,
No body will take that away from thee,
Feare not, _____ what Country ? _____

Ar. _____ *Francelia* _____

Per. Thy name ? _____

Ar. *Ardelan.* _____

Per. And thine, _____

Pir. *Piraman.* _____

Per. Thy story, _____ come _____

Ar. What story ! _____

Per. Thy life, thy life. _____ (Pinch him)

Ar. Hold, hold, _____

You shall have it ; _____ (he sighs)

It was upon the great defeat

Given by the *Samorais* unto the *Orfabrins*,
That the old Prince for safety of the young,
Committed him unto the trust of *Garradan*,
And some few servants more,
'Mongst whom I fil'd a place. _____

Tam. Ha ! *Garradan* !

Ar.

Ar. Yes.

Tam. Speake out, and set me nearer;
So; void the place, proceed. _____

Ar. We put to Sea, but had scarce lost the sight
Of Land, ere we were made a prey
To Pirates, there *Garradan*
Resisting the first Boord, chang'd life with death;
With him the servants too, _____
All but my selfe and *Pirament*.
Under these Pirats ever since
Was *Orfabrin* brought up,
And into severall Countries did they carry him.

Tam. Knew *Orfabrin* himselfe? _____

Ar. Oh! no, his spirit was too great;
We durst not tell him any thing,
But waited for some accident
Might throw us on *Francelia*,
'Bout which we hover'd often,
And we were neere it now,
But Heaven decreed it otherwise: _____ (he sighs)

Tam. Why dost thou sigh? _____

Ar. Why do I sigh? (indeed,)
For teares cannot recall him;
Last night about the second watch, the
Winds broke loose,
And vext our Ships so long,
That it began to reele and totter,
And like a drunken man,
Took in so fast his liquor,
That it sunke downe i'th place. _____

Tam. How did you scape? _____

Ar. I bound my selfe unto a maste,
And did advise my Master to do so,
For which he struck me only,
And said I did consult too much with feare. _____

Tam. 'Tis a sad story. _____ (within there)

Let

Let them have Wine and
Fire, _____ but hearke you, _____ (*Whispers*)

Enter *Theeves*.

With a *Poet*.

The. A Prize. — A prize, — A prize. _____

Per. Set him downe, _____

Poet. _____ Sings. _____

— And for the blew, _____

Give him a Cup of Sacke 'twill mend his hew. _____

Per. Drunke as I live. _____ (*Pinch him, pinch him.*)

What art ? _____

Poet. I am a Poet,

A poore dabler in Rime. _____

Per. Come confesse, confesse ;

Poet. I do confesse, I do want money.

Per. By the description hee's a Poet indeed.

Well proceed. _____ (*Pinch him*)

Poet. What d'you meane ? _____

Pox on you.

Prethee let me alone,

Some Candles here, _____

And fill us t'other Quart, and fill us

Rogue, Drawer, the t'other Quart,

Some small Beere. _____

And for the blew,

Give him a Cup of Sack 'twill mend his hew. ---

Tam. Set him by till hee's sober,

Come lett's go see our Duellist

Drest. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter *Taylor*, two Sergeants.

Tay. Hae's something tall, and for his Chin,

It has no bafh below :

Marry a little wooll, as much as an unripe

Peach doth weare ;

Just enough to speake him drawing towards a man. _____

Ser. Is he of furie ?

Will

Will he foine,
And give the mortall touch?

Tay. Oh no!

He seldome weares his Sword,

Ser. *Topo* is the word if he do,

Thy debt, my little *Mirmidon*.

Tay. A yard and a halfe I assure you without abatement.

Ser. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:

Is he retired into this house of pleasure?

Tay. One of these hee's entred;

'Tis but a little waiting,

You shall find me at the next Taverne. _____ *Exit.*

Ser. Stand close, I here one comming.

Enter *Orsabin*.

Or. This house is sure no *Seminary* for *Lucreces*,
Then the Matron was so over diligent,
And when I ask't for meate or drinke,
Shee look't as if I had mistooke my selfe,
And cald for a wrong thing,
Well I 'tis but a night, and part of it I'll spend
In seeing of this Towne,
So famous in our Tales at Sea. _____

Ser. Looke, looke, muffled, and as melancholy after't
As a Gamester upon losse; upon him, upon him,

Or. How now my friends,
Why do you use me thus?

Ser. Quietly; 'twill be your best way

Or. Best way? for what?

Ser. Why, 'tis your best way,
Because there will be no other,
Topo is the word,
And you must along. _____

Or. Is that the word?

Why then, this is my Sword _____ (*Run away*)

Ser. Murder, murder, murder;
H'as kil'd the Princes Officer,

Murde

Murder — Murder — Murder. —

Or. I must not stay,

I heare them swarme. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Constable, People.

Con. Where is he, where is he?

Ser. Here, — here — oh a Manmender,

A Manmender,

Has broacht me in so many places,

All the Liquor in my body will run out.

Con. In good sooth (neighbour) has tapt you at the
Wrong end too;

He has been busie with you here behind;

As one would say, lend a hand, some of you,

And the rest follow me. ————— *Exeunt*

Enter Orsabrín.

Or. Still pursu'd!

Which way now?

I see no passage;

I must attempt this wall, ———

Oh — a luckie doore.

And open. ————— *Exit.*

Enters agen.

Where am I now?

A garden, and a handsome house,

It's be thy will a Porch too't,

And I'm made;

'T will be the better lodging of the two. ——— (*goes to the Porch*)

Enter Maid.

Phemilia. Oh! welcome, welcome Sir,
My Lady hath been in such frights for you.

Or. Hum! for me? ———

Phe. And thought you would not come to night:

Or. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her:

Phe. Shee's in the Gallery alone i'th darke.

Or. Good, very good.

Phe. And is so melancholly, ———

Or.

Or. Hum. _____

Phe. Have you shut the Garden doores?
Come I'll bring you to her, enter, enter. _____

Or. Yes, I will enter:
He who has lost himselfe makes no great venter. — *Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Sabrina, Orsabin.

Sab. OH welcome, welcome, as open aire to prisoners,
I have had such feares for you.

Or. Shees warme, and soft as lovers language:
Shee spoke too, pretillie;
Now have I forgot all the danger I was in. _____

Sab. What have you done to day (my better part)

Or. Kind little Rogue!
I could say the finest things to her mee thinks,
But then shee would discover me,
The best way will be to fall too quietly. _____ (*kisses her*)

Sab. How now my *Samorat*,
What saucy heat hath stolne into thy bloud,
And heightned thee to this?
I feare you are not well. _____

Or. S'foot! 'tis a *Platonique*:
Now cannot I so much as talke that way neither.

Sab. Why are you silent, Sir?
Come I know you have been in the field to day.

Or. How does shee know that? _____

Sab. If you have kill'd my brother, speake:
It is no new thing that true Love
Should be unfortunate:

Or. 'Twas her brother I kill'd then,

Would

Would I were with my Devils agen :
 I got well of them,
 That will be here impossible. —

Enter *Phemillia*.

Phem. Oh ! Madam, Madam,
 Y^e are undone ;
 The garden walls are scal'd,
 A flood of people are entring th' house.

Or. Good — why here's varietie of ruine yet. —

Sab. 'Tis so,
 The Feet of Justice
 Like to those of time,
 Move quick,
 And will destroy I feare as sure:
 Oh Sir, what will you do,
 There is no ventring forrh,
 My Clofet is the safest,
 Enter there,
 While I goe down and meet their furie
 Hinder the search if possible. — *Exit.*

Or. Her Clofet,
 Yea where's that ?
 And, if I could find it,
 What should I do there ?
 Shee will returne, —
 I will venture out. — *Exit.*

{ Enter the Prince, *Philatell*
 { *Phontrell*, *Companie*, *Musique*. }

Phi. The lightest aires ; 'twill make them
 More secure, —

Upon my life hee'le visite her to night. — *Musick plaies*

Prince. Nor shee, nor any lesser light
 Appeares, — *(and sings.)*

The calme and silence 'bout the place,
 Perfwardes me shee does sleep.

Phi. It may be not, but hold,

It is enough,——let us retire
 Behind this Pillar, *Phontrell*, is thy place,
 As thou didst love thy Master shew thy care,
 You to th'other Gate,
 There's thy Ladder. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sabrina.

Sab. Come forth my *Samorat*, come forth,
 Our feares were false,
 It was the Prince with Musicke,
Samorat, Samorat,
 He sleepes, ————— *Samorat,*
 Or else hee's gon to find me out
 I'th Gallery, *Samorat, Samorat*, it must be so. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Orsabrins.

Ors. This house is full of Thresholds,
 And Trap-doores,
 I have been i'th Cellar,
 Where the Maids lie too,
 I laid my hand groping for my way
 Upon one of them,
 And shee began to squeake,
 Would I were at Sea agen i'th storme,
 Oh! a doore:
 Though the Devill were the Porter,
 And kept the Gate, I'de out. —————

Enter Samorat

Or. Ha! guarded? taken in a trap?
 Nay, I will out,
 And there's no other
 But this. ————— *(Retires and draws, runs at him
 another passe they close.)*

Sam. *Philatell* in ambush on my life—

Enter Sabrina, and Phemillia with a light

Sab. Where should he be?

Ha! —————

Good Heavens what spectacle is this? my *Samorat*!
 Some apparition sure, ————— *(They discover one another
 by the light, throw away
 their weapons, and embrace.)*

B

Sam.

Sam. My noble friend,
What angry, and malicious Planet.
Govern'd at this point of time ! —

Sab. (My wonder does grow higher)

Or. That which governess ever :
I feldome knew it better.

Sam. It does amaze me Sir, to find you here.
How entred you this place ?

Or. Forc't by unruly men it's street.

Sab. Now the mistake is plaine.

Or. Are you not hurt ?

Sam. No, — but you bleed ?

Or. *I* do indeed,

But 'tis not here,

This is a scratch,

It is within to see this beauty ;

For by all circumstance , it was her brother,

Whom my unlucky Sword found out to day.

Sab. Oh ! my too cruell fancy. ————— (Weepes)

Sam. It was indeed thy Sword,

But not thy fault,

I am the cause of all these ills.

Why d'you weep *Sabrina* ! —————

Sab. Unkind unto thy selfe, and me,
The tempest, this sad newes has rais'd within me

I would have laid with *Sheares*,

But thou disturb'st me,

Oh ! *Samoraz*.

Had'st thou consulted but with love as much
As honour, this had never been.

Sam. *I* have no love for thee that has not had
So strict an union with honour still,
That in all things they were concern'd alike,
And if there could be a division made,
It would be found
Honour had here the leaner share:

'Twas

'Twas love that told me 'twas unfit
That you should love a Coward.

Sab. These handsome words are now
As if one bound up wounds with filke,
Or with fine knots,
Which do not helpe the cure,
Or make it heale the sooner;
Oh! *Samorist* this accident
Lies on our love,
Like to some foule disease,
Which though it kill it not,
Yet wil't delstroy the beauty;
Disfigur't so,
That 'twill looke ugly to th' world hereafter. —

Sam. Must then the Acts of Fate be crimes of men?
And shall a death be pul'd upon himselte,
Belaid on others?

Remember Sweet, how often
You have said it in the face of Heaven,
That 'twas no love,
Which length of time, or cruelty of chance,
Could lessen, or remove,

Oh kill me not that way *Sabrina*,

This is the nobler;

Take it, and give it entrance any where —

But here,

For you so fill that place,

That you must wound your selfe. —

Or. Am I so slight a thing?

So bankrupt?

So unanswerable in this world?

That being principally i'th debt,

Another must be cal'd upon,

And I not once look't after?

Madam why d'you throw away your Teares]

On one that's irrecoverable?

Kneels and presents his Sword.

Sab. Why? therefore Sir,
Because hee's irrecoverable.

Orf. But why on him?
He did not make him so.

Sab I do confesse my anger is unjust,
But not my sorow Sir,
Forgive these teares my *Samoras*,
The debts of nature must be paid,
Though from the stocke of love :
Should they not Sir ?

Sam. Yes. ———
But thus the precious minutes passe,
And time, e're I have breath'd the sighs,
Due to our parting,
Will be calling for me.

Sab. Parting? ———

Sam. Oh yes *Sabrina*, I must part,
As day does from the world,
Not to returne till night be gone,
Till this darke Cloud be over,
Here to be found,
Were foolishly to make a present
Of my life unto mine enemy,
Retire into thy Chamber faire,
There thou shalt know all. ———

Sab. I know too much already. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Phontrell*.

Hold rope for me, and then hold rope for him.
Why, this is the wisdom of the Law now,
A Prince looses a subject, and does not
Think himselfe paid for the loss,
Till he looses another :
Well I will do my endeavour
To make him a saver ;
For this was *Samoras*.. ——— *Exit.*

Enter *Samoras*, *Orsabin* bleeding.

Or. Let it bleed on, ——— you shall not stirre

I sweare. _____

Sam. Now by the friendship that I owe thee,
And the Gods beside, I will
Noble youth, were there no danger in thy wound,
Yet would the losse of blond make thee
Unfit for travell,
My servants waite me for direction,
With them my Surgeon, I'le bring him instantly,
Pray go back. _____

Exit.

Enter Philatell, Guard.

Phil. There. _____ (*places them at*
You to the other Gate, _____ (*the doors.*
The rest follow me. _____ *Ex.*

Enter Orsabrin, Sabrina.

Sab. Hearke a noise Sir.
This tread's too loud to be my *Samorats.*

Searchers. (Which way? — which way) — (*to them.*
Some villany in hand,
Step in here Sir, quick, quick. _____ *Locks him into her Closet.*

{ *Enter Philatell, Guard, and*
{ *pass'e ore the Stage.* }

Phi Looke every where. _____ (*Philatell dragging out*
Protect thy brothers murderer? _____ *his Sister.*
Tell me where thou hast hid him,
Or by my fathers ashes I will search
In every veine thou hast about thee, for him. _____

Enter Orsabrin.

(*Orsabrin hounses thrice at*
the doors, it flus open.

Or. Ere such a villany should be
The Gods would lend unto a single arme
Such strength, it should have power to punish
An Armie, such as thou art. _____

Phi. Oh I are you here Sir? _____

Or. Yes I am here Sir. _____ (*fight*)

Phil. Kill her. _____ (*Shee interpos'd*

Or. Oh! save thy selfe faire excellence,
And leave me to my Fate. _____

Bafe. _____

< Comes behind him, catches
bold of his Armes.*Pho.* So bring him one,

The other is not far, _____

*Exeunt.**Enter Sabrina, Phemilia.**Sab* Run, run, *Phemilia*

To the Garden walls,

And meet my *Samorai*,

Tell him, oh tell him any thing,

Charge him by all our loves

He instantly take Horse,

And put to Sea,

There is more safety in a storme,

Then where my brother is. _____

Exeunt.

ACT III.

*Enter Theeves.**Thee.* A Prize _____ A prize, A prize,*Per.* Bring him forth, bring him forth;*(They dance about
him and sing,*

Welcome, welcome, mortall wight,

To the Mansion of the night:

Good or bad, thy life discover

Truly all thy deeds declare;

For about thee Spirits hover

That can tell, tell what they are.

_____ Pinch him, if he speake not true,

_____ Pinch him, pinch him black and blew,

Per. What art thou?*Stra.* I was a man.*Per.* Of whence? _____*Sir.* The Court. _____*Per.* Whether now bound?*Sir.* To my owne house.*Per.*

Per. Thy name?

Str. *Stramador.*

Per. Oh you fill a place about his Grace,
And keep out men of parts, d'you not?

Str. Yes. _____

Per. A foolish Utenfill of State,
Which like old Plate upon a Gaudy day,
'Sbrought forth to make a show, and that is all;
For of no use y'are, y'had best deny this:

Str. Oh no! _____

Per. Or that you do want wit,
And then talke loud to make that passe for it?
You thinke there is no wisdom but in forme;
Nor any knowledge like to that of whispers: _____

Str. Right, right.

Per. Then you can hate, and fawn upon a man
At the same time,
And dare not urge the vices of another,
You are so foule your selfe;
So the Prince seldome heares truth.

Str. Oh! very seldome.

Per. And did you never give his Grace odde Counsels.
And when you saw they did not prosper,
Perswade him take them on himselte. _____

Str. Yes, yes, often. _____

Per. Get baths of Sulphur quick,
And flaming oyles,
This crime is new, and will deserve it.
He has inverted all the rule of State;
Confounded policie,
There is some reason why a Subject
should suffer for the errours of his Prince;
But why a Prince should beare
The faults of's Ministers, none, none at
All. _____ Cauldrons of Brimstone there.

Thee. Great Judge of this infernall place
Allow him yet the mercy of the Court.

Str. Kind Devill. _____

Per. Let him be boyld in scalding lead a while
T'enure, and to prepare him for the other.

Str. Oh I heare me, heare me,

Per. Stay I

Now I have better thought upon't,

He shall to earth agen :

For villanie is catching, and will spread :

He will enlarge our Empire much,

Then w'are sure of him at any time,

So 'tis enough _____ where's our Governour? _____ *Exeunt.*

{ Enter *Goalor, Samorat, Nassurat,* }
{ *Pellegrim,* three others in disguise }

Iai. His haire curles naturally,

A handsome youth. _____

Sam. The same, _____ (Drinkest to him.

Is there no speaking with him?

He owes me a trifling summe. _____

Iay. Sure Sir the debt is something desperate,

There is no hopes he will be brought

To cleare with the world,

He struck me but for perswading him

To make even with Heaven,

He is as surly as an old Lion,

And as fullen as a Bullfinch,

He never eate since he was taken. — *Gentlemen*

Sam. I must needs speake with him,

Heark in the eare. _____

Iai. Not for all the world.

Sam. Nay I do but motion such a thing,

Iai. Is this the businesse Gentlemen?

Fare you well. _____

Sam. There is no choice of waies then. — (Run after him, draw

Stir not, if thou but think'st a noise,

(their daggers, set it

Or breath't aloud, thou breath't thy last.

(to his Breast.

So bind him now. _____

Undoe,

Undoe,
Quickly, quickly,
His Jerkin, his Hat.

Na. What will you do?

None of these Beards will serve,
There's not an eye of white in them.

Pell. Pull out the Silver'd ones in his
And sticke them in the other.

Na. Cut them, cut them out,
The bush will sute well enough
With a grace still.

Sam. Desperate wounds must have desperate
Cures, extreames must thus be serv'd, _____
You know your parts,
Feare not, let us alone. _____

Sings a Catch.

Some drinke, _____ what Boy, _____ some drinke _____

Fill it up, fill it up to the brinke,
When the Pots crie clinke,
And the Pockets chinke,

Then 'tis a merry world.

To the best, to the best, have at her,
And a Pox take the Woman-hater. _____

The Prince of darknesse is a Gentleman,
Mabu, Mabu is his name,
How d'you Sir?

You gape as you were sleepey,
Good faith he looks like an _____ *O yes.*

Pell. Or as if he had overstrain'd himselfe
At a deep note in a Ballad. _____

Na. What think you of an Oyster at a low ebb?
Some liquor for him;
You will not be a Pimpe for life you Rogue,
Nor hold a doore to save a Gentleman,
You are _____ Pox on him, what is he *Pellagrin*?
If you love me, let's stifle him,
And say 'twas a sudden judgement upon him

For

For swearing; the posture will confirme it.

Pell. We're in excellent humour,
Let's have another bottle,
And give out that *Anne* my wife is dead,
Shall I Gentlemen? _____

Na. Rare Rogue in Buckram,
Let me bite thee,
Before me thou shalt go out wit,
And upon as good termes,
As some of those in the Ballad too. _____

Pell. Shall I so? _____ Why then foutree for the Guise,
Saines shall accrew, and ours shall be,
The black ey'd beauties of the time,
I'll ticke you for old ends of Plaies: _____

They sing, _____
A Round, _____ A Round, _____ A Round, _____
A Round, _____ A Round, _____ A Round _____

(*Knock*)

Some bodie's at doore.
Preethee, preethee, Sirra, Sirra,
Trie thy skill.

Na. Who's there.

Messen. One *Sturgelot* a Jaylor here? _____

Na. Such a on there was my friend,
But hee's gone above an houre ago:
Now did this Rogue whisper in his heart
That's a lie, _____ and for that very reason,
I'll cut his throat. _____

Pell. No preethee now, _____ for thinking?
Thou shalt not take the paines,
The Law shall do't _____

Na. How, _____ how? _____

Pell. Marry wee'll write it over when wee're gone,
He joyn'd in the plot, and put himselfe
Into this posture, meerely to disguise it to
The world. _____

Na. Excellent,
Here's to thee for that conceit,

We

Wee should have made rare Statefmen,
We are so witty in our mischiefe.
Another song, and so let's go,
It will be time.

———— Sing. ————

A health to the Nut browne Lasse,
With the hazell eyes let it passe.
Shee that has good eyes
Has good thighs,
Let it passe, ———— let it passe. ————

Amuch to the lively Grey,
'Tis as good it'h night as the day,
Shee that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,
Drinke away, ———— drinke away. ————

I pledge, I pledge, what ho some Wine,
Here's to thine, and to thine,
The colours are Divine. ————
But oh the blacke, the black
Give me as much agen, and let't be Sacke :
Shee that has good Eyes,
Has good Thighs,
And it may be a better knock. ————

Na. A reckoning Boy. ———— (They knock)
There. ———— (paies him)
Dost heare
Here's a friend of ours 'has forgotten himselfe
A little (as they call it)
The Wine has got into his head,
As the frost into a hand, he is benum'd,
And has no ute of himselfe for the present.

Boy. Hum Sir. ———— (smiles.)

Na. Piethce lock the dore, and when he

Comes

Comes t' himselfe,
 Tell him he shall find us at the old place,
 He knowes where.

Boy. I will Sir. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter *Orfabrin.*

Or. To die! yea what's that?
 For yet I never thought on't seriously;
 It may be 'tis. _____ hum. _____
 It may be 'tis not too. _____

Enter *Samorat*, as Goaler undoes
 his Fetters.

Ha. _____ (as amaz'd.)

What happy intercession wrought this change?
 To whose kind prayers owe I this my friend?

Sam. Unto thy vertue _____ Noble youth
 The Gods delight in that as well as prayers.
 I am _____

Or. Nay, nay, _____
 Be what thou wilt,
 I will not question't:
 Undoe, undoe.

Sam. Thy friend *Samorat*.

Or. Ha?

Sam. Lay by thy wonder,
 And put on these cloathes,
 In this disguise thou'lt passe unto the
 Prison-gates, there you shall finde
 One that is taught to know you;
 He will conduct you to the corner
 Of the wood, and there my horses waite
 Us. _____

I'll throw this Goaler off in some odde place,

Or. My better Angell. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter *Theeves.*

Per. It is 'een as hard a world for Theeves
 As honest men, _____ nothing to be got. _____
 No prize stirring. _____

1. *Thee.*

1. Thee. None, but one with horses,
Who seem'd to stay for some
That were to come,
And that has made us waite thus long.

Per. A leane dayes worke, but what remedie?
Lawyers, that rob men with their owne consent,
Have had the same:
Come, call in our Perdues,
We will away. _____ (*they whistle.*)

Enter Orsabin, as seeking the horses.

Or. I heare them now,
Yonder they are. _____

Per. Hallow, who are these?
Any of ours?

Thee. No, stand close,
They shall be presently,
Yeeld _____ yeeld. _____

Or. Agon betraid? there is no end of my misfortune,
Mischiefe vexes me
Like a quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returns
Ere I have lost the memory of
My former fit. _____

Per. Sentences, sentences,
Away with him—Away with him. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Goaler, Drawers,
over the Stage.

Jailer. I am the Goaler, undone, undone,
Conspiracie, a cheat, my prisoner, my prisoner. — *Exeunt.*)

Enter Samorat.

Sam. No men? _____ nor horses? _____
Some strange mistake, _____
May it be, th' are sheltred in the wood. _____

Enter Peridor and other Theeves, examining the young Lord Torcular that was hurt.

Perid. And if a Lady did but step aside,

To fetch a Masque or so,
 You follow'd after still,
 As if shee had gone proud?
 Ha; if't not so? _____

Tor. Yes. _____

Per. And if you were us'd but civillie in a place,
 You gave out doubtfull words upon't,
 To make men thinke you did enjoy.

Tor. Oh! yes, yes. _____

Per. Made love to every peece of crierd-up beauty,
 And swore the same things over to them.

Tor. The very same. _____

Per. Abominable. _____

Had he but sworne new things, yet't had been
 Tollerable. _____

Reades the summe of the Confession.

Th. Let me see. _____ let me see. _____

Hum. _____

Court Ladies Eight,
 Of which two great ones. _____
 Country Ladies twelve.
 Teamers all. _____

Per. Is this right?

Tor. Very right.

Per. Citizens wives of severall trades,
 He cannot count them. _____
 Chamber maides, and Country wenches,
 About thirty: _____

Of which the greater part,
 The night before th'were married,
 Or else upon the day:

Per. A modest reckoning, is this all? _____

Tor. No. _____

I will be just t'a scruple.

Per. Well said, _____ well said, _____

Out with it. _____

Tor. Put down two old Ladies more.

Per.

Per. I'th name of wonder,
How could he thinke of old,
In such variety of young?

Tor. Alas I could never be quiet for them.

Per. Poore Gentleman.

Well what's to be done with him now?
Shall he be thrown into the Cauldron
With the Cuckolds,
Or with the Jealous?
That's the hotter place.

Per. Thou mistaket't,
'Tis the same, they go together still:
Jealous and Cuckolds differ no otherwise
Then Sheriffe and Alderman;
A little time makes th'one th'other.
What thinke you of Gelding him,
And sending him to earth agen,
Amongst his women?
'Twood be like throwing a dead fly
Into an Ants nest.

There would be such tearing, pulling,
And getting up upon him,
They would worry the poore thing
To death,——

Th. I. Excellent,
Or leave a string as they do sometimes
In young Colts:
Desire and impotence,
Would be a rare punishment.
Fie, fie, the common disease of age,
A very old man 'has it.

Enter *The.*

A prize,—— A prize,—— A prize,

Orf. This must be Hell by the noise

Ta. Set him down, set him down;
Bring forth the newelt wrack,
And flaming pinching Irons,

E/

(Hornes blew, Drasse
Flour, &c.

This is a stubborne peece of flesh,

Twould have broke loose.

Or. So, this comes of wishing my selfe
With Divels agen.

Per. What art?

Or. The slave of Chaunce,
One of Fortunes fooles;
A thing shee kept alive on earth
To make her sport,

Per. Thy name?

Or. Orsabin.

Per. Ha! he that liv'd with Pirats?
Was lately in a storme?

Or. The very same.

Ta. Such respect as you have paid to me, ——— (whispers)
Prepare to Revels, all that can be thought on:
But let each man still keep his shape. ——— (Exit.)

They unbind him, all bow to him,

(Musicke)

Or. Ha!

Another false smile of Fortune? ———

(They bring out several suite
of clothes, and a banquet)

Is this the place the gowned Clearkes

Do fright men so on earth with?

Would I had been here before.

Master Devill;

To whose use are these set out?

Ta. To yours Sir.

Or. I'll make bold to change a little, ——— (takes a hat.
Could you not afford a good plaine Sword (dresses himself.
To all this gallantry? ———

Per. Wee'll see Sir.

Or. A thousand times civiller then men,
And better natur'd.

Enter Tamoren, Reginella.

Tam. All leave the roome.

I like not this. ———

Ex.

Tam. Cupid do thou the rest,

A blunter arrow, and but slackly drawne,

Would perfect what's begun,

When young and handsome meet,

—— The work's halfe done. ——

Or. She cannot be lesse then a goddesse ;

And 't must be *Proserpine* :

I'le speake to her, though *Pluto's* selfe stood by,

Thou beauteous Queene of this darke world,

That mak'st a place so like a hell,

So like a Heaven, instruct me

In what forme I must approach thee,

And how adore thee ? ——

Re. Tell me what thou art first :

For such a creature

Mine eyes did never yet behold. ——

Or. I am that which they name above a man;

I'th watry Elements I much have liv'd,

And there they terme me *Orfabrin*.

Have you a name too ? ——

Re. Why doe you aske ?

Or. Because I'de call upon it in a storme,

And save a Ship from perishing sometimes.

Re. 'Tis *Reginella*.

Or. Are you a woman too ?

I never was in earnest untill now.

Re. I know not what I am,

For like my selfe I never yet saw any. }

Or. Nor ever shall.

Oh ! how came you hither ?

Sure you were betraied.

Will you leave this place,

And live with such as I am ?

Re. Why may not you live here with me ?

Or. Yes. ——

But I'de carry thee where there is a glorious light;

Where all above is spread a Canopie,

Studded with twinckling Gems,

Beauteous as Lovers eies;
And underneath Carpets of flowry Meads
To tread on. ———

A thousand thousand pleasures
Which this place can ne're afford thee. ———

Re. Indeed !

Or. Yes indeed ———

I'll bring thee unto shady walkes,
And Groves fring'd with Silver purling streams,
Where thou shalt heare soft feathered Queristers
Sing sweetly to thee of their own accord.

I'll fill thy lap with early flowers;
And whilst thou bind'st them up mysterious waies,
I'll tell thee pretty tales, and sigh by thee :
Thus presse thy hand and warme it thus with kisses.

Re. Will you indeed ? ———

Enter King *Per.* above with others.

Ta. Fond Girl :

Her rashnesse sullies the glory of her beauty,
'Twil make the conquest cheape,
And weaken my designs,
Go part them instantly.
And bind him as before ;
Be you his keeper *Peridore*.

Per. Yes, I will keep him.

Or. Her eyes like lightning shoot into my heart
They'll melt it into nothing,
Eere I can present it to her,
Sweet Excellence. ———

Enter *Theeves*.

Ha ! why is this hatefull curtaine drawne before my eyes ?
If I have sinn'd, give me some other punishment ;
Let me but looke on her still,
And double it, oh whether, whether doe you hurry me ?

Per. Madam, you must in. ——— (*carry him away.*)

R. Ay me, what's this ? ———

Must I ——— *Ex.*

Enter

Enter other Devils.

Th. 1. We have had such sport;
Yonder's the rarest Poet without,
Has made all his confession in blanke verse:
Not left a God, nor a Goddesse in Heaven,
But fetch't them all downe for witnesses;
Has made such a description of Stix,
And the Ferry,
And verily thinks has past them.
Enquires for the blest shades,
And asks much after certaine Brittish blades,
One *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*:
And grew so peremptory at last,
He would be carried where they were.

Th. 2. And what did you with him?

Th. 1. Mounting him upon a Cowle-staffe,
Which (tossing him something high)
He apprehended to be *Pegasus*.
So we have left him to tell strange lies,
Which hee'le turne into verse;
And some wise people hereafter into Religion.

ACT IV.

Enter *Samorat*, *Nashorat*, *Pellegrin*.

Na. **G**od faith 'tis wondrous well,
We have ee'n done like eager disputers;
And with much adoe
Are got to be just where we were.
This is the corner of the wood.

Na. Ha! 'tis indeed. ———

Pell. Had we no walking fire,
Nor sawcer-ey'd Devill of these woods that led us?
No vain I as weary

As a married man after the first weeke.
And have no more desire to move forwards,
Then a Post-horse that has past his Stage.

Na. 'Sfoot yonder's the night too, stealing away
With her blacke gowne about her :
Like a kind wench, that had staid out the
Last minute with a man.

Pel. What shall we doe, Gentlemen ?
I apprehend falling into this Jaylors
Hands strangely ; hee'd use us worfe
Then we did him.

Na. And that was ill enough of Conscience :
What thinke you of turning Beggars ?
Many good Gentlemen have don't : or Theeves ?

Pel. That's the same thing at Court :
Begging is but a kind of robbing th' Exchequer.

Na. Looke foure fathome and a halfe OOS —
In contemplation of his Mistres :
There's a Feast, you and I are out now *Pellegrim* ;
'Tis a pretty trick, this enjoyning in absence.
What a rare invention 'twoud be,
If a man could find out a way to make it reall.

Pel. Dost thinke there's nothing in't as tis ?

Na. Nothing, nothing.
Did'st never heare of a dead *Alexander*,
Rais'd to talke with a man ?
Love's a learned Conjuror,
And with the glasse of Fancie will doe as strange things ?
You thrust out a hand,
Your Mistresse thrusts out another :
You shake that hand that shakes you agen :
You put out a lip ; she puts out hers :
Talke to her, she shall answer you ;
Marrie, when you come to graspe all this,
It is but ayer. (*As out of his Study.*

Sam. It was unluckie, ———
Gentlemen, the day appeares,

This is no place to stay in;
Let's to some neighbouring Cottage,
May be the Searchers will neglect
The neerer places,
And this will but advance unto our safety.

Enter *Fidlers*.

Na. Who are there ?

Fid. 1. Now if the spirit of melancholy should possesse them.

F. 2. Why if it should,
An honourable retreat.

N. I have the rarest fancie in my head, _____
Whether are you bound my friends so early ?

Fid. To a Wedding Sir.

N. A Wedding ?

I told you so.

Whose ?

Fid. A Country wenches here hard by,
One *Erblins* daughter.

N. Good : *Erblin* : the very place.
To see how things fall out.
Hold, here's money for you.

Harke you, you must assist me in a small designe.

Fid. Any thing.

Sam. What do'st meane ?

N. Let me alone,

I have a plot upon a wench. _____

Fid. Your Worship is merry.

Na. Yes faith, to see her only.

Looke you, some of you shall go back to 'th' Towne,
And leave us your Coats,
My friend and I am excellent at a little Instrument,
And then wee'l sing catches.

P. I understand thee not ;
Thou hast no more forecast then a Squirrell,
And hast lesse wise consideration about thee.
Is there a way safer then this !
Dost thinke what we have done

Will not be spread beyond this place with ev'ry light.
Should we now enter any house
Thus near the Towne, and stay all day,
'T would be suspicious : What pretence have we ?

P. He speaks reason *Samorat*.

Sa. I doe not like it.

Should any thing fall out 'twould not looke well,
I'de not be found so much out of my selfe,
So far from home as this disguise would make me,
Almost for certainty of safety.

N. Certainty ? Why, this will give it us,
Pray let me governe once.

Sa. Well, you suffered first with me,
Now 'tis my turne.

P. Prethee name not suffering.

N. Come, come, your Coats,
Our Beards will suite rarely to them :
There's more money,
Not a word of any thing as you tender _____

Fid. O Sir.

N. And see you carry't gravely too. _____
Now afore me *Pellagrins* rarely translated.
'Sfoot they'l apprehend the head of the Base Violl
As soone as thee ;
Thou art so likely,
Only I must confesse, that has a little the better face.

P. Has it so ? _____

Pox on thee, thou look'st like I cannot tell what.

N. Why, so I would foole,
Th' end of my disguise is to have none
Know what I am :

Looke, looke, a Devill ayring himself. *(Enter a Divell.)*
I'le catch him like a Mole ere he can get under ground.

P. *Nashorat, Nashorat.* _____

N. Pox on that noise, hee's earth't.
Prethee let's watch him and see
Whether hee'le heave agen.

P. Ar't madde? —

N. By this light, three or foure of their skins
And wee'd robbe.

'T would be the better way. —

Come, come, let's go ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Captain and Souldiers.

Cap. Let the Horle skirt about this place;

Wee'le make a search within ————— *Ex.*

Enter agen.

Now disperse

I'th hollow of the wood,

Wee'le meet agen.

Enter Na. Pe. Sa. Fid.

Sol. Who goes there?

Speake, ————— Oh! th'are Fidlers. —

Sawe you no Men nor Horle

I'th wood to day, ————— as you came along,

(*Nashorat* puls one of the Fidlers by the skirt)

Na. Speake, speake Rogue.

Fid. None Sir, —

Sol. Passe on. ————— *Ex.*

N. Gentlemen what say you to th'invention now,

I'm a Rogue if I do not think

I was design'd for the Helme of State,

I am so full of nimble Stratagems:

That I should have ordered affaires, and

Carried it against the streame of a Faction,

With as much ease as a Skippar,

Would laver against the wind. ————— *Ex.*

Enter Capitaine and Soldiers meet agen.

Cap. What, no newes of any?

Sol. No, — not a man stirring;

Enter other Souldiers.

Sa how, away, — away. —

Cap. What, any discovery?

1. Sol. Yes, the Horle has sta'd three fellowes,
Fidlers they call themselves;

There's something in't ; they looke suspiciously ;
 One of them has offer'd at confession once or twice,
 Like a weake stomacke at vomiting,
 But 'twould not out. —

Ca. A little cold Iron thrust downe his throat
 Will fetch it up. —

I am excellent at discoverie,
 And can draw a secret out of a Knave,
 With as much dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
 Woo'd a hollow tooth.

Let's joyne forces with them. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Orsabrín.

Or. Sure 'tis eternall night with me ;
 Would this were all too ————
 For I begin to thinke the rest is true,
 Which I have read in books,
 And that there's more to follow. ————

Enter Reginella.

Re. Sure this is he. ———— (*She unbinds him.*)

Or. The pure and first created Light
 Broke through the Chaos thus. ————
 Keep off, keep off thou brighter Excellence,
 Thou faire Divinity: If thou com'st neere,
 (So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st)
 I shall grow sawcy in desire agen,
 And entertaine bold hopes which will but draw
 More, and fresh punishment upon me. ————

Re. I see y' are angry Sir :
 But if you kill me too, I meant no ill :
 That which brought me hither,
 Was a desire I have to be with you,
 Rather then those I live with: This is all
 Beleeve't. ————

Or. With me ? Oh thou kind Innocence !
 Witnesse all that can punish falshood,
 That I could live with thee,
 Even in this darke and narrow prison :

And

And thinke all happineſſe confin'd within the wals _____

Oh, hadſt thou but as much of Love as I.

Re. Of Love? What's that?

Or. Why 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis knowne;

A gentle flame that ſteales into a heart,

And makes it like one object ſo, that it ſcarce cares

For any other delights, when that is preſent;

And is in paine when 't's gone, thinks of that alone,

And quarrels with all other thoughts that would

Intrude and ſo divert it. _____

Re. If this be Love, ſure I have ſome of it,

It is no ill thing, is it Sir?

Or. Oh moſt Divine,

The beſt of all the gods ſtrangely abound in't,

And Mortals could not live without it:

It is the ſoule of vertue, and the life of life.

Re. Sure I ſhould learne it Sir, if you would teach it.

Or. Alas, thou taught'ſt it me;

It came with looking thus. _____ (*They gaze upon one another.*)

Enter *Per.*

Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,

But tell her what I am,

Before this ſmooth fac'd youth

Hath taken all the roome

Up in her heart,

Ha! unbound I and ſure by her!

Hell and Furies.

P. What ho—within there.—Enter other *Theeves.*

Practiſe eſcapes?

Get me new yrons to load him unto death.

Or. I am ſo us'd to this,

It takes away the ſenſe of it:

I cannot thinke it ſtrange.

Re. Alas, he never did intend to goe.

Uſe him for my ſake kindly:

I was not wont to be deny'd.

Ah me! they are hard hearted all.

What

What shall I doe ? I'll to my Governour,
Hee'll not be thus cruell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Samorat, Nashorat, Pelegrin.

Nas. 'Tis a rare wench, she 'ith blew stockings :
What a complexion she had when she was warme _____
'Tis a hard question of these Country wenches,
Which are simpler, their beauties or themselves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A Towne-Lady, and one of these,
As there is betwixt a wilde Pheasant and a tame.

Pell. Right : _____
There goes such essensing, washing, perfuming,
Da'vbing, to th' other that they are the least part
Of themselves.
Indeed there's so much sauce, a man cannot taste the meat.

N. Let me kisse thee for that ;
By this light I hate a woman drest up to her height,
Worse then I doe Sugar with Muskadine :
It leaves no roome for me to imagine :
I could improve her if she were mine :
It looks like a Jade with his rayle tyed up with ribbons,
Going to a Fayre to be told.

Pell. No, no, thou hatest it out of another reason, *Nashorat.*

Nas. Prethee, what's that ?

Pell. Why th' are so fine, th' are of no use that day.

Na. *Pellegrin* is in good feeling.

Sirra, did'st marke the Lasse 'ith green upon yellow,
How she bridled in her head,
And danc't a stroake in, and a stroake out,
Like a young Fillet training to a pace.

Pel. And how she kist,
As if she had been sealing and delivering her self up
To the use of him that came last,
Parted with her sweet-hearts lips still
As unwillingly, and untowardly,
As soft Wax from a dry Seale.

N. True ; and when she kisses a Gentleman,

She makes a Curtsey, as who should say,
 The favour was on his side.
 What dull fooles are we to besiege a face
 Three moneths for that trifle.
 Sometimes it holds out longer, _____
 And then this is the sweeter flesh too, _____

Enter Fiddlers.

Fid. You shall have horses ready at the time,
 And good ones too (if there be truth in drinke)
 And for your letters, they are there by this. _____

Sa. An excellent Officer. _____

Enter Wedding.

Clowne. Tut, tut, tut,
 That's a good oney'faith, not dance?

Come, come, strike up. (*Enter souldiers mustled up in*

Sa. Who are those that eye us so severely? (*their cloaks.*
 Belong they to the wedding?

Fid. I know 'em not. (*women.*

Clo. Gentlemen, wil't please you dance. — (*Offer their*

Sol. No, keep your women, wee'l take out others here.

Samorai, if I mistake not.

Sa. Ha! betraid? _____ (*A bustle.*

Clo. How now! what's the matter? abuse our Fiddlers?

2 Sol. These are no Fiddlers, fools. obey the Princes officers,
 Unless you desire to goe to prison too.

Sa. The thought of what must follow disquiets not at all:
 But tamely thus to be surpriz'd

In so unhandsome a disguise? _____ (*They carry him away.*

Pel. I'ft ee'n so? Why then,
 Farewell the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
 Which made ambition vertue. _____

Nas. I, I, Let them goe, let them goe.

Pel. Have you ever a stratagem *Nasharot*?
 'Twood be very seasonable. What thinke you now?
 Are you design'd for the helme of State?
 Can you laver against this Tempest?

Na. Prethee let me alone, I am thinking for life.

Pe. Yes,

Pe. Yes, 'tis for life indeed, would 'twere not.

Cl. This is very strange; Let's follow after,
And see if we can understand it. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Peridor, Orsabin.*

Per. A meere Phantasme
Rais'd by Art to trie thee.

Or. Good kind Devill,
Trie me once more.
Help me to the sight of this Phantasme agen,

Per. Thou art undone,
Wer't thou not amorous
In th' other world?
Did'st not love women?

Or. Who did hate them?

Per. Why there's it;
Thou thought'st there was no danger in the sinne,
Because 'twas common.

Above the halfe of that vast multitude
Which fills this place, Women sent hither:
And they are highliest punisht still,
That love the handsomest.

Or. A very lying Devill this
Certainly. ———

P. All that had their women with you,
Suffer with us.

Or. By your friendships favour though,
There's no justice in that:
Some of them suffered enough
In all conscience by 'em there. ———

P. Oh, this is now your mirth:
But when you shall be pinch't
Into a gellie,
Or made into a crampe all over,
These will be sad truths.

Or. He talkes odly now, I doe not like it.
Do'st heare? ———
Prethee exchange some of thy good counsell

For deeds.

If thou bee'st an honest Devill,
(As thou seem'st to be)

Put a sword into my hand,
And help me to the sight of this
Apparition agen. _____

P. Well, some thing I'll doe for thee,
Or rather for my selfe. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter two other *Devils*.

1.D. Come, let's goe relieve our Poet.

2.D. How, relieve him? hee's releas't; is he not?

1.D. No, no;

Bersat bethought himselfe at the mouth of the Cave,
And found he would be necessary to our Masque too night.
We have set him with his feet in a great tub of water,
In which he dabbles and beleeves it to be Helicon:
There hee's contriving i'th honour of *Mercury*,
Who I have told him comes this night of a message
From *Jupiter* to *Pluto*, and is feasted here by him.

Th. Oh, they have fetcht him off.

Enter *Poet* and *Theeves*.

Po. Carer per so lo carer,
Or he that made the fairie Queene.

1 *Th.* No, none of these:
They are by themselves in some other place;
But here's he that writ *Tamerlane*.

P. I beseech you bring me to him,
There's something in his Scene
Betwixt the Empresses a little high and clowdie,
I would resolve my selfe.

1 *Th.* You shall Sir.
Let me see — the Author of the *bold Beauchams*,
And *Englands Joy*.

Po. The last was a well writ peice, I assure you,
A Brittain I take it; and *Shakespeares* very way:
I desire to see the man,

1 *Th.* Excuse me, no seeing here.

The

The gods in complement to *Homer*,
 Doe make all Poets poore above,
 And we all blind below.
 But you shall confesse Sir.
 Follow. _____ *Ex.*

Enter Peridor, Orfabrin.

Or. Hallight and fresh aire agen? (*Peridor unbinds him*
 The place I know too. _____ (*and slips away.*

The very same I fought the Duell in.

The Devill was in the right;

This was a meere Aparition:

But 'twas a handsome one, it left impressions here,

Such as the fairest substance I shall ere behold,

Will scarce deface.

Well I must resolve, but what, or where?

I, that's the question.

The Towne's unsafe, there's no returning thither,

And then the Port. _____

(*Enter some*

Ha! What means the busie haste of these. ---- (*to passe over.*

Honest friend. _____ No _____

(*Passes hastily.*

Do't heare, _____

(*To another.*

What's the matter pray?

Clo. Gentlemen, gentlemen,

That's good satisfaction indeed:

Orf. Prethee good fellow tell me.

(*Enter another.*

What causes all this hurry? _____

(*To another.*

Clo. One *Samorat* is led to prison Sir,

And other Gentlemen about Lord *Torcular*.

Ha! *Samorat*!

There is no meane nor end of fortunes malice:

Oh! 'tis insufferable;

I'm made a boy whipt on anothers backe:

Cruell, I'll not endure't by heaven,

He shall not dye for me:

I will not hold a wretched life upon such wretched termes.

Enter Tamoren Peridor, and others.

(*Ex.*

Tam. Flie; flie abroad, search every place, and

Bring

Bring him back :

Thou hast undone us all with thy neglect,
Deströid the hopes we had to be our selves agen ;
I shall run mad with Anger ;

Fly, be gone. ————— *Exeunt* all but *Tam.*

Enter Reginella.

My Reginella, what brings you abroad ?

Re. Deare Governour ? I have a sute to you.

Ta. To me my pretty sweetnesse, what ?

Re. You will deny me Sir I feare,

Pray let me have the stranger that came last in keeping.

Ta. Stranger ? Alas hee's gone, made an escape.

Re. I fear'd he would not stay they us'd him so unkindly.
Indeed I would have us'd him better, (*weeps.*)
And then he had been here still.

Tam. Come, doe not weep my girle :
Forget him pretty pensivenesse, there will
Come others every day as good as he.

Re. Oh I never : I'll close my ey's to all now hee's gone.

Tam. How catching are the sparkes of love ? Still this
Mischance shoves more and more unfortunate.
I was too curious. —————

Come indeed, you must forget him,
The gallant't and the godli't to the eye are not the best,
Such handsome and fine shapes as those
Are ever false and foule within.

Re. Why Governour d'you then put
Your finest things still in your finest Cabinets ?

Tam. Pretty Innocence : no, I doe not ;
You see I place not you there,
Come, no more teares :

Lets in and have a Mate at Chesse,

"Diversión cures a losse, or makes it selfe. ——— *Ex:unt.*

ACT

ACT V.

Enter *Tamaren*, *Peridor*, and others.

Pe. **C**Rost all the High-ways, searcht the Woods,
Beat up and down with as much pain & diligence,
As ever Huntsman did for a lost Deere.

Ta. A race of Criples, are y' all
Issue of Snayles, he could not else have scap't us.
Now? what newes bring you?

Th. Sir, we have found him out,
The party is in priton.

Ta. How? in prison?

Th. For certaine Sir.

It seemes young *Samorat* and he
Were those that fought the duell t'other day,
And left our *Torcular* so wounded there.
For his supposed death was *Samorat* taken,
Which when this youth had found,
He did attempt to free him (scaling the wall
By night) but finding it impossible,
Next Morning did present himselfe
Into the hands of Justice, imagining
His death that did the fact, an equal sacrifice.

Ta. Brave *Orfabrin*.

Th. Not knowing that the greedy Law ask's more,
And doth prescribe the accessarie
As well as principall.

Ta. Just to 'ith nicke? 'ith very nicke of time?

Per. Hee's troubled.

Ta. It will be excellent.
Be all in souldiers straight,
Where's *Torcular*?

Th. Forth comming Sir.

Ta. How are his wounds?
Will they endure the Aire?
Under your gaberdines weare Pistols all.]

Per. What

Per. What does he meane?

Ta. Give me my other habit and my sword
'Tis least suspected way hast after me.

Tb. All?

Tam. All but *Peridor*; I will abroad,
My broken hopes and lust'rings
Shall have now some cure.
Fortune spite of her selfe shall be my friend,
And either shall redresse, or give them end. ——— *Ex.*

P. I've found it out,
He doe's intend to fetch this stranger backe,
And give him *Reginella*,
Or else ——— No, no, it must be that
His anger, and the search declare it;
The secret of the prison-house shall out I sweare.
I'll set all first on fire,
For middle waies to such an end are dull. ——— *Ex.*

Enter *Prince, Phi.*

S. Since she was refus'd to speake with you Sir,
Nor looke of any,
Languishes so fast,
Her servants feare she will not live
To know what does become of him.

Phi. Sir 'tis high time you visit her.

Pri. I cannot looke upon her, and deny her;

Phi. Nor need you Sir,
All shall appeare to her most gracious:
Tell her the former part o'th' Law
Must passe, but when it comes t'execute,
Promise her that you intend to interpose.

Pr. And shall then *Samorat* live?

Ph. Oh! ———
Nothing lesse! The censure past,
His death shall follow without noise;
'Tis but not owning of the fact,
Disgracing for a time a Secretarie,
Or so ——— the thing's not new ———

Put on forgiving looks Sir,

We are there _____

Enter *Sabrina's* Chamber.

A mourning silence

Sister *Sabrina* _____

Sab. Hence, hence,

Thou cruell hunter after life :

Thou art a paine unto my eyes as great,

As my deare Mother had when she did

Bring thee forth _____ And sure that was

Extreme, since she produc't a monster.

Ph. Speake to her your selfe,

Shee's so incens't against me,

She will not welcome happines,

Because I bring it.

Pr. Faire ornament of griefe,

Why are you troubled _____

Can you beleeve there's any thing within

My power which you shall mourne for?

If you have any feares, impart them ;

Any desires, give them a name,

And I will give thee rest :

You wrong the greatnes of my love,

To doubt the goodnes of it.

Sab. Alas, I doe not doubt your love my Lord,

I feare it ; 'tis that which does undoe me.

For 'tis not *Samorai* that's prisoner now,

It is the Princes Rivall ;

Oh ! for your owne sake Sir be mercifull :

How poorely will this found hereafter,

The Prince did feare another's merit so,

Found so much vertue in his rivall, that

He was forc't to murder it, make it away.

There can be no addition to you Sir by his death,

By his life there will ; You get the point

Of honour, fortune does offer here

What time perchaunce cannot agen :

A handsome opportunity to show
The bravery of your minde _____

Pri. This pretty Rhetorique cannot perswade me (*faire*.
To let your *Samorat* live for my sake :
It is enough he shall for yours.

Sab. Though vertue still rewards it selfe, yet here
May it not stay for that ; but may the gods
Showre on you suddenly such happines,
That you may say, my mercy brought me this _____

P. The gods no doubt will heare when you doe pray
Right waies : But here you take their names in vaine,
Since you can give your selfe that happines
Which you doe aske of them.

Sab. Most gracious Sir, doe not _____

Pr. Hold, I dare not heare thee speake,
For feare thou now should'st tell me,
What I doe tell my selfe ;
That I would poorely bargaine for any favours ;
Retire and banish all thy feares,
I will be kind and just to thee *Sabrina*,
What s'ere thou prov'st to me.

Ph. Rarely acted Sir, _____ *Ex Sabr.*

Pr. Ha ! _____

Ph. Good faith to th' very life.

Pr. Acted ? _____ No, _____ 'twas not acted.

Ph. How Sir ?

Pr. I was in earnest.

I meane to conquer her this way,
The others low and poore.

Ph. Ha ? _____

Pr. I told thee 't would be so before.

Ph. Why Sir, you doe not meane to save him ? _____

Pr. Yes — I doe —

Samorat shall be releas't immediatly. _____

Ph. Sure you forget I had a brother Sir,
And one that did deserve Justice at least.

Pr. He did _____

And he shall have it :

He that kil'd him shall dye _____

And 'tis high satisfaction, that,

Looke not _____

It must be so _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter Stramador, and Peridor.

P. No Devils *Stramador*,
Believe your eyes _____ To which I
Cannot be so lost, but
You may call to minde
One *Peridor*.

Str. Ha ? *Peridor* ? thou did'st
Command that day
In which the *Tamorens* fell.

P. I did _____
Yet *Tamoren* lives.

Str. Ha ?

P. Not *Tamoren* the Prince, he fell indeed ;
But *Tamoren* his brother, who that day
Led our horse :

Young *Reginellatoo*,
Which is the subject of the suit, _____
You have ingag'd your selfe by oath,
The King shall grant.

Str. Oh ! 'tis impossible,
Instruct me how I should believe thee.

P. Why thus _____
Necessity upon that great defeat
Forc't us to keep the Woods, and hide our selves
In holes which since we much enlarg'd,
And fortifi'd them in the entrance so,
That 'twas a safe retreat upon pursuite :
Then swore we all allegiance to this *Tamoren*.
These habits better to disguise our selves, we took at first;
But finding with what ease we rob'd,
We did continue 'em, and tooke an Oath,
Till some new troubles in the State should happen,

Or faire occasion to make knowne our selves
Offer it selfe, we would appeare no other :
But come, let's not loose
What we shall ne're recover,
This opportunitie _____

Enter *Nashorat*, and *Pe*.

Pe. *Nashorat*, you have not thought of any
Stratagem yet _____

N. Yes I have thought _____

Pe. What? _____

N. That if you have any accompts with heaven,
They may goe on _____
This villanous dying's, like a strange tune,
Has run so in my head,
No wholsome consideration would enter it.
Nothing angers me neither, but that
I passe by my Mistresses window to't.

Pe. Troth, that's unkinde,
I have something troubles me too.

N. What's that.

Pe. The people will say as we goe along,
Thou art the properer fellow.
Then I breake an appointment
With a Merchants Wife,
But who can help it? _____ (*Nashorat*).

N. Yea who can help it indeed,
She's to blame though 'faith, if she
Does not beare with thee,
Considering the occasion _____

P. Considering the occasion as you say,
A man would thinke he might be borne with.
There's a Scrivener I should have paid
Some money to, upon my word,
But _____

Enter *Orsabin*, *Samorat*, Princes servants.

Or. By faire *Sabrina's* name,
I conjure you not to refuse the mercy

Of the Prince _____

Sam. It is resolv'd Sir, you know my answer.

Or. Whether am I false ?

I thinke if I should live a little longer,
I should be made the cause of all the mischiefes
Which should arise to the world _____

Hither I came to save a friend,
And by a slight of fortune I destroy him :

My very wayes to good prove ill.

Sure I can looke a man into misfortune :

The Plague's so great within me 'tis infectious.

Oh ! I am weary of my selfe :

Sir I beseech you yet accept of it,

For I shall be his way

A sufferer,

And an executioner too _____

Sam. I beg of thee no more,

Thou do'st beget in me desire to live :

For when I finde how much I am

Behind in noble acts of friendship,

I cannot chuse but wish for longer time, that I might
Struggle with thee, for what thou hast too clearly now

Got from me : The point of honour _____

Oh ! it is wisdom and great thrift to dye ;

For who with such a debt of friendship and

Of Love, as you and my *Sabrina* must expect from me
Could ere subsist.

N. They are complementing ;

'Sfoot they make no more of it,

Then if 'twere who should goe in first at

A doore _____ I thinke *Pellegrine* as you and I

Have cast it up, it comes to something

More _____

Mess. Gentlemen, prepare, the Court is setting.

Sam. Friends, this is no time for ceremonie ;

But what a racke have I within me,

To see you suffer.

And

And yet I hope the Prince will let this anger dye
In me, not to take the forfeiture of you.

N. If he should, *Pellegrin* and I are resolv'd,
And are ready, all but our speeches to the people,
And those will not trouble us much,
For we intend not to trouble them.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter *Prince, Peridor, and others.*

Pr. Not accept it?

Lose this way too? ——— What shall I doe?

He makes advantages of mine,
And like a skillfull Tennis-player,
Returns my very best with excellent designe.
It must not be,

Bring to the Closet here above, the chiefe or th' Jury:
I'll try another way. ——— *Ex.*

Enter *Judges, Prisoners, Lawyers.*

N. Of all wayes of destroying mankinde,
These Judges have the easiest,
They sleep and doe it.

Pe. To my thinking now,
This is but a solemner kind of Puppet-play:
How the Devill came we to be actors in't?
So; it beginnes.

1 *Judg.* The Princes Councell:
Are they ready?

Lawy. Here ———

Judg. Begin then ———

Law. My Lords, that this so great and strange.

Sa. Most reverend Judges,
To save th' expence of breath and time,
And dull Formalities of Law ———
I here pronounce my selfe guilty.

Pri. from above. Agen he has prevented me —

Sa. So guilty that no other can pretend
A share ———

This noble youth, a stranger to every thing
But Gallantry, ignorant in our Lawes and Customes,

Has made perchance
 (In strange severity) a forfeit of himselfe ;
 But should you take it,
 The gods when he is gone will sure revenge it.
 If from the stalke you pull this bud of vertue,
 Before 't has spread and shewne it selfe abroad,
 You doe an injury to all mankind ;
 And publique mischief cannot be private Justice.
 This man's as much above a common man,
 As man's above a beast ; And if the Law
 Destroyes not man for killing of a beast,
 It should not here, for killing of a man.

Oh what mistake 'twould be ?

For here you sit to weed the Cankers out
 That would doe hurt 'ith' State, to punish vice ;
 And under that y'oud root out vertue too ———

Or. If I doe blush, 'tis not (most gracious Judges)
 For any thing which I have done, 'tis for that
 This much mistaken youth hath here deliver'd.

'Tis true (and I confesse) I ever had
 A little stocke of honour (which I still preserv'd)
 But that (by leaving me behinde alive)
 He now most cunningly doe's thinke to get from me :
 And I beseech your Lordships to assist me ;
 For 'tis most fraudulent all he desires.

Your Lawes I hope are reasonable,
 Else why should reasonable men
 Be subject to them ; and then
 Upon what grounds is he made guilty now ?
 How can he be thought accessarie
 To th' killing of a man,

That did not know o'th' fighting with him ?
 Witnesse all those pow'rs which search mens hearts,
 That I my selfe, (untill he beckned me)

Knew nothing of it, if such a thing
 As sacrifice must be — why ? Man for mans enough :
 Though elder times r'appeale diviner Justice,
 Did offer up ———

(Whither

(Whither through gallantrie, or ignorance)
Vast multitudes of Beasts in sacrifice,
Yet numbers of men is seldome heard of :
One single *Curtius* purg'd a whole States sin :
You will not say th' offence is now as great,
Or that you ought to be more highly satisfied
Then Heaven _____

P. Brave youths _____

N. Pellegrin, you and I will let our speeches alone.

I Judg. If that the Law were of so fine a web,
As wit and fancie spin it out to, here,
Then these defences would be just, and save :
But that is more substantiall,
Of another make _____
And Gentlemen, if this be all,
Sentence must passe _____

Enter *Tamoren*.

Tam. Orsabin !

Or. Ha ! who names me there ?

Ta. A friend : heare me :

I am an Officer in that darke world
From whence thou cam'st, sent
Thus disguis'd by *Reginella* our faire Queene,
And to redeeme thee.

Or. Reginella !

I'h' midst of all these ills,
How preciouslly that name doe's found ?

Ta. If thou woulst sweare to follow me,
At th' instant th' art releast ;
I'le save thee and thy friends,
In spite of Law. _____

Or. Doubt not of that ;
Bring me where *Reginella* is :
And if I follow not, perpetuall misery follow me :
It cannot be a Hell
Where she appeares _____

Tam. Be confident. _____ (Goes out and brings *Torcular*.)

Behold

Behold (grave Lords) the man
 Whose death question'd the life of these,
 Found and recovered by the Theeves
 'ith Woods;
 And rescued since by us, to rescue Innocence.

Or. Rare Devill,
 With what dexteritie h'as raised this
 Shape up; to delude them _____

Pr. Ha? *Torcular* alive?

Ph. *Torcular*?

I should as soone beleieve my brother
 Neere in being too.

Tor You cannot wonder more to finde me here,
 Then *I* doe to finde my selfe.

Na. Come unbinde, unbinde, this matter's answered.

Judg. 2. Hold: they are not free, the Law exacts
 The same for breach of prison that it did before.

Or. There is no scaping out of fortunes hands.
 Doest heare; hast never a trick for this? —

Ta. Doubt me not, *I* have without, at my command,
 Those which never fail'd me;
 And it shall cost many a life yet
 Sir, ere yours be lost _____

Pr. *Stramador* you have been a stranger here of late.

Sir. Peruse this paper Sir, you'l find there was good reason
 Enter Prince *Philatell* from above. (for 't.

Stramador, *Peridor*, *Reginella* meet them below.

Pr. How! old *Tamorens* brother, Captaine
 Of the Theeves, that has infested thus
 Our Countrey?

Reginella too, the heire of that fear'd Familie!
 A happy and a strange discovery.

Ta. *Peridor*, and *Reginella*, the villaine
 Has betray'd me.

Re. 'Tis *Orfabrin*, they have kept their words.

Or. *Reginella*? she was a woman then.
 O let me goe.

Jay. You

Jay. You doe forget sure what you are.

Or. I doe indeed : oh, to unriddle now !

Stra. And to this man you owe it Sir,
You find an ingagement to him there ;
And I must hope you'l make me just to him.

Pr. He does deserve it,
Seize on him _____

Tam. Nay then all truths must out.
That I am lost and forfeit to the Law,
I doe confesse,
Yet since to save this Prince.

P. Prince !

Or. (Our *Mephesto-philus* is mad.)

Ta. Yet, Prince, this is the *Orsabin*.

Or. Ha ! _____

Tam. So long agoe,
Supposed lost,
Your Brother Sir :
Fetch in there *Ardelan* and *Piramont*.

Enter *Ardelan* and *Piramont*.

N. What mad Planet rules this day
Ardelan, and *Piramont*.

Or. The Divel's wanton,
And abuses all mankinde to day.

Ta. These faces are well knowne to all *Francelians*,
Now let them tell the rest _____

Pi. My noble Master living ! found in *Francelia* ?

Ar. The gods have satisfied our tedious hopes.

Ph. Some Imposture.

Or. A new designe of fortune _____
I dare not trust it.

Ta. Why speake you not ?

Piram. I am so full of joy, it will not out.
Know ye *Francelians*,
When *Sanborne* fatall field was fought,
So desperate were the hopes of *Orsabin*,
That 'twas thought fit to send away this Prince,

And give him safety in another clime ;
That spite of an ill day, an *Orfabrin* might be
Preserv'd alive.

Thus you all know,

To *Garradans* chiefe charge he was committed :
Who when our Barke by Pyrats was surpris'd,
(For so it was) was slaine 'ith first encounter ;
Since that we have been forc't to wait
On Fortunes pleasure.

And Sir, that all this time we kept
You from the knowledge of your selfe,
Your pardon ; It was our zeale that err'd,
Which did conclude it would be prejudiciall.

Ar. My Lords you looke as if you doubted still:
If *Firamont* and I be lost unto your memory,
Your hands I hope are not ———

Here's our Commission :

There's the Diamond Elephant,
That which our Princes Sons are ever knowne by :
Which we to keep him undiscovered,
Tore from his riband in that fatall day
When we were made prisoners :
And here are those that tooke us,
Which can witnesse all circumstance,
Both how, and when, time and place ;
With whom we ever since have liv'd by force :
For on no Kingdome, friend unto *Francelia*,
Did Fortune ever land us, since that houre ;
Nor gave us meanes to let our Country know
He liv'd ———

T. These very truths, when they could have no ends,
(For they beleev'd him lost)
I did receive from them before,
Which gave me now the boldnes to appeare
Here, where I'm lost by Law.

Silents without, { Long live Prince *Orfabrin*.
 { Long live Prince *Orfabrin*,

Na. Pellegrin let's second this :

Right or wrong 'tis best for us.

Pe. Observe, observe.

Pr. What shouts are those ?

Str. Souldiers of *Tamorens* the first ;

The second was the peoples, who

Much presse to see their long lost Prince.

Phi. Sir, 'tis most evident, and all agrees,

This was his colour'd haire,

His Aire, though alter'd much with time :

You weare too strange a face upon this newes ;

Sir, you have found a brother

I, Torcular, the Kingdomes happines ;

For here the plague of Robberies will end.

It is a glorious day _____

Pr. It is indeed, *I* am amaz'd, not sad ;

Wonder doe's keep the passage so,

Nothing will out.

Brother (for so my kinder Stars will have it)

I here receive you as the bounty of the gods ;

A blessing *I* did not expect,

And in returne to them, this day,

Francelia ever shall keep holy.

Or. Fortune by much abusing me, has

So ___ dul'd my faith, *I* cannot

Credit any thing.

I know not how to owne such happines.

P. Let not your doubts lessen your joyes :

If you have had disasters heretofore,

They were but given to heighten what's to come.

Na. Here's as strange a turne as if 'twere the

Fift Act in a Play. _____

Pelt. *I*'m sure 'tis a good turne for us.

Or. Sir, why stands that Lady so neglected there,

That does deserve to be the busines of mankind.

Oh ye gods : since you'l be kind

And bountifull, let it be here.

As fearfully, as jealous husbands aske
 After some secrets which they dare not know;
 Or as forbidden Lovers meet i'th night,
 Come *I* to thee (and 'tis no ill signe this,
 Since flames when they burne highest tremble most)
 Oh, should she now deny me!

Re. *I* know not perfectly what all this meantes;
 But *I* doe finde some happineffe is neare,
 And *I* am pleas'd, because *I* see you are —

Or. She understands me not —

Pr. He seemes not have passion for her.

Ta. Sir, in my darke commands these flames broke out
 Equally, violent at first sight;
 And 'twas the hope *I* had to reconcile my selfe.

Or. It is a holy Magicke that will make
 Of you and *I* but one. —

Re. Any thing that you wou'd aske me, sure *I* might grant.

Or. Harke Gentlemen, she doe's consent,
 What wants there else?

Pe. My hopes grow cold, *I* have undone my selfe.

Pr. Nothing, we all will joyne in this;
 The long liv'd fev'd between the Families
 Here dyes, this day the Hymenall
 Torches shall burne bright;
 So bright, that they shall dimme the light
 Of all that went before —

See *Sabrina* too. — (Enter *Sabrina*.)

Ta. Sir, *I* must have much of pardon,
 Not for my selfe alone, but for all mine —

Pr. Rise, had'st thou not deserv'd what now thou su'st for,
 This day should know no clouds.

Peridor kneeles to *Tamoren*.

Tam. Taught by the Princes mercy; *I* forgive too.

Sab. Frighted hither Sir.

They told me you wou'd not accept the Princes mercy.

Sam. Art thou no further yet in thy intelligence?
 See, thy brother lives —

Sab. My brother? —

Tor.

Tor. And 'tis the least of wonders has false out.

Or. Yes, such a one as you are, faire, *(Reginella looks at Sabrina)*
And you shall be acquainted.

Sam. Oh could your hate my Lords, now,
Or your love dye.

Phy. Thy merit has prevail'd
With me.

Tor. And me.

Pr. And has almost with me.

Samor. thou dost not doubt thy Mistressse Constance.

Sam. No Sir.

Pr. Then I will beg of her,
That till the Sun returns to visit us,
She will not give away her selfe for ever.
Although my hopes are faint,
Yet I would have 'em hopes,
And in such jolly houres as now attend us.
I would not be a desperate thing,
One made up wholly of despaire.

Sab. You that so freely gave me *Samorats* life,
Which was in danger,
Most justly, justly, may be suffer'd to attempt
Upon my love, which is in none.

Pr. What sayes my noble Rivall?

Sab. Sir, y' are kind in this, and wisely doe
Provide I should not surfeit :

For here is happines enough besides to last the Sun's returne.

N. You and I are but savers with all this *Pellegrim*.
But by the Lord 'tis well we came off
As we did, all was at stake ———

Pr. Come, no more whispers here,
Let's in, and there unriddle to each other ———
For I have much to aske.

Or. A Life ! a Friend ! a Brother ! and a Mistres !
Oh ! what a day was here :
Gently my Joyes distill,
Least you should breake the Vessell you should fill.

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.

ANd how, and how, in faith, ——— a pretty plot ;
 And smartly carried through too, was it not ?
 And the Devils how, well ? and the fighting,
 Well too ; — a foole, and 's had bin just old writing.

O what a monster wit must that man have,
 That could please all which now their twelve pence gave :
 High characters (cries one) and he would see
 Things that ne're were, nor are, nor ne're will be.
 Romances cries easie-soules, and then they swear,
 The Play's well writ, though scarce a good line's there.
 The Women — Oh if Stephen should be kil'd,
 Or misse the Lady, how the plot is spild ?
 And into how many pieces a poore Play
 Is taken still before the second day ?
 Like a strange Beauty newly come to Court ;
 And to say truth, good faith 'tis all the sport :
 One will like all the ill things in a Play,
 Another, some o' th' good, but the wrong way ;
 So from one poore Play there comes 't arise
 At severall Tables, severall Comedies.
 The ill is only here, that 't may fall out
 In Plaies as Faces ; and who goes about
 To take asunder oft destroyes (we know)
 What altogether made a pretty shew.

FINIS.

BRENNORALT.

A Tragedy.

Presented at the Private House in Black.
Fryers, by His *Majesties* servants.

WRITTEN
By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be
sold at his shop, at the Signe of the Prin-
ces Armes in *S^t Pauls Churchyard*.
MDCXLVI.



The Scene. Poland.

The Actors.

Sigismond ——— *King of Poland.*

Mieſſa.

Melidor. } *Counſellors to the King.*

A Lord. }

Brennoralt ——— *a Diſcontent.*

Doran ——— *His Friend.*

Villanor.

Grainevert. } *Cavaliers and Officers*

Marinell. } *under Brennoralt.*

Stratheman.

Freſolin, *Brother to Francelia.*

Iphigene — *young Pallatine of Florence.*

Pallatine of Menſecke, *Governour, one of the chiefe Rebels,*

Pallatine of Tork *a Rebell.*

Almerin, *a gallant Rebell.*

Morat, *his Lieutenant Coronell.*

Francelia, *the Governours daughter.*

Orilla, *a waiting woman to Francelia.*

Ragnelin, *A ſervant in the Governours houſe, but*

Spie to Brennoralt.

Taylor.

Guard.

Souldiers.



Brennoralt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Doran*.

Brennoralt,



Say, the Court is but a narrow circuit ;
Though something elevate above the common ;
A kind of Ants nest in the great wilde field,
O're charg'd with multitudes of quick Inhabi-
Who still are miserably basied to get in, (tants,
What the loose foot of prodigality,

As fast do's throw abroad.

Dor. Good :

A most eternall place of low affronts,
And then as low submissions.

Bren. Right.

High cowards in revenges'mongst themselves,
And only valiant when they mischiefe others.

Dor. Stars, that would have no names,
But for the ills they threaten in conjunction.

Bren. A race of shallow, and unskilfull Pilots;
Which doe misguide the Ship even in the calme,
And in great stormes serve but as weight to sinke it.
More, prethee more. ————— (*Alarum within.*)
'Tis musique to my melancholy.

Enter Souldier.

Sold. My Lord; a cloud of dust and men
The Sentinels from th' East gate discover;
And as they guesse, the storme bends this way.

Bren. Let it be.

Sold. My Lord? ———

Bren. Let it be,

I will not fight to day:
Bid *Stratheman* draw to the trenches.
On, prethee on.

Dor. The King employes a company of formall beards,
Men, who have no other proofes of their
Long life, but that they are old.

Bren. Right, and if th' are wise,
'Tis for themselves, not others. ————— (*Alarum.*)
As old men ever are.

Enter second Soldier.

2 Sold. Coronell, Coronell;
Th' enemies at hand, kils all the Centries:
Young *Almerin* leads them on agen.

Bren. Let him lead them off agen.

2 Sold. Coronell. ———

Bren. Be gone.

If th' art afraid, goe hide thy selfe.

2 Sold. What a Divell ayles he? ——— (*Exit.*)

Bren. This *Almerin's* the ague of the Camp:
He shakes it once a day.

Dor.

Dor. Hee's the ill conscience rather :
He never lets it rest ; would I were at home agen !
'Sfoot we lie here i'th' trenches, as if it were
For a winde to carry us into th' other
World : every houre we expect ———
I'le no more on't.

Bre. Prethee ———

Dor. Not I, by heaven.

Bre. What man ! the worst is but faire death.

Dor. And what will that amount to ? A faire Epitaph.
A fine account. ——— I'le home I weare.

Enter Stratheman.

Stra. Arme, arme my Lord,
And shew your selfe, all's lost else.

Dor. Why so ?

Stra. The Rebels like an unruly floud,
Rowle o're the trenches, and throw downe
All before them.

Bre. Ha ?

Stra. We cannot make a stand.

Bre. He would out-rivall me in honour too,
As well as love ; but that he must not doe.

Help me *Strathman*. ——— (*Puts on Armour.*
The danger now growes worthy of our swords ;
And, oh *Doran*, I would to heaven there were
No other stormes then the worst tempest here.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter Marinell, throwing downe
one he carries.

Mari. There ;
The Sun's the nearest Surgeon I know,
And the honestest ; if thou recoverest, why so :
If not, the cure's paid, they have mauld us.

Enter Grainevert, with another
upon his backe.

Grain. A curse light on this powder ;
It staves valour, ere it's halfe way on it's journey :
What a disadvantage fight we upon in this age ?

He that did well heretofore,
 Had the broad faire day to shew it in :
 Witnesse enough; we must beleewe one another ---

'Tis night when we begin :

Eternall smoake and fulpher.

Smalke ; by this hand I can beare with thee

No longer ; how now ? dead as I live ;

Stolne away just as he us'd to wench.

Well, goe thy wayes, for a quiet drinker, and dier,

I shall never know thy fellow : *(searches his*

These trifles too about thee ? *pockets.*

There was never an honefter poore wretch

Borne I thinke — look i'th' tother pocket too — hum,

Marinell.

Mar. Who's that ?

Grani. 'Tis I ; how goes matters?

Mar. Scurvily enough;

Yet since our Colonell came, th' ave got no ground

Of us ; A weake Sculler against Winde and Tide,

Would have done as much, harke :

This way the torrent beares.

Exeunt.

Enter Fresolin, Almerin, Rebels.

Fres. The Villaines all have left us.

Alm. Would they had left their feares

Behind them. But come, since we must —

Enter Brennoralt, Souldiers.

Bren. Hoe ! *Stratheman ;*

Skirt on the left hand with the horse,

And get betwixt these and that Body ;

They'r new rallied up for rescue. *Dor.* Th'are ours.

Brennoralt charges through.

I doe not see my game yet. — — — *Exeunt.*

A shout within.

Enter Brennoralt, Doran, Stratheman, Marinell.

Bren. What shout is that ?

Sira. They have taken *Almerin*, my Lord.

Bren.

Bren. *Almerin* ? the Divell thanke 'em for 't :
When I had hunted hard all day,
And now at length unheard the proud Deere,
The Currs have snatch't him up, found a Retreat :
There's nothing now behinde. Who saw *Doran* ?

Str. Shall we bring *Almerin* in ?

Bre. No ; gazing is low Triumph :
Convey him fairely to the King,
He fought it fairely _____

Dor. What youth was that, whom you bestrid my Lord,
And sav'd from all our swords to day ?
Was he not of the Enemy ?

Bre. It may be so _____

Str. The Governors Son, *Fresolin*, his Mistris brother. (*In*

Br. No matter who. 'Tis pittie, the rough hand (*Doran's* care.
Of warre, should early courages destroy,
Before they bud, and shew themselves i'th' heate
Of Action _____

Mar. I threw (my Lord) a youth upon a banke;
Which seeking, after the retreat, I found
Dead, and a woman, the pretty daughter
Of the Forrester ; *Lucillia*.

Bre. See, see *Doran* ; A sad experiment :
Woman's the cowardly'st and coldest thing
The world brings forth : Yet Love, as fire works water,
Makes it boyle o're, and doe things contrary
To'ts proper nature — I should shed a teare,
Could I tell how — Ah poore *Lucilia* !
Thou didst for me what did as ill become thee.
Pray see her gently bury'd _____

Boy, send the Surgeon to the Tent ; I bleed :
What lowlie Cottages th' ave given our soules ?
Each petty storme shakes them into disorder ;
And 't costs more paines to patch them up agen,
Then they are worth by much. I'm weary of
The Tenement. _____

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter *Villanor*, *Grainevert*, *Marinell*,
and *Stratheman*.

Gra. Villanor I welcome, welcome, whence camest thou?

Vil. Looke, I weare the Kings high way still on my boots.

Gra. A pretty riding phrase, and how? and how?
Ladies cheap?

Vil. Faith, reasonable:

Those toys were never deare thou know'st;

A little time and industry they'l cost;

But in good faith not much: some few there are

That set themselves at mighty rates ———

Gra. Which we o'th' wise passe by,

As things o're-valued in the market.

Is't not so?

(married.

Vil. Y'have said Sir, Harke you, your friend the Rivals
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady, and is such an asse after't.

Gra. Hum.

'Tis ever so.

The motions of married people, are as of

Other naturals; violent Gentlemen to the place,

And calme in it.

Mar. We know this too; and yet we must be fooling.

Gra. Faith, women are the baggage of life:

They are troublesome, and hinder us

In the great march, and yet we cannot

Be without 'em.

Mar. You speake very well,

And Souldier-like.

Grain. What? thou art a wit too I warrant,
In our absence?

Vil. Hum ——— no, no, a poore pretender,

A Candidate or so, 'gainst the next Sessions:

Wit enough to laugh at you here.

Gra. Like enough; valour's a crime:

The wise have still reproached unto the valiant,

And the fools too.

Vil. *Ra llerie a part, Gr. invert;*

What

What accommodations shall we finde here?

Gra. Cleane straw (sweet-heart) and meat
When thou canst get it.

Fil. Hum? straw?

Gra. Yes.

That's all will be betwixt Incest :

You, and your mother earth must lye together.

V. Prethee let's be serious ; will this last ?
How goes affaires ?

G. Well.

V. But well?

G. Faith, 'tis now upon the turning of the ballance :
A most equall businesse, betwixt Rebellion
And Loyaltie.

V. What doest meane ?

G. Why ; which shall be the vertue, and which the vice.

V. How the Divell can that be ?

G. Oh : successe is a rare paint ; hides all the uglines.

V. Prethee, what's the quarrell ?

G. Nay, for that excuse us ;

Aske the children of peace.

They have the leisure to study it,

We know nothing of it ; Liberty they say.

V. 'Sfoot, let the King make an Act,

That any man may be unmarried agen ;

There's liberty for them. A race

Of half-witted fellowes quarrell about freedome ?

And all that while allow the bonds of Matrimony ?

G. You speake very well Sir.

Enter King, Lords, Brennoralt.

M. Soft ; the King and Councell _____

G. Looke, they follow after like tyred spannels :
Quest sometimes for company ; that is, concurre :
And that's their busines.

M. They are as weary of this sport
As a young un:drift of's land :
Any bargaine to be rid on't.

V. Can

V. Can you blame them? —

Who's that?

M. Brennoralt, our brave Coronell:
A discontent, but, what of that? who is not?

V. His face speaks him one.

G. Thou art i'th' right.

He looks still as if he were saying to
Fortune; Husband, goe about your business.

Come, let's retire to *Barathens* Tent.

Taste a bottle, and speake bold truths;

That's our way now.

Ex. Manet King and Lords.

Mief. ———— Thinke not of pardon Sir,

Rigor and mercy us'd in States uncertainly,

And in ill times, looke not like th' effects

Of vertue, but necessity: Nor will

They thanke your goodnes, but your feares. —

Melid. My Lords;

Revenge in Princes should be still imperfect:

It is then handsom'st, when the King comes to

Reduce, not Ruine ————

Bre. Who puts but on the face of punishing,

And only gently cuts, but prunes rebellion:

He makes that flourish which he would destroy.

Who would not be a Rebell when the hopes

Are vaste, the feares but small? [*Mel.*] Why, I would not.

Nor you my Lord, nor you, nor any here.

Feare keeps low spirits only in, the brave

Doe get above it, when they doe resolve.

Such punishments in infancy of warre,

Make men more desperate, not the more yeelding.

The common people are a kind of flies;

They're caught with honey, not with wormewood, Sir.

Severity exasp'rates the stirr'd humour;

And State dillem্পers turnes into diseases.

Bre. The gods forbid, great Polands State should be

Such as it dares not take right Physick. Quarter

To Rebels? Sir! when you give that to them,

Give

Give that to me, which they deserve. I would
Not live to see it ———

3 *Lord.* Turne o're your owne, and other Chronicles,
And you shall finde (great Sir)
„ That nothing makes a Civill warre long liv'd,
„ But ransome and returning backe the brands
Which unextinct, kindled still fiercer fires.

Mies. Mercy bestow'd on those that doe dispute
With swords, do's loose the Angels face it has,
And is not mercy Sir, but policie ;
With a weake vizard on ———

King. ——— Y' have met my thoughts
My Lords ; nor will it need larger debate.
To morrow, in the fight of the besiedg'd,
The Rebelle dyes : *Miesla*, 'tis your care.
The mercy of Heav'n may be offended so,
That it cannot forgive : Mortals much more,
Which is not infinite, my Lords. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter *Iphigene*, *Almerin* (as in prison.)

Iph. O *Almarin* ; would we had never knowne
The ruffle of the world ! but were againe
By Stolden banks, in happy solitude ;
When thou and I, Shepheard and Shepheardeffe ;
So oft by turnes, as often still have wisht,
That we as eas'ly could have chang'd our sex,
As clothes ; but (alas !) all those innocent joyes,
Like glorious Mornings, are retir'd into
Darke fullen clouds, before we knew to value
What we had. [*Alme.*] Fame & victory are light (to himselfe).
Huswifes, that throw themselves into the armes,
Not of the valiant, but the fortunate.
To be tane, thus ! [*Iph.*] *Almerin* [*Alm.*] nipt 'ith' bud
Of honour ! [*Iph.*] My Lord [*Alm.*] Foil'd ! & by the man
That doe's pretend unto Francelia !

Iph. What is't you doe, my *Almerin* ? sit still ?
And quarrell with the Winds, because there is
A shipwrack tow'ds, and never thinke of saving

The barke? [*Almer:*] The Barke? What should we doe with
When the rich freight is lost: my name in armes? (that

Iph. _____ Who knowes

What prizes are behind, if you attend
And waite a second Voyage? [*Almer:*] Never, never :
There are no second Voyages in this,
The wounds of honour doe admit no cure.

Iph. Those slight ones which misfortune gives, must needs.
Else, why should Mortals value it at all ?
For who would toyle to treasure up a wealth;
Which weake inconstancy did keep, or might
Dispose of? _____ Enter *Melidor*.

Oh my Lord, what newes ?

Mel. As ill as your owne feares could give you ;
The Councell has decreed him sudden death;
And all the wayes to mercy are blockt up.

(*She weeps*
(*and sighs.*

Almer. My *Iphigene* _____
This was a misbecomming peece of love :
Women would manage a disaster better — (*Iphig: weeps &*
Again? thou art unkinde — — — (*sighs agen.*

Thy goodnes is so great, it makes thee faulty :
For while thou think'it to take the trouble from me,
Thou givest me more, by giving me thine too.

Iph. Alas! I am indeed a useless trifle ;
A dull, dull thing : For could I now doe any thing
But grieve and pittie, I might help : my thoughts
Labour to finde a way ; but like to birds
In cages, though they never rest, they are
But where they did set out at first _____

Enter *Jaylor*.

Jay. My Lords, your pardon :
The prisoner must retire ;
I have receiv'd an order from the King,
Denies access to any.

Iph. _____ He cannot be
So great a Tyrant. [*Almer.*] I thanke him ; nor can
He use me ill enough : I onely grieve

That

That I must dye in debt ; a Bankrupt : Such
Thy love hath made me : My deare *Iphigene*
Farewell : It is no time for Ceremony.

Shew me the way I must. ————— (Exit.

Iph. Griefe strove with such disorder to get out,
It stopt the passage, and sent backe my words
That were already on the place ——— [Melid.] Itay, there
Is yet a way. [Iph.] O speake it [Mel.] But there is
Danger in't *Iphigene*, to thee high danger.

Iph. Fright children in the darke with that, and let
Meknow it : There is no such thing in nature
If *Almerin* be lost. [Melid.] Thus then ; You must
Be taken pris'ner too, and by exchange
Save *Almerin*.

Iph. How can that be ?

Mel. Why ————— (Studies.
Step in, and pray him set his hand, about (To the Jaylor.
This distance ; his seale too ———

Jay. My Lord, I know not what this is.

Mel. Setling of money-busines, foole, betwixt us.

Jay. It's be no more ————— (Exit.

Mel. Tell him that *Iphigene* and I desire it :
I'll send by *Strathocles* his servant,
A Letter to *Morat* thus sign'd and seal'd,
That shall informe the sudden execution ;
Command him as the only meanes
To save his life, to fallie out this night
Upon the quarters, and endeavour prisoners.
Name you as most secure and slightest guarded,
Best pledge of safety ; but charge him,
That he kill not any, if it be avoydable ;
Least 't should inrage the King yet more,
And make his death more certaine. (Enter Jaylor with

(the writing.

Jay. He understands you not

He sayes ; but he has sent it.

Melid. So —————

Iph. But

Iph. But should *Morat* mistrust now?
Or this miscarry?

Melid. _____ Come;
Leave it to me; I'll take the Pilots part;
And reach the Port, or perish in the Art. (Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Almerin* (in prison.)

Almer. Sleep is as nice as woman;
The more I court it, the more it flies me;
Thy elder brother will be kinder yet,
Unsent for death will come. _____ To morrow _____
Well _____ What can to morrow doe?
I will cure the sense of honour lost _____
I, and my discontents shall rest together,
What hurt is there in this?
But death against the will,
Is but a slovenly kinde of potion;
And though prescrib'd by Heaven,
It goes against mens stomachs:
So does it at fourescore too; when the soule's
Mew'd up in narrow darknes;
Neither sees nor heares, _____ pish, 'tis meer fondnes in our na-
A certaine clownish cowardise, that still (ture;
Would stay at home, and dares not venture
Into forreigne Countries, though better then
It's owne, _____ ha, what Countries? for we receive
Descriptions of th'other world from our Divines,
As blinde men take relation of this from us:
My thoughts leade me into the darke,
And there they'll leave me, I'll no more on't,
Within. (Knocks) _____ Enter.
Some paper and a light, I'll write to th' King:

Desire

Defie him, and provoke a quicke dispatch.
I would not hold this ling'ring doubtfull State
So long againe, for all that hope can give.

Enter 3 of the Guard (with paper and Incke)

That sword does tempt me strangely ——— *(writing.*

Wer't in my hands, 'twere worth th' other two.

But then the Guard, ——— it sleeps or drinks ; may be
To contrive it so that if I should not passe, ———

Why if I fall in't,

'Tis better yet then Pageantry ;

A scaffold and spectators ; *{ One of the Guard peeps over
more souldier-like ——— his shoulder.*

Uncivill villaine, read my letter ? ——— *(Seizes his sword.*

I Guar. Not I, not I my Lord.

Alm. Deny it too ?

Guar. Murder, murder.

Guar. Arme, arme ——— *(The Guard runs out.*

Alm. I'll follow,

Give the alarum with them,

'Tis least suspitious ——— *(Arme, arme, arme.*

All — the enemy, the enemy ——— *(Enter Soldiers running over the
Stage, one throwing away*

Soul. Let them come. *his armes.*

Let them come.

Let them come ——— *(Enter Almerin.*

Alm. I heare fresh noise,

The camp's in great disorder : where am I now ?

'Tis strangely darke — Goddesse without eyes

Be thou my guide, for ——— blindness and fight

Are equall sense, of equall use, this night.

Enter Grainevert, Stratheman, Villanor, Marinell.

Gra. Trouble not thy selfe, childe of discontent :

'Twill take no hurt I warrant thee ;

The State is but a little drunke,

And when 'tas spued up that that made it so,

'Twill be well agen, there's my opinion in short.

Mar. Th' art i'th' right.

The State's a pretty forehanded State,

And will doe reason hereafter.

Let's drinke and talke no more on't.

All. ——— A good motion, a good motion,
Let's drinke.

Villa. I, I let's drinke agen.

Stra. Come, to a Mistris.

Gra. Agreed.

Name, name.

Villa. Any body. ——— *Vermilia.*

Gra. Away with it.

Shée's pretty to walke with :

And wiitty to talke with :

And pleasant too to thinke on.

But the best use of all,

Is her health, is a stale

And helps us to make us drinke on.

Stra. Excellent.

Gentlemen, if you say the word,

Wee'l want credit, and affect high pleasure.

Shall we?

Villa. I, I, let's do that.

Stra. What thinke ye of the sacrifice now?

Mar. Come wee'le ha't, --- for trickling teares are vaine.

Villa. The sacrifice? what's that?

Stra. Child of ignorance, 'tis a campe health.

An *A* ——— *la* ——— mode one. *Grainevert* begin it.

Grain. Come give it me.

Let me see ——— (Pins up a Rose.

Which of them this Rose will serve.

Hum, hum, hum.

Bright Star o'th' lower Orbe, twinckeling Inviter,

Which draw'st (as well as eyes) but set'st men righter :

For who at thee begins, comes to the place,

Sooner then he that sets out at the face :

Eyes are seducing lights, that the goodwomen know,

And hang out these a nearer way to show.

Mar. Fine, and patheticall :

Come Villanor.

Vill. What's the matter?

Mar.

Mar. Come, your liquor, and your stanza's.
Lines, Lines.

Villa. Of what?

Mar. Why, of any thing your Miltris has given you.

Vil. Gentlemen, she never gave me any thing, but a boxe
Oth' eare, for offering to kisse her once.

Stra. Of that boxe then

Mar. I, I, that boxe, of that boxe.

Villa. Since it must be,
Give me the poyson then. _____ (*Drinckes and spits.*)

That boxe faire Mistris, which thou gavest to me,

In humane guesse, is like to cost me three :

Three cups of Wine, and verses sixe,

The Wine will downe, but verse for rime still sticks.

By which you all may easily Gentiles know,

I am a better drinker then a Po. _____ Enter Doran.

Mar. Doran.

Doran.

Gra. A hall, a hall

To welcome our friend

For some liquor call,

A new or fresh face,

Must not alter our pace,

But make us still drinke the quicker :

Wine, Wine, oh 'tis divine

Come fill it unto our brother :

What's at the tongues end,

It forth does send,

And will not a syllable smother

Then,

It unlocks the brest

And throwes out the rest,

And leagnes us to know each other.

Wine, _____ Wine. _____

Dor. Mad lads, have you been here ever since?

Stra. Yes faith, thou seest the worst of us.

We _____ debauch _____ in discipline :

Foure and twenty houres is the time :

Barruthen had the watch to night,
To morrow 'twill be at my Tent.

Dor. Good,
And d' you know what has falne out to night?

Stra. Yes :
Grainevert, and my Lievtenant Coronell:
But they are friends againe.

Dor. Pish, pish — the young Palatine of Plocence,
And his grave guardian surpris'd too night,
Carri'd by the enemy out of his quarters.

G. As a chicken by a Kite out of a back side,
Was't not so?

D. Is that all?

G. Yes.
My Coronell did not love him :
He eats sweet meats upon a march too.

D. Well, harke ye ;
Worse yet ; *Almerin's* gone :
Forc'd the Court of Guard where he was prisoner,
And has made an escape.

G. So pale and spiritlesse a wretch,
Drew *Priams* curtaine in the dead of night,
And told him halfe his Troy was burnt —
He was of my minde. I would have done so my selfe.

D. Well.
There's high suspitions abroad :
Ye shall see strange discoveries
I'th' Councell of Warre.

G. What Councell?

D. One call'd this morning.
Y' are all sent to.

G. I will put on cleane linnen, and speake wisely.

V. 'Sfoot wee'l have a Round first.

G. By all meanes Sir.

Sings :

Come let the State stay,

And drinke away,

There is no businesse above it :

*It warms the cold braine,
Makes us speake in high straine,
Hee's a foole that doe's not approve it.*

*The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunke, and he fought,
Till he had what he sought,
The world was his owne by good drinking.*

(Exeunt.

*Enter Generall of the Rebels, Palatine of Trocke,
Palatine of Mensecke, Francelia, Almerin,
Morat, Iphigene.*

G. As your friend, my Lord, he has the priviledge of ours,
And may enjoy a liberty we would deny
To enemies.

A. I thanke your Excellence; oh *Iphigene*,
He does not know,
That thou the nobler part of friendship hold'st,
And doe'st oblige, whilst I can but acknowledge.

Men. Opportunity to States-men, is as the just degree
Of heate to Chymists ——— it perfects all the worke,
And in this prislner 'tis offer'd.

We now are there, where men should still begin;
To treat upon advantage.

The Palatine of *Trocke*, and *Mensecke*,
With *Almerin*, shall to the King;

Petitions shall be drawne,
Humble in forme, but such for matter,
As the bold Macedonian youth would send
To men he did despise for luxury.

The first begets opinion of the world,
Which looks not far, but on the outside dwells:
Th' other inforces courage in our owne,
For bold demands must boldly be maintain'd.

Pal. Let all goe on still in the publique name,
But keep an eare open to particular offers;
Liberty and publique good are like great *Oleas*

Must have the uper end still of our tables,
Though they are but for shew.

Fra. Would I had ne're seen this shape, 't has poyson in't,
Yet where dwells good, if ill inhabits there?

Min. — Presse much religion,
For though we dresse the scruples for the multitude,
And for our selves reserve th' advantages,
(It being much pretext) yet is it necessary;
For things of faith are so abstruse, and nice,
They will admit dispute eternally:
So how so e're other demands appeare,
These never can be prov'd unreasonable;
The subject being of so fine a nature,
It not submits it selfe to sense, but scapes
The trials which conclude all common doubts.

Fra. My Lord, you use me as ill Painters paint,
Who while they labour to make faces faire,
Neglect to make them like.

Iphi. Madam, there is no shipwracke of your
Vertues neare, that you should throw away
Any of all your excellencies
To save the dearest, modesty.

Gener. If they proceed with us, we can retreat unto
Our expositions, and the peoples votes.
If they refuse us wholly, then we plead,
The King's besiedged, blockt up so straightly
By some few, reliefe can find no way
To enter to the King, or to get out to us,
Exclaime against it loud,
Till the *Polonians* thinke it high injustice,
And wish us better yet.
Then easily do we rise unto our ends.
And will become their envy through their pitty.
At worst you may confirme our party there:
Increase it too; there is one *Brenmoralt*,
Men call him Gallant, but a discontent:
My Coler the King hath ut'd him ill.
Him a handsome whisper will draw.

The afternoone shall perfect
What we have loosely now resolv'd. _____

Iphi. If in discourse of beauty,
(So large an Empire) I do wonder,
It will become your goodnesse Madam,
To let me right.
And in a country where you your selfe is Queene,
Not suffer strangers loose themselves.

Gener. What, making revenges *Palatine*?
And taking prisoners faire Ladies hearts?

Iphi. Yes my Lord.
And have no better fortune in this Warre,
Then in the other; for while I thinke to take,
I am surprized my selfe.

Fra. Dissembler, would thou wert.

M. You are a Courtier my Lord;
The *Palatine* of *Plocence*, (*Almerin*)
Will grace the *Hymeneals*;
And that they may be while his stay is here,
Ple court my Lord in absence;
Take off for you the little strangenesses
Virgins weare at first, _____ (*Iphe sounds.*)
Look to the *Palatine*.

Mer. How is't my dearest *Iphigene*?

Iph. Not well. I would retire.

G. A qualme.

Lo. His colour stole away; sanke downe,
As water in a weather-glasse
Prest by a warme hand.

Mensf. A cordiall of kind lookes, _____ (*Enter a Trumpet*
From the King. *per blinded.*)

M. Let's withdraw,
And heare him. _____ *Exit.*

Enter *Brennoralt*, *Doran*, *Raguelin*.

Dor. Yes to be married;
What are you mute now?

Bren. Thou can'st too hastily upon me, pursue
So close the colours to mine eye, I could

Not see. It is impossible. [*Dor.*] impossible?
If't were impossible, it should be otherwise,
What can you imagine there of Constancy?
Where 'tis so much their nature to love change,
That when they say but what they are,
They excuse themselves for what they doe?

Bren. She hardly knowes him yet, in such an instant.

Dor. Oh you know not how fire flies,
When it does catch light matter, woman.

B. No more of that; She is
 Yet the most precious thing in all my thoughts.
 If it be so ————— (*Studies.*)

I am a lost thing in the world *Doran.*

D. How?

Bren. Thou wilt in vaine perswade me to be other
 Life which to others is a Good that they
 Enjoy, to me will be an evill, I
 Shall suffer in —————

Dor. Looke on another face, that's present remedy.

Bren. How ill thou doest conclude?
 'Cause there are pestilent ayres, which kill men suddenly
 In health, must there be soveraigne as suddenly,
 To cure in sicknes? 't never was in nature.

Exit, and

Enters againe hastily.

Bren. I was a foole to thinke, Death only kept
 The doores of ill-pay'd love, when or disdaine,
 Or spite could let me out as well —————

Dor. Right; were I as you,
 It should no more trouble me
 To free my selfe of love,
 Then to spit out that which made me sicke.

Bren. I le tell her so; that she may laugh at me,
 As at a prisoner threatning his Guard,
 He will breake loose, and so is made the faster.
 She hath charmes. ————— (*Studies*)

Doran can fetch in a rebellious heart,
 Ev'n while it is conspiring liberty.

Oh she hath all
The vertues of her sexe, and not the vices,
Chaste and unsullied, as first op'ning Lillies,
Or untouch'd buds

Dor. Chaste? why! do you honour me,
Because I throw my selfe not off a precipice?
'Tis her ruine to be otherwise;
Though we blame those that kill themselves (my Lord)
We praise not him that keeps himselfe alive,
And deserves nothing.

Bren. And 'tis the least.
She doe's triumph, when she doe's but appeare:
I have as many Rivals as beholders.

Dor. All that encreases but our jealousies;
If you have now such qualmes for that you havenot,
What will you have for that you shall possesse?

Bren. Dull harritique;
Know I have these, because I have not her:
When I have her, I shall have these no more.
Her fancy now, her vertue then will governe:
And as I use to watch with doubtfull eye,
The wavering needle in the best Sun-dyall,
Till it has settled, then the trouble's o're,
Because I know when it is Fixt, it's True:
So here my doubts are all afore me. Sure,
Doran, crown'd Conquerours are but the types
Of Lovers, which enjoy, and really
Possesse, what th'other have in dreames. I'll send
A challenge to him.

Dor. Do, and be thought a mad-man.
To what purpose?
If shee love him, shee will but hate you more.
Lovers in favour (*Brennoralt*) are Gamesters
In good fortune; the more you set them,
The more they get.

Bren. I'll see her then this night, by Heaven I will.

Dor. Where? in the Cittadell?

Bren. Know what, and why.

Dor. He raves, 'Brennoralt?

Bren. Let me alone. ———

I conjure thee, by the discretion
Left betwixt us, (that's thine,
For mine's devour'd by injuries of fortune,)
Leave me to my selfe.

Dor. I have done.

Bren. Is there such a passage,
As thou hast told me of, into the Castle?

Rag. There is my Lord.

Bren. And dar'st thou let me in?

Rag. If you my Lord will venture.

Bren. There are no Centry's neare it.

Rag. None.

Bren. How to the chamber afterward?

Rag. Her woman.

Bren. What's shee?

Rag. A wicket to my Ladies secrets,
One that stands up to marriage with me.

Bren. There — upon thy life be secret. — (*flings a purse.*

Rag. Else, — All punishment to ingratitude. —

Bren. Enough,

I am a storme within till I am there,

Oh *Doran*!

That that, which is so pleasant to behold,
Should be such paine within!

Dor. Poore *Brennoralt*!

Thou art the Martyr of a thousand tyrants:
Love, Honour, and Ambition raigne by turnes,
And shew their power upon thee.

Bren. Why, let them; I'm still *Brennoralt*: "Ev'n Kings
"Themselves, are by their servants rul'd sometimes;
"Let their own slaves govern them at odde houres:
"Yet not subject their Persons or their Powers.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Iphigene* (as in a Garden)

Iphi. **W**Hat have I got by changing place?
But as a wretch which ventures to the Wars,
Seeking the misery with paine abroad,
He found, but wisely thought h'had left at home.
Fortune thou hast no tyranny beyond
This usage. _____ (*Weepes*)

Would I had never hop't
Or had betimes despair'd, let never in
The gentle theife, or kept him but a guest,
Not made him Lord of all.
Tempests of wind thus (as my stormes of griefe
Carry my teares, which should relieve my heart)
Have hurried to the thankelesse Ocean clouds
And showers, that needed not at all the curtesie;
When the poore plaines have languish't for the want,
And almost burnt asunder. ———
I'le have this Statues place, and undertake
At my own charge to keepe the water full. — (*Lies down.*)

Enter *Francelia.*

Fran. These fond impressions grow too strong upon me,
They were at first without designe or end;
Like the first Elements, that know not what
And why they act, and yet produce strange things;
Poore innocent desires, journeying they know
Not whether: but now they promise to themselves
Strange things, grow insolent, threaten no rest
Till they be satisfied.
What difference was between these Lords?
The one made love, as if he by assault
Would take my heart, to forc't it to defence;
While t'other blew it up with secret mines,
And left no place for it, here he is. _____

Teares

Teares steale too from his eyes,
 As if not daring to be knowne
 To passe that way : make it good, cunning grieve
 Thou knowst thou couldst not dresse thy selfe
 In any other lookes, to make thee lovely. (*spies Francelia*)

Iphi. Francelia

If through the ignorance of places,
 I have intruded on your privacies,
 Found out forbidden paths ; 'tis fit you pardon, Madam :
 For 'tis my melancholly, not I, offends.

Fran. So great a melancholly would well become
 Mischances, such as time could not reaire :
 Those of the warre, are but the petty cures
 Of every comming hower. ———

Iphi. Why should I not tell her all ? since 'tis in her
 To save my life ; who knowes but she may be
 Gallant so far, as to undo her selfe
 To make another happy ? ——— Madam,
 The accidents of war contribute least
 To my sad thoughts, (if any such I have)
 ——— Imprisonment can never be. ———

Where the place holds what we must love, and yet ———

Fran. My Lord ?

Iphi. In this imprisonment. ———

Fran. Proceed my Lord :

Iphi. I dare not Madam.

Fran. I see I do disturbe you, and enter upon secrets —
 Which when I know, I cannot serve you in them.

Iphi. Oh most of any
 You are the cause of all.

Fran. I my Lord ?

Iphi. You Madam ——— you alone.

Fran. Alas ! that 'tis too soone to understand.

Iphi. Must not you marry *Almerin* ?

Fran. They tell me 'tis design'd.

Iphi. If he have you, I am for ever lost

Fran. ——— Lost ?

The Heavens forbid they should designe so ill !

Or when they shall, that I should be the cause.

Iphi. Ha! her eyes are strangely kind,
Shee prompts me excellently,
Stars be propitious, and I am safe.

—— A way I not expected.

Fran. His passion labours for vent.

Iphi. Is there a hope you will not give your selfe
To *Almerin*?

Fran. My Lord this ayre is common,
The walkes within are pleasanter. ————— (*Exit.*)

Iphi. ————— Invitation!
God of desires, be kind, and fill me now
With language; such thou lend'st thy Favourites,
When thou wouldst give them easie victories:
And I forgive thee, all thy cruelties. ————— (*Exit. after.*)

Enter *Pallatine of Trock, Menseck, Almerin,*
Brennoralt, Lords.

Mensf. — Consider too, that those
Who are necessitated to use violence,
Have first been violent by necessity.

Pall. — But still you judge not right
“ Of the Prerogative; “ For oft it stands
“ With Pow'r and Law, as with our Faith and Reason:
“ It is not all against, that is above. (*my Lord.*)

2. *Lord.* You *Lithuanians* had of all least reason;
For would the King be unjust to you, he cannot:
Where there's so little to be had. ———

Almer. Where there is least, there's liberty (*my Lord.*)
And 'tis more injurie to pull haire
From the bald, then from the bushy heads. (*They go off talking:*

Pall. of Tro. Brennoralt ——— a word (*Trock puts Bren-*
My Lord, the world hath cast its eye upon you, (*noralt.*)
And mark'd you out one of the formost men:
Y'have busied fame the eareliest of any,
And send her still on errands.
Much of the bravery of your nation,
Has taken up it's lodging in you.
And gallant men but copy from you.

Bren. 'Tis goodly language this, what would it meane?

Pall. of Tro. The *Lithuanians* wish you well, and wonder
So much desert should be so ill rewarded.

Bren. Good.

Pall. While all the gifts the Crown is Mistress of,
Are plac'd upon the empty——

Bren. Still I take you not.

P. Then to be plaine; our Army would be proud of you :
Pay the neglected scores of merit double.

All that you hold here of command, and what
Your fortune in this *Sigismund* has suffer'd,
Repaire, and make it fairer then at first.

Bren. How?

Then nothing, Lord; trifle below ill language :
How came it in thy heart to tempt my honour?

Fall. My Lord?

Bren. Do't thinke 'cause I am angry
With the King and State sometimes
I am fallen out with vertue, and my selfe?
Draw, draw, or by goodnesse——

P. What meanes your Lordship?

Bren. Draw I say.

—— He that would thinke me a villaine, is one :

And I do weare this toy, to purge the world
Of such. Th'have sav'd thee, wert thou good natur'd
Thou wouldst love the King the better during life.

*Ent. K. of Pol.
Lords, Melch.
Miesla.*

K. If they be just, they call for gracious answers:
Speedy, (how e're) we promise.

*(The) all kisse the
(Kings hand.*

All. Long live great *Sigismund*.

Bren. —— The *Lithuanians* Sir,
Are of the wilder sort of creatures, must
Be rid with Cavigons, and with harsh curbs.
And since the war can only make them tride,
What can be used but swords? where men have fall'ne
From not respecting Royalty, unto
A liberty of offending it : what though
Their numbers (possibly) equall yours Sir?
And now forc't by necessity, like Catts

In narrow roomes, they fly up in your face?
 Thinke you Rebellion and Loyalty
 Are empty names? and that in Subjects hearts
 They don't both give. and take away the courage?
 Shall we beleewe there is no difference
 In good and bad? that there's no punishment,
 Or no protection? forbid it Heaven!
 If when great *Polands* honour, last ty too,
 Hangs in dispute, we should not draw our Swords,
 Why were we ever taught to weare 'em Sir?

Mi. This late commotion in your Kingdom Sir,
 Is like a growing Wen upon the face,
 Which as we cannot looke one but with trouble,
 So take't away we cannot but with danger.
 War there hath foulest face, and I most feare it
 Where the pretence is fair't. Religion
 And Liberty, most specious names, they urge;
 Which like the Bills of subtle Mountebankes,
 Fill'd with great promises of curing all,
 ————— Though by the wise,
 Pass'd by unread as common colenage,
 Yet, By th'unknowing multitude they're still
 Admir'd, and flock't unto. ———

K. Is there no way
 To disabuse them? [*Melid*] All is now too late.
 ' The vulgar in Religion are like
 " Unknown Lands; those that first possesse them, have them.
 Then, Sir, consider, justnesse of Cause is nothing:
 When things are risen to the point they are;
 'Tis either not examin'd or beleev'd
 Among the Warlike. ———
 The better cause the *Grecians* had of *Tore*,
 Yet were the Gods themselves divided in't;
 And the foule ravisher found as good protection
 As the much injur'd husband. ———
 Nor are you Sir assur'd of all behinde you:
 For though your Person in your Subjects hearts
 Stands highly honour'd, and belov'd, yet are

There

There certaine *Acts* of State, which men call grievances
 Abroad; and though they bare them in the times
 Of peace, yet will they now perchance, seeke to
 Be free, and throw them off. “ For know Dread Sir,
 “ The Common People are much like the Sea,
 “ That suffers things to fall and sinke unto
 “ The bottome in a Calme, which in a Storme
 “ Stird and intraged, it lifts, and does keep up
 Then; Time distempers cures more safely Sir,
 Then Physick does, or instant letting-bloud:
 Religion now is a young Mistris there,
 For which each man will fight, and dye at least;
 Let it alone a while, and ’twill become
 A kind of marry’d wife: people will be
 Content to live with it in quietnesse.
 (If that at least may be) my voyce is therefore Sir,
 For Peace. —————

Mies. Were Sir the question simply War or Peace,
 It were no more then shortly to be askt,
 Whether we would be well or ill:
 Since War the sicknesse of the Kingdome is,
 And Peace the health: But here I do conceive
 ’Twill rather lye, whether we had not better,
 Endure sharpe sicknesse for a time, to enjoy
 A perfect strength, then have it languish on us:
 For Peace and War in an incestuous line,
 Have still begot each other. —————
 Those men that highly now have broke all Lawes,
 (The great one only ’tis ’twixt man and man)
 What safety can they promise, though you give it?
 Will they not still suspect, (and justly too)
 That all those civill bonds (new made) should be
 Broken againe to them? so being still
 In feares and jealousies themselves, they must
 Infect the People: “ For in such a case
 “ The private safety is the publike trouble.
 Nor will they ever want Prætext; “ Since he
 “ That will maintaine it with his Sword hee’s injur’d,
 “ May

"May say't at any time ———
Then Sir, as terrible as war appeares,
My vote is for't; nor shall I ever care
How ugly my Physicians face shall be,
So he can doe the cure.

Lord. In entring phisique,
I thinke, Sir, none so much confiders
The Doctors face, as his owne body.
To keep on foot the warre with all your wants,
Is to let bloud, and take strong potions,
In dangerous sicknesse.

K. I see, and wonder not to finde, my Lords,
This difference in opinion; the subject's large:
Nor can we there too much dispute, where when
We erre, 'tis at a Kingdomes charges; Peace
And warre are in themselves indifferant,
And time doth stamp them either good or bad:
But here the place is much considerable;
"Warre in our owne is like to too much heate
"Within, it makes the body sicke; when in
"Another Countrey, 'tis but exercise;
"Conveighs that heat abroad, and gives it health.
To that I bend my thoughts; but leave it to
Our greater Councell, which we now assemble:
Meane time exchange of pris'ners only we
Assent unto ———

Lord. Nothing of Truce, Sir? [*K.*] No: wee'l not take up
Quiet at int'rest: Perfect Peace, or nothing.

"Cessations for short times in warre, are like
"Small fits of health, in desp'rate maladies:
"Which while the instant paine seemes to abate,
"Flatters into debauch and worse estate. ——— *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iphigene as leading to her chamber Francelia;
Servants with lights; Morat, and
another Souldier.*

Iph. I have not left my selfe a faire retreat,
And must be now the blest object
Of your love, or subject of your scorne.

Fran. I feare some treacherie;
And that mine eyes have given intelligence.
Unlesse you knew there would be weak defence,
You durst not thinke of taking in a heart,
As soone as you set downe before it.

Iph. Condemne my Love not of such fond ambition,
It aymes not at a conquest,
But exchange, *Francelia* ——— (*whisper.*

Mor. They're very great in this short time.

Sol. 'Tis ever so :
Young and handsome
Have made acquaintances in nature :
So when they meet, they have the lesse to doc.
It is for age or uglines to make approaches,
And keep a distance.

Iph. When I shall see other perfection,
Which at the best will be but other vanity,
Not more, I shall not love it —

Fran. 'Tis still one step not to despaire, my Lord.

Exeunt Iphig. Fran. servants.

Morat. Doeſt thinke he will fight ?

Sold. Troth it may be not :
Nature, in those fine peeces, does as Painters;
Hangs out a pleasant Excellence
That takes the eye, which is indeed,
But a course canvas in the naked truth,
Or some slight stuffe.

Morat. I have a great minde to taste him.

Sold. Fy ! a Prisoner ?

Morat. By this hand if I thought ——— (*Enter Iphig. waiting-
woman comming
after him.*
He courted my Coronels M^{rs} in earnest.

Wom. My Lord, my Lord,
My Lady thinks the Gessimine walks
Will be the finer, the freshnes
f th' morning takes of the strength
O' th' heate she sayes.

Iph. 'Tis well.

Mor. Mewe ——— doe it so? I suspect vildly,
Wee'l follow him, and see if he be

So farre qualified towards a souldier,
As to drinke a crashe in's chamber. — (*Ragnelin pulls the wai-*

R. Where are those keyes? (*ting woman backe.*

Wom. Harke you, I dare not doe it.

R. How?

Wom. My Lady will finde _____

R. Scruples?

Are my hopes become your feares?

There was no other way I should be any thing

In this lewd world, _____ and now _____

'Sfoot, I know she longs to see him too.

Wom. Does she?

R. Doe you thinke he would desire it else?

Wom. I, but _____

R. Why, let me secure it all.

I'le say I found the Keyes, or stole them: Come --

Wom. Well, if you ruine all now _____

Here, these enter the garden from the works,

That the privy walks and that the backe staires.

Then you know my chamber.

R. Yes I know your chamber. _____ *Exeunt*

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. He comes not.

One wise thought more and I returne:

I cannot in this act separte the foolish

From the bold so farre, but still it taste a' th, rash. }

Why let it taste, it taste of love too;

And to all actions 't gives a pretty relish, that.

Enter Ragnelin.

Rag. My Lord?

Bren. Oh _____ here.

Rag. 'Sfoot y' are upon our Centries.

Move on this hand. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter (agen) Bren. and Rague.

Bren. Where are we now?

Ra. Enttring part of the Fort,

Your Lordship must be wet a little. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter (again:)

Bren. Why are there here no guards?

Ra. There needs none:

You presently must passe a place,
Where one's an Army in defence,
It is so steep and strait.

Bren. 'Tis well.

Ra. These are the steps of danger;
Looke to your way my Lord.

Bren. I do not find such difficulty.

Francelia (as in a bed.)

Bren. Waite me here abouts ———— *(he draws the*
So Misers looke upon their gold, *(curtaines.*
Which while they joy to see, they feare to loose:
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling,
The jealousie of being dispossest by others;
Her face is like the milky way i'th' skie,
A meeting of gentle lights without name.
Heavens I shall this fresh ornament
Of the world; this precious lovelines
Passe with other common things
Amongst the waste of time, what pity 't were. *(She wakes.*

Franc. Bless me!

Is it a Vision, or *Brennoralt*?

Bren. *Brennoralt*, Lady.

Franc. *Brennoralt*? innocence guard me;
What is 't you have done my Lord?

Bren. Alas I were in too good estate,
If I knew what I did.

But why aske you Madam?

Franc. It much amazes me to thinke
How you came hither.
And what could bring you to indanger thus
My honour, and your owne life?
Nothing but saving of my brother
Could make me now preserve you.

Bren. Repreach me not the follies, you your selfe:
Make me commit ————

I am reduc'd to such extremity,
That love himselfe (high tyrant as he is)
If he could see would pity me.

Fran. I understand you not.

Bren. Would heaven you did, for 't is a paine to tell you :
I come t'accuse you of injustice (Madam)
You first begot my passion, and was
Content (at least you seem'd so) it should live ;
Yet since would ne're contribute unto it,
Not looke upon 't, as if you had desired,
Its being for no other end ; but for
The pleasure of its ruine _____

Fran. Why doe you labour thus to make me guilty of
An injury to you, which when it is one,
All mankind is alike ingag'd, and must
Have quarrell to me ?

Bren. I have done ill ; you chide me justly (Madam)
I'll lay 't not on you, but on my wretched selfe.
For I am taught that heavenly bodies
Are not malicious in their influence,
But by the disposition of the subject.
They tell me you must marry *Almerin* :
Sure such excellence ought to be
The recompence of vertue ;
Not the sacrifice of Parents wisdom,
Should it not Madam ?

Fran. 'T would injure me, were it thought otherwise.

Br. And shall he have you then that knew you yesterday?
Is there in martyrdom no juster way ?
But he that holds a finger in the fire
A little time, should have the Crowne from them
That have indur'd the flame with constancy ?

Fran. If the discovery will ease your thoughts
My Lord ; know *Almerin* is as the man
I never saw. [*Bren.*] You doe not marry then ?
Condemned men thus heare, and thus receive
Repreeves. One question more, and I am gone.
Is there to latitude of eternity

A hope for *Brennoralt*?

Fran. My Lord?

Bren. Have I a place at all,
When you doe thinke of men?

Fran. My Lord, a high one,
I must be singular did I not value you:
The world does set great rates upon you,
And you have first deserv'd them.

Bren. Is this all?

Fran. All.

Bren. Oh be lesse kinde, or kinder:
Give me more pity, or more cruelty, *Francelia*.
I cannot live with this, nor die ———

Fran. I feare my Lord,
You must not hope beyond it.

Bren. Not hope? This, sure, is not the body to (*views him-*
This soule; it was mistaken, shuffled in (*selfe.*
Through haste: Why (else) should that have so much love,
And this want loveliness, to make that love
Receiv'd? ——— I will raise honour to a point,
It never was ——— do things (*studies.*
Of such a vertuous greatnesse she shall love me.
She shall ——— I will deserve her, though
I have her not: There's something yet in that.
Madam, wilt please you, pardon my offence?
——— (Oh Fates!

That I must call thus my affection!)

Fran. I will doe any thing, so you will thinke
Of me, and of your selfe (my Lord) and how
Your stay indangers both — [*Bren.*] Alas!
Your pardon is more necessary to
My life, then life to me: but I am gone.
Blessings, such as my wishes for you, in
Their extasies, could never reach, fall on you.
May ev'ry thing contribute to preserve
That excellence (my destruction) till't meet joyes
In love, great as the torments I have in't. *Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. **W**Hy so, 'tis well, Fortune *I* thanke thee still,
I dare not call thee villaine neither.

'Twas plotted from the first,
That's certaine, — it looks that way?
Hum ——— caught in a trap?
Here's something yet to trust to ——— (*To his sword.*)
This was the entry, these the staires:
But whether afterwards?
He that is sure to perill on the land,
May quit the nicetie of Card and Compasse:
And safe, to his discretion, put to Sea:
He shall have my hand to't.

Exit.

*Enter Raguelin, Orilla, (the
waiting-woman.*

Ra. Looke:

By this light 'tis day.

Oril. Not by this, by t' other 'tis indeed.

Ra. Thou art such another peece of temptation. }

My Lord raves by this time,

A hundred to one the Centinells

Will discover us too,

Then *I* doe pay for night-watch.

Oril. Fie upon thee,

Thou art as fearfull as a young colt;

Boglest at every thing, foole.

As if Lovers had considered houres: *I*'le peep in -- (*she peeps*

Ra. *I* am as weary of this wench,

As if *I* were married to her:

She hangs upon me like an Ape upon a horse ———

She's as common too, as a Barbers glasse ———

Conscienc't too like a Dy-dapper.

Orilla. ——— there's nobody within:

My

My Lady sleeps this houre at least.

Ra. Good, the Diuel's even with me ———
Not be an honest man neither ——— *Enter Bren. & a guard.*
What course now?

S. Nay Sir, we shall order you now.

Bren. Dogges. ——— *Enter Fresolin.*

Fres. What tumult's this — ha! *Brennoralt* ! 'tis he
In spite of his disguise; what makes he here?

Hee's lost for ever if he be discover'd;
How now companions, why doe you use my friend thus?

S. Your friend my Lord? if he be your friend
H'as us'd us as ill:

H'has plaid the Divell amongst us.
Six of our men are Surgeons worke this moneth;
We found him climbing the walls.

2 S. He had no word neither,
Nor any language but a blow.

Fres. You will be doing these wilde things (my Lord)
Good faith y' are too blame, if y' had desir'd
To view the walls, or Trenches, 't was but
Speaking; we are not nice:

I would my selfe have waited on you:
Th' are the new out-workes you would see perchance.
Boy, bring me blacke Tempest round about,
And the gray Barbary; a Trumpet come along too;
My Lord, wee'l take the neerer way,
And privater, here through the Sally-Port.

Bre. What a Divell is this? sure *I* dreame ——— *Exeunt.*

S. Now, you are so officious. *(Manet Sold.)*

2 S. Death *I* could *I* guesse he was a friend?

S. 'Twas ever to be thought,
How should he come there else?

2 S. Friend or no friend, he might have left us
Something to pay the Surgeon with:

Grant me that, or *I* le beat you to't. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Fresolin, and Brennoralt.

Fres. *Brennoralt* ——— start not:
I pay thee backe a life *I* owe thee;

And

And blesse my Starres, they gave me power to do't;
 The debt lay heavy on me.
 A horse waits you there _____ a Trumpet too,
 (Which you may keep, least he should prate)
 No Ceremony, 'tis dangerous.

Bren. Thou hast astonish't me :
 Thy youth hath triumph'd in one single act,
 O're all the age can boast ; and I will stay
 To tell thee so, were they now firing all
 Their Cannons on me ; farewell gallant *Fresolin* :
 And may reward, great as thy vertue, crowne thee.

Exeunt diverse ways.

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Fran. A peace will come,
 And then you must be gone ;
 And whither when you once are got upon the wing,
 You will not stoop to what shall rise,
 Before ye flye to some lure
 With more temptation garnisht, is a sad question.

Iph. Can you have doubts, and I not my feares ?
 By this — the readiest and the sweetest oath, I sweare
 I cannot so secure my selfe of you,
 But in my absence I shall be in paine.
 I have cast up what it will be to stand
 The Governors anger ; and which is more hard,
 The love of *Almerin*.

I hold thee now but by thy owne free grant,
 A slight securitie, alas it may fall out,
 Giving thy selfe, not knowing thine owne worth,
 Or want of mine, thou mayst, like Kings deceiv'd,
 Resume the gift on better knowledge backe.

Fran. If I so eas'ly change, I was not worth your love,
 And by the losse you 'l gaine.

Iph. But when y'are irrecoverably gone,
 *I will be slight comfort to perswade my selfe
 You had a fault, when all that fault must be
 But want of love to me ; and that agen
 Finde in my much defect, so much excuse,

That

That it will have no worse name
Then discretion, if inconcern'd doe
Cast it up — I must have more assurance.

Franc. You have too much already:
And sure my Lord you wonder, while I blush,
At such a growth in young affections.

Iphi. Why should I wonder (Madam.)
Love that from two breasts sucks,
Must of a child quickly become a Giant,
Dances in love stay at the Alphabet,
Th' inspir'd know all before; ————— } *Enter waiting*
And doe begin still higher. } *woman.*

Woman. Madam;

Almerin, returned, has sent to kisse
Your hands. I told him you were busie.

Franc. Must I my Lord be busy?
I may be civill though not kind.
Tell him I wait him in the Gallery.

Iphi. May I not kisse your hand this night? (*Whisper*)

Franc. The world is full of jealous eyes my Lord:
And were they all lockt up; you are a spye
Once entred in my chamber at strange houres.

Iphi. The vertue of *Francelia* is too safe,
To need those little arts of preservation.
Thus to divide our selves, is to distrust our selves.
A Cherubin dispatches not on earth
Th' affaires of heaven with greater innocence,
Then I will visit; 'tis but to take a leave,
I begg.

Franc. When you are going my Lord ———— *Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin, Morat.

Almer. Pish. Thou liest, thou liest.
I know he playes with woman kind, not loves it.
Thou art impertinent. ————

Mor. 'Tis the campe talke my Lord though.

Al. The camp's an asse, let me hear no more on't

Exeunt (Talking.)

Enter

Enter Granivert. Villanor. Marinel.

Grani. And shall we have peace?

I am no sooner sober, but the State is so too:

If't be thy will, a truce for a month only.

I long to refresh my eyes; by this hand

They have been so tyr'd with looking upon faces

Of this country.

Villa. And shall the *Donazella*

To whom we wish so well-a

Look Babies agen in our eyes-a?

Grani. Ah --- a sprightly girl above fifteen

That melts when a man but takes her by the hand!

Eyes full, and quick; with breath

Sweet as double violets,

And wholesome as dying leaves of Strawberries.

Thick silken eye-browes, high upon the fore-head;

And cheeks mingled with pale streaks of red,

Such as the blushing morning never wore, ———

Villa. Oh my chops; my chops;

Grani. With narrow mouth, small teeth,

And lips swelling, as if she pouted ———

Villa. Hold, hold, hold;

Grani. Haire curling, and cover'd, like buds of *Marioram*,

Part tyed in negligence

Part loosely flowing ———

Marin. Tyrant! tyrant! tyrant!

Grani. In pinck colour taffata petticoate,

Lac't smock-sleeves dangling;

This vision stolne from her own bed

And rustling in ones chamber ———

Villa. Oh good *Granivert*, good *Granivert*.

Grani. With a waxe candle in her hand,

Looking as if she had lost her way;

At twelve at night.

Marm. Oh any hower, any hower.

Grani. Now I thinke on't, by this hand

Ile marry, and be long liv'd.

Villa. Long liv'd? how?

Grani.

Grain. Oh, he that has a Wife, eats with an appetite,
 'Has a very good stomacke to't first :
 This living at large is very destructive,
 Variety is like rare sawces ; provokes too far,
 And draws on surfets, more then th' other.

Enter Doran.

Dor. So ; is this a time to foole in ?

G. What's the matter ?

Dor. Draw out your choise men, and away to
 Your Coronell immediately. There's worke
 Towards my boyes, there's worke.

Grain. Art in earnest ?

Dor. By this light.

Grain. There's something in that yet.

This moiety Warre

Twilight,

Neither night nor day,

Pox upon it :

A storme is worth a thousand

Of your calme ;

There's more variety in it. Exeunt.

Enter Almerin, Francelia, as talking earnestly.

Alm. Madam, that shewes the greatnes of my passion.

Fran. The imperfection rather : Jealousie's
 No better signe of love (my Lord) then feavers are
 Of Life ; they shew there is a Being, though
 Impair'd, and perishing : and that, affection
 But sicke and in disorder. I like't not.

Your servant. ——— *Exit.*

Al. So short and sower? the change is visible.

Enter Iphigene.

Iph. Deare *Almerin* welcome, y' have been absent long.

Alm. Not very long.

Iph. To me it hath appeared so ;
 What sayes our Camp? am I not blamed there ?

Alm. They wonder ———

Iph. While we smile ———

How have you found the King inclining ?

Alm. Well.

Alm. Well.

The Treaty is not broken, nor holds it.
Things are where they were ;
'T has a kind of face of peace,
You my Lord may when you please returne.

Iph. I *Almerin*?

Alm. Yes my Lord, I'll give you an escape.

Iph. 'Tis least in my desires.

Alm. Hum!

Iph. Such prisons are beyond all liberty.

Alm. Is't possible?

Iph. Seemes it strange to you?

Alm. No, not at all.

What? you hide the Ladies kinde?

Iph. Civill ————— (*smiles.*

A. You make love well too they say (my Lord.)

Iph. Passe my time.

Alm. Adresse unto *Francelia*?

Iph. Visit her.

Al. D' you know she is my Mistres, Pallatine?

Iph. Ha?

Alm. D' you know she is my Mistresse?

Iph. I have been told so.

Alm. And doe you court her then?

Iph. Why? ————— (*smiles.*

If I saw the enemy first,

Would you not charge?

Alm. He doe's allow it too, by Heaven:

Laughs at me too; thou filcher of a heart,

Falle as thy title to *Francelia*.

Or as thy friendship: which with this I doe ————— (*drawes.*

Throw by ——— draw.

Iph. What doe you meane?

Alm. I see the cunning now of all thy love,
And why thou camest so tamely kinde,
Suffering surprize. Draw.

Iph. I will not draw, kill me;
And I shall have no trouble in my death,

Knowing

Knowing 'tis your pleasure :
 As I shall have no pleasure in my life
 Knowing it is your trouble.

Alm. Oh poor ——— I lookt for this.
 I knew th' wouldst find 'twas easier to doe a wrong
 Then justifie it -- but ———

Iphi. I will not fight ——— heare me :
 If I love you not more, then I love her;
 If I doe love her more then for your sake;
 Heaven strangely punish me.

Alm. Take heed how thou dost play with heaven.

Iphi. By all that's just, and faire, and good,
 By all that you hold deare, and men hold great;
 I never had lascivious thought, or ere
 Did action that might call in doubt my love
 To *Almerin*.

Alm. That tongue can charme me into any thing;
 I doe beleev't, prethee be wiser then.
 Give me no further cause of jealousy,
 Hurt not mine honour more, and I am well.

Iphi. But well ——— Of all
 Our passions, I wonder nature made
 The worst, foule jealousy, her favorite.
 And if it be not so, why took she care
 That every thing should give the monster Nourishment,
 And left us nothing to destroy it with?

Alm. Prethee no more, thou plead'st so cunningly
 I feare I shall be made the guilty
 And need thy pardon.

Iphi. If you could read my heart you would.
 I will be gone to morrow if that will satisfie. Indeed
 I shall not rest untill my innocence
 Be made as plain as objects to the sence.

Alm. ——— Come;
 You shall not goe, I'll think upon't no more.
 "Distrusts ruine not friendship,
 "But build it fairer then it was before ———

Exeunt.
In er

Enter Brennoralt : Captaines, Stratheman : Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every company;
For many hands are theeves, and rob the glory,
While they take their share. how goes the night?

Str. Halfe spent my Lord.
We shall have straight,
The Moones weaker light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the officers.
Friends, if you were men that must be talkt
Into a courage, I had not chosen you;
Danger with its vizard, oft before this time
Y' have look'd upon, and out-fac'd it too;
We are to doe the trick agen, that's all.
Here _____ (drawes his sword)

And yet we will not sweare :
For he that shrinks in such an action
Is damn'd without the help of perjury.
Doran; if from the virgin tow'r thou spiest
A flame, such as the East sends forth about
The time the day should break, goe tell the King
I hold the Castle for him; bid him come on
With all his force, and he shall find a victory
So cheap 'twill loose the value. If I fall,
The world has lost a thing it us'd not well;
And I, a thing I car'd not for; that world.

Str. Lead us on Coronell;
If we doe not fight like _____

Bren. No like.
Wee'l be our selves similitude
And time shall say, when it would tell
That men did well, they fought like us.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Agen.

Bren. **W**Hat made the stop?
One in's falling sicknesse had a fit

which

Which choak'd the passage ; but all is well :
Softly, we are neere the place. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum within, and fight; then enter Almerin
(in his night-gowne.*

Alm. What noise is here to night ?
Something on fire ——— what hoe,
Send to the Virgin-tower, there is disorder ———
Thereabouts. *(Ent. Sould.*

Sould. All's lost, all's lost :
The enimie's upon the place of armes :
And is by this time Master of that,
And of the Tower.

Alm. Thou liest. ——— *(strikes him.*

Enter Mor.

Mor. Save your selfe my Lord, and hast unto the camp ;
Ruine gets in on every side.

Alm. There's something in it when this fellow flies.
Villaines my armes, I'll see what Divell raignes.

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Iphi. Looke, the day breakes.

Fran. You thinke I'll be so kinde, as sweare
It does not now. Indeed I will not ———

Iph. Will you not send me neither,
Your picture when y' are gone ?
That when my eye is famisht for a looke,
It may have where to feed,
And to the painted Feast invite my heart.

Fran. Here, take this virgin-bracelet of my haire,
And if like other men thou shalt hereafter
Throw it with negligence,
Mongst the Records of thy weake female conquests,
Laugh at the kinde words, and mysticall contrivement.
If such a time shall come,
Know I am sighing then thy absence *Iphigene,*
And weeping o're the false but pleasing Image.

Enter Almerin.

Alm. *Francelia, Francelia,*
Rise, rise, and save thy selfe the enemy

That

That does not know thy worth, may else destroy it.
(*throws open the door.*)

Ha ! mine eyes grow sick.

A plague has, through them, stolne into my heart ;
And I grow dizzie : feet, lead me off agen,
Without the knowledge of my body.

I shall act I know not what else — *Exit.*

Franc. How came he in ?

Deare *Iphigene* we are betrayd ;
Lets raise the Castle lest he should return.

Iph. That were to make all publique.

Feare not, Ile satisfie his anger :

I can doe it.

Franc. Yes, with some quarrell;

And bring my honour, and my love in danger — { *Enter*
Look he returns, and wrecks of fury, { *Almerin*
Like hurried clouds over the face of heaven,
Before a tempest, in his looks appeares.

Alm. If they would question what our Rage doth act
And make it sin, they would not thus provoke men.

—— *I am too tame.*

For if they live I shall be pointed at,
Here I denounce a warre to all the world,
And thus begin it ——— (*runs at Iphigene*)

Iphi. What hast thou done ——— (*falls*)

Franc. Ah me, help, help. ——— (*wounds Francelia*)

Iphi. Hold.

Alm. 'Tis too late.

Iphi. Rather then she shall suffer,
My fond deceits involve the innocent;
I will discover all.

Alm. Ha ! ——— what will he discover ?

Iphi. That which shall make thee curse
The blindness of thy rage. — *I am a woman.*

Alm. Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold !

Because thy perjury deceived me once,
And saved thy life, thou thinkest to escape agen.
Impostor, thus thou shalt. ——— (*runs at him*)

D.

Iphi.

Iphi. Oh hold — *I* have enough.
Had *I* hope of life, thou shouldst not have this secret.

Franc. What will it be now?

Iphi. — My father having long desir'd
A sonne to heire his great possessions.
And in six births successively deceiv'd,
Made a rash vow; oh how rash vowes are punished!
That if the burthen then my mother went with
Prov'd not a male, he ne're would know her more.
Then was unhappy *Iphigene* brought forth,
And by the womens kindnesse nam'd a boy;
And since so bred: (a cruell pity as
It hath faln out.) If now thou findest that, which
Thou thoughtst a friendship in me, Love; forget it.
It was my joy, --- and -- death. --- (*faints*.)

Alm. ——— For curiosity
Ile save thee, if *I* can, and know the end
If't be but losse of Blood, ——— Breasts!
By all that's good a woman! -- *Iphigene.*

Iphi. I thank thee, for *I* was false asleep, before
I had dispatcht. Sweetest of all thy sexe,
Francelia, forgive me now; my love
Vnto this man, and feare to loose him, taught me,
A fatall cunning, made me court you, --- and
My owne Destruction. [*Franc.*] *I* am amaz'd.

Alm. And can it be? Oh mockery of heaven!
To let me see what my soule often wisht
And mak't my punishment, a punishment,
That were I old in sinnes, were yet too great.

Iphi. Would you have lov'd me then? Pray say you would:
For *I* like testic sickmen at their death,
Would know no newes but health from the Physitian.

Alm. Canst thou doubt that?
That hast so often seen me extasi'd,
When thou wert drest like woman
Vnwillling ever to beleieve thee man?

Iph. *I* have enough.

Alm. Heavens!

What thing shall I appeare unto the world !
Here might my ignorance find some excuse.

But, there,

I was distracted. None but one enrag'd
With anger to a savadgenesse, would ere
Have drawne a sword upon such gentle sweetnesse.
Be kind, and kill me; kill me one of you :
Kill me if 't be but to preserve my wits.
Deare *Iphigene*, take thy revenge, it will
Not misbecome thy sexe at all; for 'tis
An act of pity not of cruelty :
Thus to dispatch a miserable man.

Franc. And thou wouldst be more miserable yet,
While like a Bird made prisoner by it selfe,
Thou bat'st and beat'st thy self 'gainst every thing,
And dost passe by, that which should let thee out.

Alm. ——— Is it my fault ?

Or heav'ns ? Fortune, when she would play upon me,
Like ill Musicians, wound me up so high,
That I must crack sooner then move in tune.

Franc. Still you rave,
While we for want of present help may perish.

Alm. Right.

A Surgeon, Ile goe find one instantly.
The enemy too -- I had forgot ———
Oh what fatality govern'd this night.

Exit.

Franc. How like an unthrifts case will mine be now ?
For all the wealth he looses shifts but 's place;
And still the world enjoyes it : so will't you,
Sweet *Iphigene*, though I possesse you not.

Iphi. What excellence of Nature's this ! have you
So perfectly forgiv'n already, as to
Consider me a losse ? I doubt which Sexe
I shall be happier in. Climates of Friendship
Are not lesse pleasant, 'cause they are lesse scorching,
Then those of Love ; and under them wee'l live :
Such pretious links of that wee'l tye our souls
Together with, that the chaines of the other.

Shall be grosse fetters to it. [*Franc.*] But I feare
I cannot stay the making. Oh would you
Had never un-deceiv'd me, for I had dy'd with
Pleasure, beleev'ing I had been your Martyr.
Now _____

Iphi. Shee looks pale. *Francelia* _____

Franc. _____ I cannot stay;
A hasty summons hurries me away;
And --- gives -- no -- (dies)

Iphi. _____ Shee's gone :

Shee's gone. Life like a Dial's hand hath stolne
From the faire figure e're it was perceiv'd.

A noise within.
Enter souldiers.
Shee shrikes
them Almer,

What will become of me? -- Too late, too late
Y' are come : you may perswade wild birds, that wing
The aire, into a Cage, as soon as call
Her wandring spirits back. _____ ha !

Those are strange faces; there's a horror in them :
And if I stay, I shall be taken for

The murtherer. O in what streights they move
That wander 'twixt death, feares and hopes of love.

Exit.

Enter Brennoralt. Granivert. Souldiers.

Bren. Forbeare, upon your lives, the place :
There dwels divinity within it. All else
The Castle holds, is lawfull prize;
Your valours wages. This I claime as mine,
Guard you the door _____

Grani. Coronell shall you use all the women your selfe ?

Bren. Away 'tis unseasonable _____ (*drawes the curtain*)

Awake fair Saint and blesse thy poore Idolator

Ha ! --- pale ? --- and cold ? ----- dead.

The sweetest guest fled, murdered by heaven;

The purple streames not drye yet.

Some villaine has broke in before me,

Rob'd all my hopes; but I will find him out,

And kick his soule to hell --- He doe't ---

Speak.

{ dragging out
Iphigene.

Iphi. What should I say ?

Bren. Speak or by all _____

Iphi.

Iph. Alas, I doe confesse my selfe the unfortunate cause.

Bren. Oh d'you so?

Hadst thou been cause of all the plagues
That vexe mankind, th' adst been an Innocent
To what thou art; thou shalt not think repentance. (*kills her.*)

Iph. Oh, thou wert too suddaine.

And _____ (*dies.*)

Bren. Was I so?

The lustfull youth would sure have spoil'd her honour;
Which finding highly garded, rage, and feare
To be reveal'd, counsell'd this villany.
Is there no more of them?

Exit.

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Not enter?

Yes dogge, through thee — ha! a course laid out
In stead of *Iphigene*: *Francelia* dead too? — (*Enter Bren.*)
Where shall I begin to curse?

Bren. Here — If he were thy friend.

Alm. *Brennoralt*;

A gallant sword could ne're have come
In better time.

Bren. I have a good one for thee,
If that will serve the turne.

Alm. I long to trie it,
That sight doth make me desperate;
Sicke of my selfe and the world.

Bren. Didst value him?

A greater villaine did I never kill.

Alm. Kill?

Bren. Yes.

Alm. Art sure of it?

Bren. May be I doe not wake.

Alm. Th' ast taken then a guilt off from me,
Would have waigh'd downe my sword,
Weakned me to low resistance.
I should have made no sports, hadst thou conceal'd it.
Know *Brennoralt* thy sword is stain'd in excellence,
Great as the world could boast. _____

Bren. Ha — ha — how thou art abus'd?
 Looke there, there lies the excellence
 Thou speak'st of, mured ; by him too ;
 He did confesse he was the cause.

Alm. Oh Innocence, ill understood, and much worse us'd!
 She was alas by accident, but I,
 I was the cause indeed —

Bre. I will beleeeve thee too, and kill thee —
 Destroy all causes, till I make a stop
 In nature ; for to what purpose should she
 Worke agen ?

Alm. Bravelly then,
 The title of a Kingdome is a trifle
 To our quarrell Sir ; know by sad mistake
 I kill'd thy Mistres *Brennoralt*,
 And thou kild'st mine.

Bren. Thine ?

Alm. Yes, that *Iphigene*
 Though showne as man unto the world,
 Was woman, excellent woman —

Bren. I understand no riddles guard thee. — { *Fight and*
Alm. O could they now looke downe, { *pause.*

And see how wee two strive
 Which first should give revenge,
 They would forgive us something of the crime.
 Hold prethee give me leave
 To satisfie a curiosity —

I never kissed my *Iphigene* as woman.

Bren. Thou motion'it well, nor have I taken leave (*Rising.*
 It keeps a sweetnesse yet —
 As stills from Roses, when the flowers are gone.

Alm. Even so have two faint Pilgrims scorcht with heat
 Vnto some neighbour fountaine stept aside
 Kneel'd first, then laid their warm lips to the Nymph
 And from her coldnesse took fresh life againe
 As we doe now —

Bren. Lets on our journey if thou art refresh't.

Alm. Come and if there be a place reserved

For heightned spirits better then other,
 May that which wearies first of ours have it. *Fight a-
 Bren. If I grow weary, laugh at me, that's all good while*
Alm. ——— Brave soules above which will Alm. fals.

Be (sure) inquisitive for newes from earth
 Shall get no other but that thou art Brave.

Enter *King: Stratheman: Lords: Minse.*

Stra. To preserve some Ladies as we guest.

King. Still gallant, *Brenmoralt*, thy sword not sheath'd yet?
 Busie still? ———

Bren. Revenging Sir

The fowleſt murder ever blaſted eares
 Committed here by *Almerin* and *Iphigene*.

Alm. False, false; The first created purity
 Was not more innocent then *Iphigene*.

Bren. Lives he agen?

Alm. Stay thou much wearied guest
 Till I have thrown a truth amongst them ———
 We shall look back else to posterity.

King. What sayes he?

Lord. Some thing concerning this he labours to
 Discover.

Alm. Know it was I that kild *Francelia*?

I alone ———

Minse. O barbarous return of my civilities
 Was it thy hand?

Alm. Heare and forgive me *Minse*
 Ent'ring this morning hastily
 With resolution to preserve
 The faire *Francelia*. I found a theefe
 Stealing the treasure (as I thought)
 Belongd to me. Wild in my mind
 As ruin'd in my honour, in much mistaken rage
 I wounded both: then (oh) too late I found
 My error. Found *Iphigene* a woman
 Acting stolne love, to make her own love safe
 And all my jealousies impossible
 Whilst I ran out to bring them cure;

Francelia dies; and *Iphigene* found here
I can no more _____ (*dies*)

King. Most strange and intricate.

Iphigene a woman?

Mel. With this story I am guiltily acquainted
The first concealments, since her love
And all the wayes to it I have bin trusted with :
But Sir my greife joyn'd with the instant busines
Begges a deferement.

King. I am amaz'd till I doe heare it out.

_____ But ith' mean time,
Least in these mists merit should loose it selfe, :

_____ Those forfeitures
Of *Trock* and *Mensack* and *Brennoralt* are thine.

Bren. A Princely guilt! But Sir it comes too late.
Like Sun-beames on the blasted blossomes, doe
Your favours fall : you should have giv'n me this
When't might have rais'd me in mens thoughts, and made
Me equall to *Francelia's* love : I have
No end, since shee is not _____
Back, to my private life I will returne.

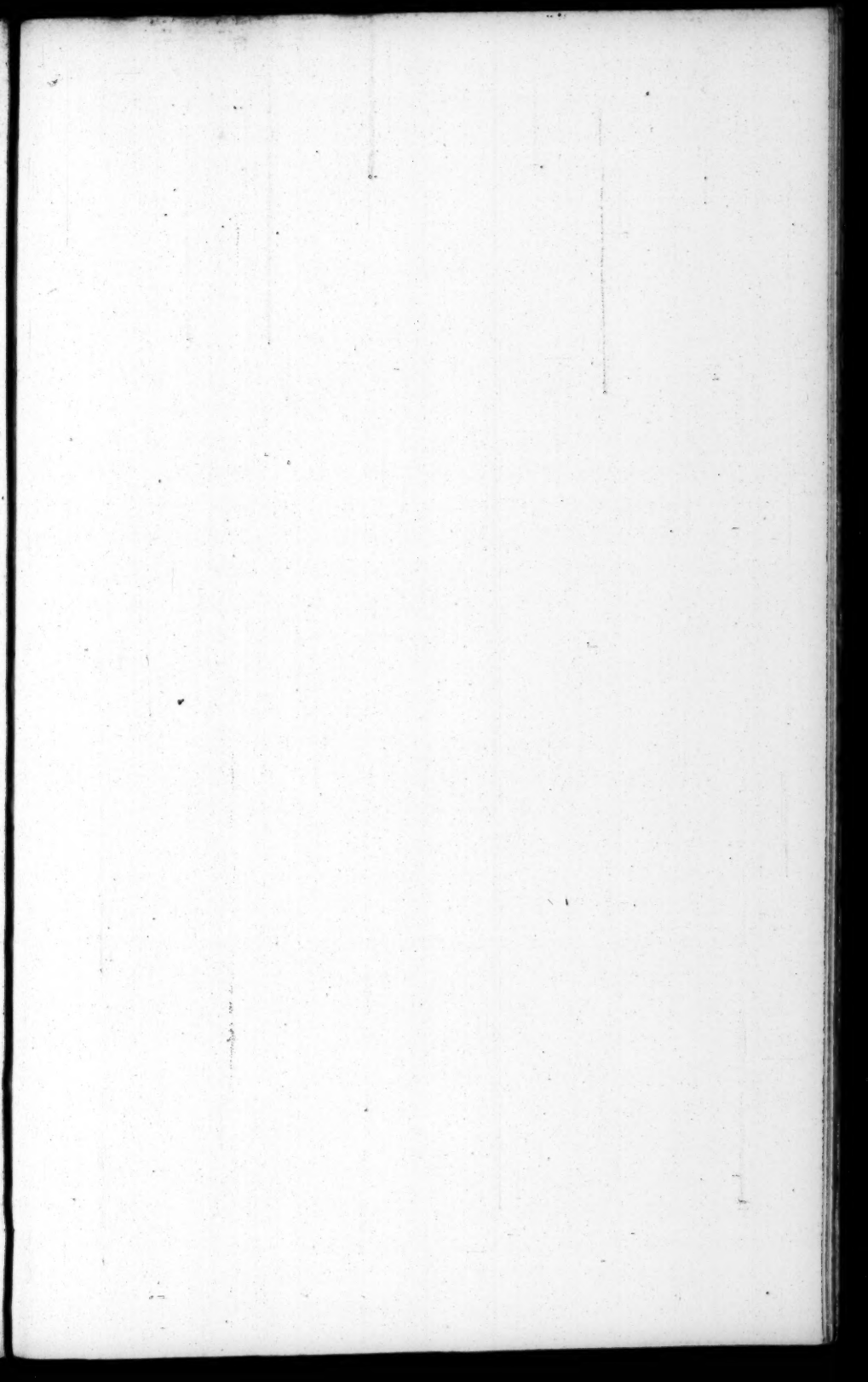
" Cattell, though weary, can trudge homewards, after.

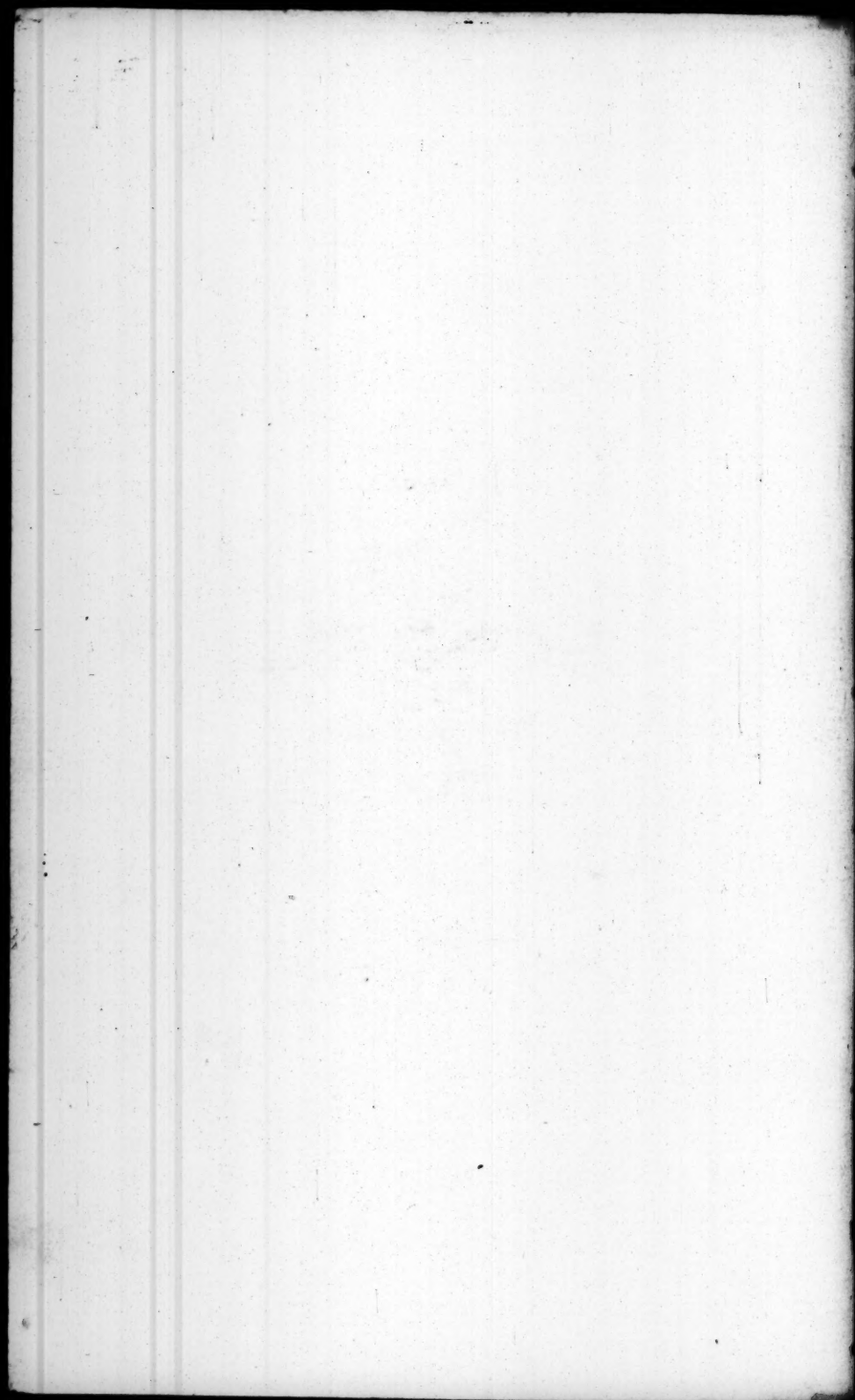
King. This melancholy, time must cure : Come take
The bodies up, and lead the prisoners on,
Triumph and funerals must walke together,
Cipresse and Laurell twin'd make up one chaplet.

_____ For we have got
The day; but bought it at so deare a rate,
That victory it selfe's unfortunate.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.







George Frederick Nott.